

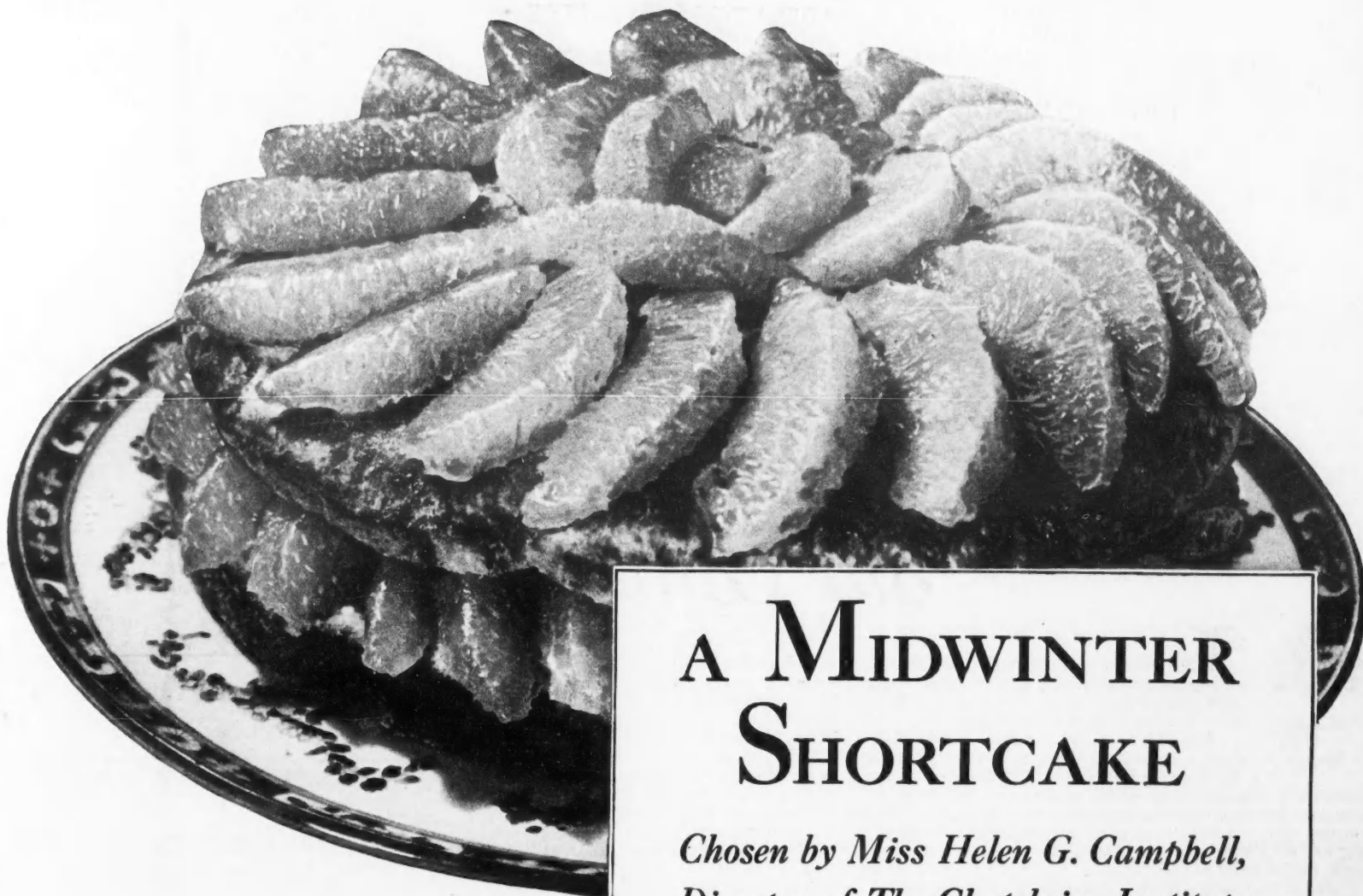
Chatelaine

A Magazine for Canadian Women



10¢

In This Issue: Is Jealousy Ever Justified?



A MIDWINTER SHORTCAKE

*Chosen by Miss Helen G. Campbell,
Director of The Chatelaine Institute*

“For dependable results, make it with Magic Baking Powder,” *Miss Campbell recommends*



MAGIC BAKING POWDER is the only baking powder that has been tested and approved by The Chatelaine Institute, maintained by The Chatelaine Magazine.

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The Chatelaine Institute
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The Chatelaine Magazine

“CONTAINS NO ALUM.” This statement on every tin is our guarantee that MAGIC BAKING POWDER is free from alum or any harmful ingredient.

“GOOD BAKING goes hand in hand with good recipes and good materials,” says Miss Helen G. Campbell, Director of The Chatelaine Institute.

And she illustrates her point with an unusually delicious recipe for Orange Shortcake made with Magic Baking Powder.

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The majority of dietitians and teachers of cookery throughout Canada plan their recipes for Magic. They use it *exclusively* in their baking because they know it gives consistently good results.

REMEMBER—substitutes are never as good. Do as the experts do. Use Magic Baking Powder when you bake at home.

Miss Campbell's recipe for Orange Shortcake

2 cups pastry flour*	4 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
½ teaspoon salt	3 tablespoons shortening
2 tablespoons sugar	About ¼ cup milk

Sift dry ingredients; cut in shortening till very fine; add milk to make a soft dough. Turn dough on to a floured board and shape into a round cake about 1 inch thick. Bake in a lightly greased layer cake tin or on a baking sheet in a hot oven (475° F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. Split and butter while hot. Place whole sections of seedless oranges, free from skin, between layers and on top of cake. Sift powdered sugar over top and serve with whipped cream or orange sauce if desired.

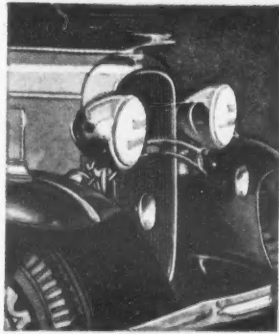
*When bread flour is used, for best results, replace each cupful of pastry flour specified in the above recipe with ¾ cup of bread flour.

Be sure you have the new MAGIC COOK BOOK to use when you bake at home. It gives dozens of recipes for attractive baked dishes. Mail the coupon for your free copy.



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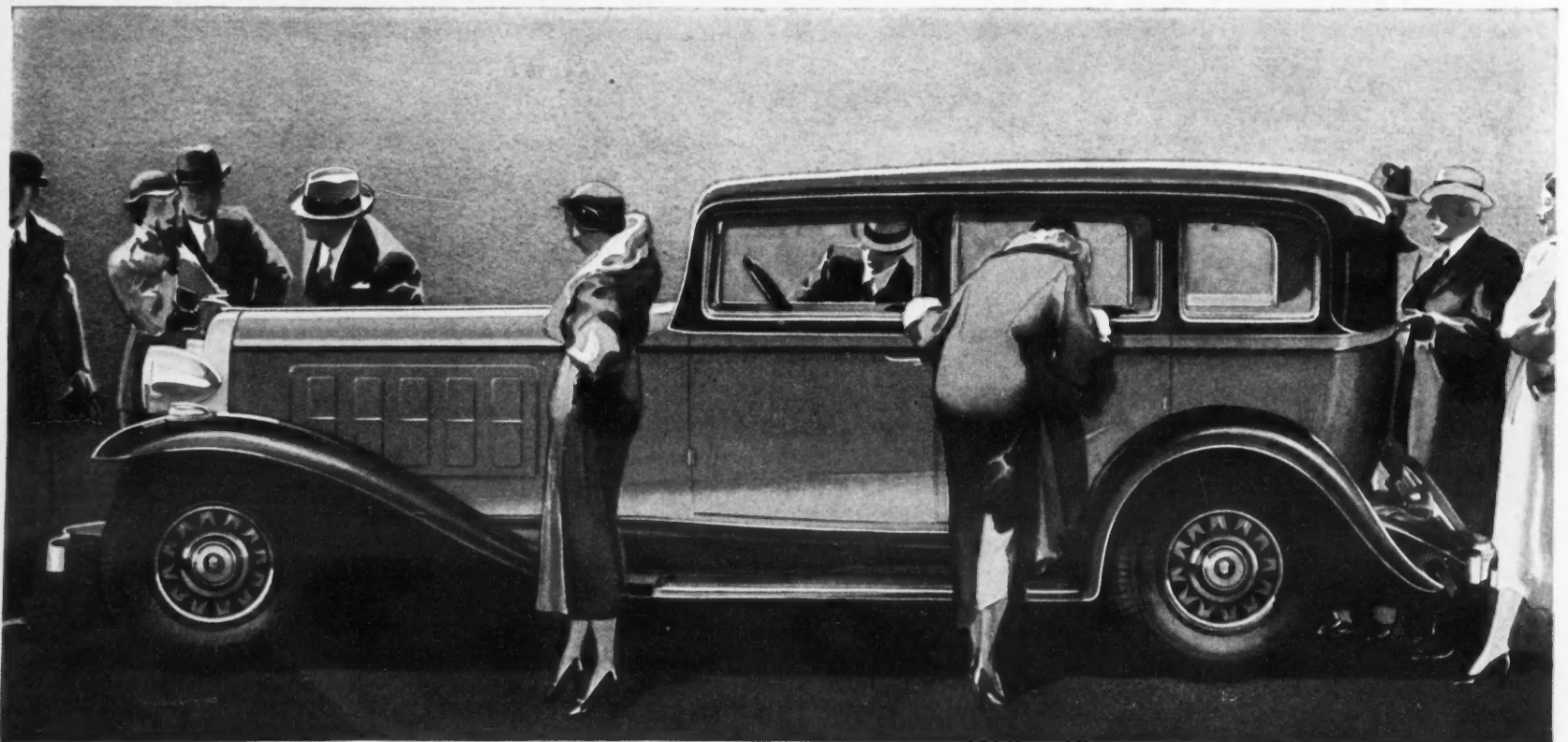
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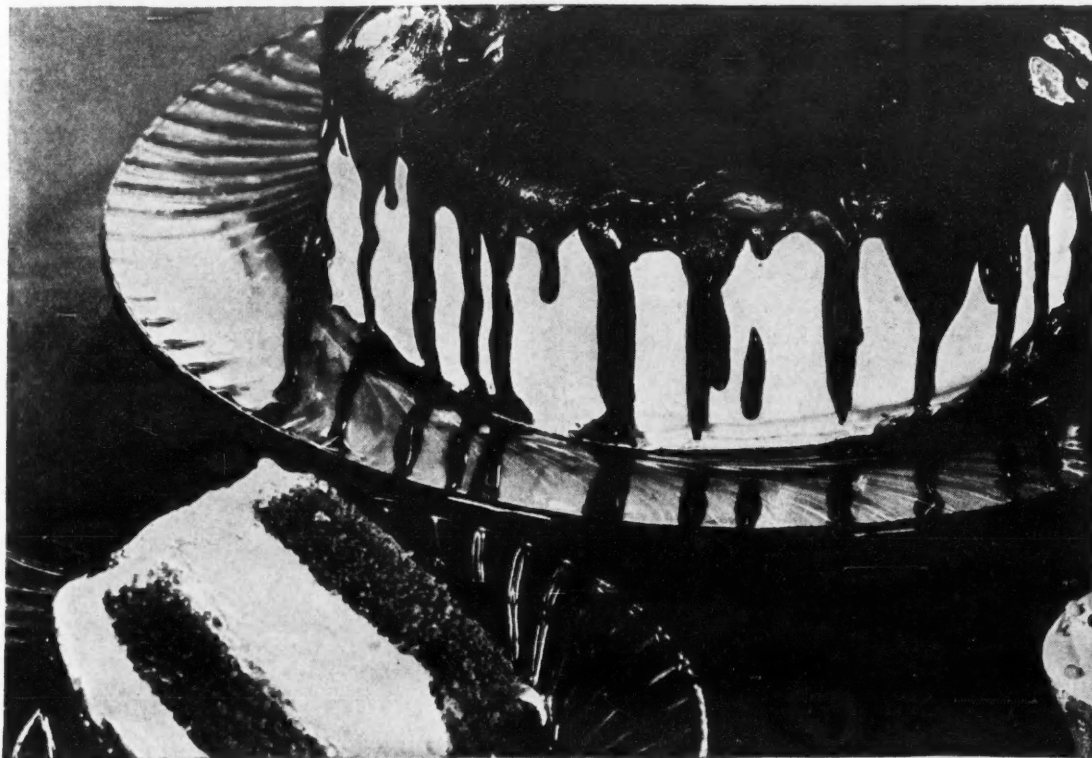
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A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE . PRODUCED IN CANADA

MORE THAN A CAKE...A MASTERPIECE OF ART AND SKILL AND CHOCOLATE

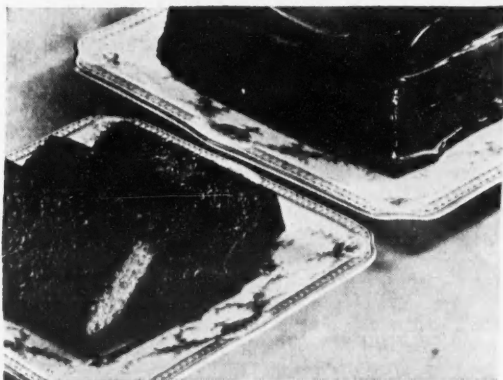
Also, two other cakes, both chocolate—to make proud cake-bakers say, "Quick, send all these new recipes"



SILHOUETTE CAKE—See recipe at right

ALMOST every brilliant cook has certain recipes tucked away for "show-off" occasions—something that takes extra skill and care—something that brings forth an "oh" and an "ah" and "how did you ever do it?"

Among cakes, here is that recipe. Baker's Silhouette Cake—four, tempting tiers tall—three layers of cake and one of frosting, mocha-hued and fluffy. You make two kinds of layers from only one batter. Twelve whole minutes of beating go to make that "inch-high" frosting



CHOCOLATE FUDGE LOAF—See recipe in new Cook Book

crown. Then comes the breathless minute when you pour on the final glossy coat—and set it tenderly aside till serving.

Of course, you'd hardly attempt *this* cake for every day, so here are pictured two other kinds, wonderfully appetizing and easy—a chocolate-rich *fudge loaf*—and *chocolate cup cakes*, saucily adorned with gaily colored candies, chopped nuts, coconut or your own designs in melted chocolate.

*For perfect results there's no substitute for
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Chocolate surely makes a difference in texture and flavor, and so the Chocolate to use always is Baker's Premium Number 1. This pure, smooth, and famously mellow Chocolate has been the selection of careful cooks ever since Canada was young. It is made of the world's choicest cocoa beans, selected, sorted, roasted and blended with the skill which 151 years have attained. It has set a standard unequalled today.

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SILHOUETTE CAKE

(For Light Mixture)

2½ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour	1 cup sugar
2¼ teaspoons baking powder	1 egg and 2 egg yolks,
¼ teaspoon salt	well beaten
½ cup butter	¾ cup milk

1 teaspoon vanilla

(For Chocolate Mixture)

2½ squares Baker's Unsweetened	2 tablespoons butter
Chocolate, melted	melted
½ teaspoon soda	¼ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons sugar	¼ cup hot water

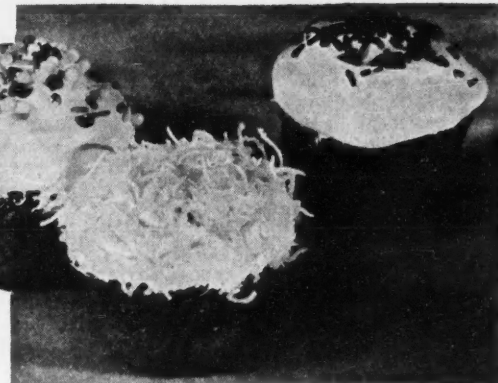
Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add 1 cup sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and egg yolks and beat well. Prepare chocolate mixture by combining melted chocolate, soda, sugar, butter, salt, and water, and mixing well. Add flour to light mixture, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Mix thoroughly after each addition. Add vanilla. Pour one-third of batter into greased 8½-inch layer pan. Add chocolate mixture to remaining batter, stirring until thoroughly blended, and pour into two greased 8½-inch layer pans. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 20 minutes, or until done.

To frost cake, arrange light layer between dark layers, spreading each layer and sides of cake thinly with Felicity Frosting. Pile remaining frosting 1 inch high on top of cake. Cool. Melt additional 2 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate. Cool, and pour over cake, covering top entirely, and allowing chocolate to flow down over sides of cake to cover partially.

FELICITY FROSTING

2 cups brown sugar, firmly packed	2 egg whites, unbeaten
7 tablespoons cold water	Dash of salt

Put sugar, water, egg whites, and salt in upper part of double boiler. Beat with rotary egg beater until thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water, beat constantly with rotary egg beater, and cook 5 minutes. Remove from fire, but allow to remain over hot water, and beat 2 minutes longer. Place over cold water and continue beating 5 minutes.



CHOCOLATE CUP CAKES

1½ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour	1 cup sugar
1½ teaspoons baking powder	2 eggs, well beaten
½ teaspoon salt	1 teaspoon vanilla
¾ cup butter or other shortening	½ cup milk
2 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted and cooled	

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs and vanilla and beat well. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Fold in chocolate. Pour into greased muffin pans, filling them ¾ full. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 15 minutes. Cover with boiled or Seven Minute Frosting, and decorate with chopped nuts, candies, coconut, or designs of melted chocolate. Makes 20 cup cakes.

All measurements are level

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RICHARD W. MAJOR



HELEN V. KERR



A Moment With our Contributors



THE longer I work with artists and writers, the more surprised I get at the strange contradictions they present. The towering giant will make the daintiest, most ethereal illustrations; and the personality behind the authorship of the most blood-curdling series of stories is generally a gentle, soft-voiced little man.

Take this issue, for instance. In "Fragrance of Opal," Helen V. Kerr, of Ottawa, has written a piquant, drawing-room story. Yet when I wrote and asked her what she had been doing with herself in the years gone by, she wrote back casually, "I have spent a lot of time in northern British Columbia, exploring with my husband, a Canadian geologist, climbing unnamed mountains, shooting the rapids of uncharted rivers, being the first white woman in many parts of the country, and even getting frozen in and helping to cut my way out through the ice. I've killed a moose, but that wasn't exactly criminal because our party needed meat."

And of such, ladies, are the experiences of the woman behind the sophisticated "Fragrance of Opal." Mrs. Kerr is living in Ottawa just now. One day we may get her to write a thrilling adventure story set in the wilderness.

I FOUND another contradiction when I met Mrs. Plumptre for the first time. Those of you who knew Mrs. Pankhurst will have had the same feeling; for the doughty suffragist proved to be a soft-voiced and exceedingly gentle little lady. So since I knew the indefatigable work Mrs. Plumptre has done in Canada for many years, I had in mind a strong-armed, militant woman who would have the strength and power to carry through the tremendous amount of work she has achieved. But Adelaide Plumptre, too, is a little lady with smiling grey eyes and a ready laugh. She was born in England and is an Oxford graduate. Ever since 1914 she has been an enthusiastic worker in the Red Cross, and has served on national, provincial and local branches. During the war she was chairman of the only War Council of Women which served under the Government. She is a member of practically every woman's organization, with a particular interest in the National Council of Women, the Girl Guides, and the Y. W. C. A. For six years she has served on the Board of Education in Toronto and, this year, was elected for a seventh term.

At the last Assembly of the League of Nations, Adelaide Plumptre was one of the Canadian delegates. Before she left, I asked her to write her impressions of the city and the League for you. Thus I think you will find a new vigor and interest in her article: "What I Saw In Geneva."

AND now let us turn the spotlight this month on one of the personalities behind one of the best-known illustrators in the *Chatelaine*—R. W. Major.

Those of you who have had this magazine in your homes from the first issue will have watched the development in his work, since his very first story illustration appeared in *Chatelaine* in one of the earliest numbers. This month he illustrates "A Woman's Way."

Mr. Major says that he painted his first black and white "interior" at the age of two, by swallowing the contents of an ink-well. At fifteen he started work in the art department of an engraving house in Toronto; two years later he enlisted in the army and served in France for many months. After the war he returned to Canada and followed his commercial art work, studying in various studios, at the Technical School and the Ontario College of Art in the evening. His first story illustration was for the *Chatelaine* nearly four years ago. Since then his illustrations have been gaining a new force and power, month by month.

R. W. Major is married and has a nine-year-old son who wants to be an artist, too. Certainly his father, barely out of his twenties is one of the most promising of the younger Canadian magazine artists, whose work will keep pace with the steady growth of your magazine. Developing Canadian artists and writers is one of the important phases of work the *Chatelaine* is undertaking.

—The Editor.

Vol. V.

Toronto, FEBRUARY 1932

Number 2

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THIS MUCH FOR ONE MAN

Lay two pieces of toast side by side; cover with breast of chicken. Slice a large mushroom head over the chicken; cover with a rich cream sauce. Grate Kraft Canadian Cheese generously over all, and top with chopped chives. Put under the broiler just long enough to melt the cheese. Garnish with a slice of tomato and ripe olives.

here's a famous "Chef's Special"

[that many a wife
has HAD to make]



"THERE'S chicken in it, just white meat . . . some special kind of sauce . . . and cheese—that's what gives it its wonderful snap."

With no better directions than those, men have been known to demand this famous "Chef's Special" at home. But that's dangerous practice. It's safer to supply the recipe.

Since this is apt to be your favorite cheese dish, too, we get specific at the left. Tear out the recipe; ask your wife to try it. She'll see right off the secret of the thing—Kraft Cheese. She knows that it has a special, exclusive "cave-cured" flavor, and, melting smoothly, puts that flavor all through the dish, not just in a crust on top.

This "Chef's Special," you've doubtless gathered, is a man's creation for men only. But there's probably no law against letting your wife have a small, feminine helping, "seconds" on request.

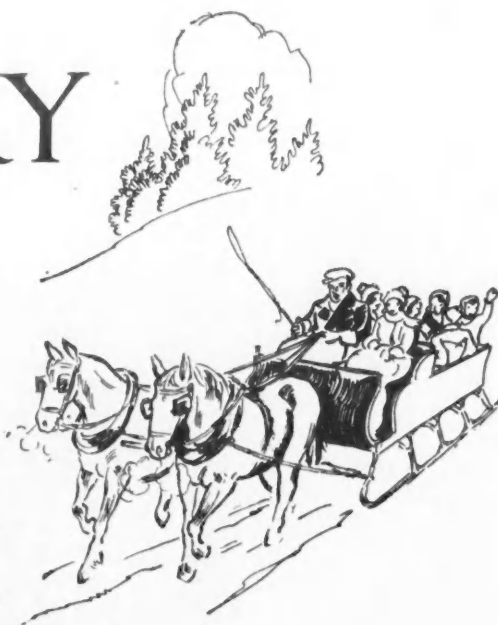
Kraft-Phenix Cheese Co. Limited, Montreal.
Cheese . . . Mayonnaise . . . Salad Dressing.

By the way: you might remind the "boss of the commissary department" that Kraft Cheese, eaten as it comes with crackers or bread, lends added enjoyment to every meal, and that, so far as you're concerned, she can't go wrong on Velveeta either, Kraft's delicious cheese food that's digestible as milk itself.



K R A F T - P H E N I X P R O D U C T S

The Editor's own Page for FEBRUARY



HOW many of us, looking back on the turbulent years of struggle behind us, have not said in all sincerity: "I don't know how we came through it. But we did!"

And yet, with that challenge of past achievements, we fall instantly to worrying and fearing for the future!

How long do we have to live to discover that "today is the tomorrow we worried about yesterday" and we're managing finely! Some of the things we feared may have happened to us, but we've found a way of tackling them. An astonishing sense of strength and courage has come from somewhere, and if it wasn't the fears for what the coming weeks have in store, we'd be all right.

How inconsistent we are! So like the ridiculous cartoon I saw in this morning's paper, in which a barber asked his client, "What made you lose your hair?" "Worrying," was the answer. "What about?" asked the barber with sympathetic interest. "Losing my hair!" said the man. That's got a moral that hits home!

These days, well-fed optimists are shouting from every roof top that prosperity is waiting round the corner; that the dark days are over. And on the other, we hear innumerable stories of hard luck and disaster that set that demon fear to clutching at our hearts again. For why might we not be next?

That's one of the biggest jobs women can undertake—fighting the fear complex. Not by ignoring it; it's absolutely silly to pretend that everything is all right, when you and your husband are both afraid of what may happen. No, the best way to get rid of it is to talk it over, to drag out every suspicion and doubt and bring them into the open daylight. What is it you fear most? Bring it out and look at it. One woman I know sits down and writes out every bit of her dread for tomorrow, then burns it up—and feels very much better.

For you'll discover that just as we all find a miraculous courage to face troubles when they are on us, so we find a new courage in even discussing them. After you've been over the whole ground, you and your husband will arrive at the triumphant challenge which is ringing through so many homes these days. "We'll manage somehow!" What more doughty battle-cry could we have?



THERE'S another angle to this question of fear and its effect on the home; namely the irritation and difficulties it puts between a man and his wife.

I know so many women who are finding that because they worry and fret over the tomorrow, or because they are facing a new poverty now, it is harder to prevent

REVERIE

by DORA CLAREMONT

And where the blue night spider wove
His web of tangled light,
Beyond the depths of darkness
I took my soul by night.
And up and down the aisles of heaven,
Across the starlit sky,
My soul and I went walking—
My day-worn soul and I.

About a crescent moon were hung
Faint wisps of opal mist,
Around the dark world's edges,
Lay pools of amethyst.

And there by spangled seas we breathed
The fresh, rough scent of dew,
And there we found our wings again
On plains of midnight blue.

And up and down the aisles of Heaven
Across the starlit sky,
My soul and I went walking—
My gallant soul and I.

quarrelling. Husbands seem to get so unreasonable, so touchy, so morose. Can't the men realize, we think, that women have the hardest end of the job—that of trying to keep things going in the home? So we argue, and so we develop that martyred look which men hate so much.

These are days when we need an extra special amount of thoughtfulness and tenderness toward the men who are feeling that they have not fulfilled their dreams of making your home life all they hoped. These are days when little irritations can grow into bitter misunderstandings and cruel words. These are the days when women everywhere have a double duty to perform. Any woman on earth can

be the centre of understanding in a home when everything is going beautifully. These are the days to show what capabilities we have.



WHAT I have said does not apply only to those who are facing their home problems with decreased incomes. It is particularly for women in those thousands of homes where the income is the same, if not greater than before, while prices are, on an average, twenty per cent lower.

For it is up to these thousands of women to keep on spending; to spend more than they have in the past. Thinkers and economists have dinned into us again and again that many of our troubles are caused by thousands of us sitting back smugly and saying, "I shouldn't spend this—I'm economizing!" This is true; and until we realize it and spend as freely as we did two years ago, it's going to be difficult to find our way back.

Particularly to be condemned are those women who are doing without servants, or part time help; for if ever there were women who deserved our support and interest, the thousands who are trying to eke out their family's budget by doing housework, deserve it most of all.

Everywhere we are being urged to live as we have in the past. Don't tighten up the purse strings. Don't do without, just because you have caught the fear complex! Let's take the money out of the bank and set it to work!

What could be a stranger anomaly than the sight of women, who, if their country needed them, would give their sons gladly to fight her battles, yet who cling tenaciously to their dollars because they are afraid, or selfish—or both?

Come on, chatelaines! We've got as dramatic a work to do as any of our pioneer grandmothers did. It takes more courage to face a possible loss of employment for a husband than to face a band of red Indians. It's far harder to keep our clear vision, our understanding and tenderness when we are surrounded by conflicting reports and hard luck stories, than when our grandmothers were surrounded by wildernesses. Now's the time to show what we've got. Now's the time to put our budget on the most effective basis. Now's the time to buy those things we've always wanted. Now's the time to show our charity, our wisdom, our women's intuition!

Byrne Hope Sanders.

Fragrance of OPAL

by HELEN V. KERR

The inside story of why a gentleman crook reformed, why a lady detective retired — and why a three-handed game of bridge ended in melodrama

HUGH RATTRAY moved restlessly about his living room. He threw another log on the blazing fire in the great stone fireplace. For the third time he arranged the flowers in the bronze bowl on the grand piano, a spray of fragile, exotic lilies held firmly in the grasp of a placid white jade god. Then he looked at his watch, and with a sigh of impatience addressed the blue-eyed Persian cat dozing on the hearth rug. "Still half-an-hour. Let's have another look at our plaything, Sappho."

From a cunningly hidden drawer in the old Spanish desk to the left of the fireplace he took a small chamois bag and seated himself in an armchair before the fire. The bag contained a single magnificent opal of extraordinary brilliance. He placed it on the sleeve of his dinner coat, and immediately the cat sprang up on his knee and stretched a furry white paw toward the gem.

"Fascinates you, too, doesn't it?" he said, turning the opal to catch the light of the flames. "Did you notice," he continued, "that its fire is the color of Diane's hair?"

Then he rose abruptly and paced up and down the room, muttering to himself, "Mustn't let her haunt me like this. I hope seeing her in the flesh again will drive the ghost of her out of my mind."

The warm glow of the fire revealed her slender figure, draped in soft, pale-green velvet. "I'm in love with your wife tonight, Paul," Hugh said, smiling. "You have been for years—didn't you know?" Diane smiled. "Yes—but it's suddenly very bad indeed!" said Hugh.

At that moment the door bell rang. He started, and looked at the opal in his hand. Moving hastily to the desk, he paused as he was about to return the opal to its hiding place. "I've shown Diane how to open this. And she has such infernal instincts!" he said softly to the cat, and snapped the empty drawer shut. After a moment's brief pondering he thrust the little bag down among the papers in the wastebasket at the side of the desk, and opened the door to his guests.

WARM greetings were exchanged, and Diane threw her fur wrap down on a chair near the fire while Hugh helped her husband, Paul Spencer, with his greatcoat. "It's good to be back, Hugh. The Orient isn't what it used to be. You spend too much time dodging Chinese bandits," said Paul.

Hugh was watching Diane. The warm glow of the fire revealed the slender silhouette of her figure, draped in soft pale-green velvet. Her face with its delicate coloring, delicate features, was unquestionably beautiful, but it was her hair that made her glorious. Not auburn, nor Titian, nor copper-colored, but, as Hugh had said, the color of the flamelight of an opal. She wore it in a simple knot low in the neck, letting it wave softly above her small, fragile-seeming ears.

"I'm in love with your wife tonight, Paul," confessed Hugh with a sigh.

"You have been for years—oh, long before you introduced Paul to me. Didn't you know?" Diane laughed back at him.

"Yes, but it's suddenly very bad indeed," said Hugh, and was glad that just then Diane caught sight of his flowers on the piano.

"Hugh, you're wonderful!" she cried. "There's no other male being in the world who could arrange a thing like that. We're bringing you a jade tree from Shanghai that we thought was unsurpassable in grace, and we come here and find it put to shame."

"You could have made just as big a fortune as a ritzy interior decorator, Hugh," said Paul, "and remained a respectable citizen."

"I know it," agreed Hugh airily, "but think of the dullness of it, the hours of palaver with fat dowagers, distorting the artistry of my plans to [Continued on page 36]



ARE Frenchwomen MORE ATTRACTIVE than American Women?

Read this interesting interview with

rs. James J. Cabot
of Boston and Paris

WHAT IS THE TRUTH? *Are Frenchwomen more attractive than American women?*

"Most certainly not," says Mrs. Cabot. "But... Frenchwomen are clever! Often they give the impression of being better looking than they really are..."

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"This is a new reason for appreciating an old friend—Pond's. Not only is Pond's Cold Cream the purest and best for cleansing—but it is so economical it reconciles French chic with a New England conscience."

"Another little nicety of the French toilette," Mrs. Cabot tells us, "is the use of vanishing cream as a foundation for make-up. How subtly rouge and powder may then be blended!"



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thorough cleansing, several times daily, always after exposure. Let the fine oils sink into the pores and float all dirt to the surface. At bedtime, repeat this cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime.

2. Remove with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, softer, more absorbent... white or peach.



2 Softer, more absorbent... Pond's Tissues.



3 Discreetly stimulating to the skin... Pond's Skin Freshener.

3. Pat briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener to brace and tone, close and refine the pores, firm contours.

4. Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder. This disguises little blemishes and forms a lovely velvety finish. Use not only on your face but wherever you powder—neck, shoulders, arms... And to keep your hands soft and white.



4 For powder base and protection... Pond's Vanishing Cream is ideal.

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"What!" Iris laughed sharply. "Why don't you do it? You are his father. I gave a year out of my life to bring him into the world and get him started. It's your turn!"

going through it. We won't let it throw us, will we, Bob? We'll treat this just as what it is—an ordinary incident in the course of Nature, like having one's appendix out. We'll go right along and we won't have any false modesty or any other old-fashioned foolishness about it."

At the office Iris said to her chief, Miss Thomas, "I want to see you for a good talk this morning." Miss Thomas intended to quit soon on account of ill health. Iris was slated to take the job and be full advertising manager.

Perhaps Miss Thomas would hang on now until Iris could get through with this. About ten o'clock Iris went in to her.

"... and aren't you happy, child? Aren't you excited? Aren't you full of joy?" Good old Thomas.

"I—I hadn't thought of it that way yet."

"When do you expect it?"

"The doctor said about the first of October."

It was all arranged as far as Thomas was concerned. Thomas would stick. Tommy would hold the job. No newcomer would have a chance to supplant Iris. Tommy would see that Iris got leave of absence to have her baby. Iris was doing a public duty, her duty to the country. Wonderful Tommy. A crackjack business woman and a heart as big as a ham!

SO FAR all right. Iris was making her fight.

The office made a celebration of her start on her leave of absence. They gave her a timely bonus. Iris set aside from her savings an appropriation to cover all her expenses, the doctor, hospital and other costs. Bob surprised and touched her by bringing her several times little gifts for the layette, bought on his pay days. When warm weather came Iris went to a mountain resort.

The baby arrived at a large, bright, impersonal hospital. For her convalescence Iris went to her mother. When Iris's plan was understood Grandmother Kenyon at once demanded to keep the baby herself. Mrs. Kenyon, although she was convinced of what an extraordinarily brilliant girl Iris was, was none the less singularly obtuse about Iris's plan of life.

"Isn't your husband able to take care of you?" asked Mrs. Kenyon plaintively. "If he isn't, this may be the very thing to bring him out. Responsibility may be the making of him. Just what are his prospects, dear?"

"I really don't know." At this answer Mrs. Kenyon's eyes opened wide. "Don't you see, mother, I am not concerned about his prospects but about my own. I did not marry to be a dependent."

"Just what did you marry for?" said her mother primly.

"Oh, biological urge, I suppose," said Iris very frankly. "Well, don't worry, dear." Mrs. Kenyon placidly ignored what she did not wish to hear. "No doubt Robert will do very well when he sees the necessity for it. And meanwhile, after you see things in the right way, you will manage; young people always do. Babies can stand a wonderful amount of knocking about and deprivation if they have plenty of close, personal mother love. That is what babies grow on."

"That is mere sentimentalism," riposted Iris. "I take my stand on science. The only real data are from animals in controlled feeding tests. Do rats in feeding tests have close, personal love? No. They are kept in boxes and become runts or magnificent super-specimens according to their diet and exercise."

"I can't imagine my grandson being brought up like a rat in a laboratory."

"When people do that they will stop having scrub children and good rats."

Everything Iris said shocked her mother.

Iris came up to town thrilling with relief and the excitement of getting back into the game. She had done it. She had been through the big experience and lived the complete life. Iris had been prepared to give six months more to nursing the baby if she had been able to do it, but her nervousness and raging impatience to catch her stride again in the business race had made that impossible, the doctor said. Leaving little Ken with her mother, in Iris's old home, didn't hurt. Just before she left, her mother approached her questioningly.

"Dear, if you are determined to give your baby up, Mrs. Miller, you know, with their big house and all their farms, she has fallen in love with him. She and the colonel never had any children. She is anxious to take him, if you will—"

"Take nothing. He's my baby and I'm going to have him brought up wonderfully. The woman must be crazy."

Iris skipped off the train in the morning and jumped into a cab to go straight to the factory.

"Hello, everybody. Here I am," she shouted as she ran in through the reception room. She galloped down the familiar green carpeted hall of the executive offices and swung in her own door.

At her desk a keen-faced young man was opening mail.

"This must be Mrs.—I mean Miss Kenyon," he said, arising with a smile.

"Yes—uh—" Iris looked at the door. Where her own name had been she read new gold letters, "Mr. Dunn." Iris's eyes were round. Miss Thomas came down the hall.

"Miss Kenyon, this is Mr. Dunn."

"I just met him."

"Come this way." Miss Thomas pushed Iris down the hall to the end of the row into a vacant office. "I didn't expect you the first thing today. I'm going to put you in here temporarily."

"Who's he?"

"He was put there to handle your work and he's made good awfully. Mr. Gordon is keeping him on in the department. Now, Iris, you're not to worry. You know I'm for you."

"I see." Iris's forehead was wrinkled. "I forget I've been out nearly seven months."

Tommy sat down for a gossip. She wanted to know how Iris was and all about the baby. Other department heads dropped in throughout the morning. The women executives wanted to discuss details. The men were very nice. All that Iris objected to was their acting chivalrous. Most of them had had to step pretty lively to keep ahead of her. Mr. Gordon looked in.

"Well, boss," she cried. "Here I am. I've contributed a citizen to the country and I'm back on the job."

"Aren't you pretty hard-boiled about it?" he asked.

"How's that? I don't see why I should act differently from a man. I've just done my stuff as a human being. If I were a man I'd be sitting here getting slapped on the back



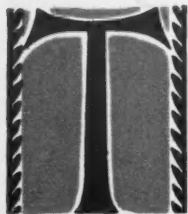
Just before she left, her mother approached her quietly. "Why don't you let Mrs. Miller have your baby, Iris?" she asked.

[Continued on page 91]

The story of an extraordinarily brilliant woman who tried to regulate her life by intelligence rather than instinct—and to solve an old problem in a modern way

A WOMAN'S WAY

by A. DeFORD PITNEY



THE large front room of the studio apartment was a combination study and living room. The building was in the studio district within the shadow of the forest of office buildings to the south. A pretty bedroom with twin beds opened from the living room. There were well populated bookcases, discreetly placed etchings, deep stuffed seats and a tavern stand loaded with books and magazines. Against the wall near the window stood a businesslike work table with a desk lamp and a portable typewriter.

Iris Kenyon stood in the door and looked around the room for a moment before she came in and let her brief case drop beside the typewriter. She put the back of her hand to her eyes and stood, controlling a dizziness strange in a girl so young and vital. Presently she mastered herself, put her hat and coat in her closet in the bedroom and came back and sank on the window seat. She was trying to get a firm grip on the situation before she took it up with Bob.

The time off she could manage; she was well established enough for that. But after— She lay looking around the well loved room, so convenient, so good to work in, so adapted to the life she was fitted to and was successful in. She was assistant to the advertising manager of Gordon, Klein and Gordon—the House of Charm—women's wear.

Whistling heard outside announced the arrival of Bob. Two years they had been married. She watched him fuss around after he kissed her. Bob was a strong, handsome fellow with a good deal of force. He looked as if he were going to do something, but, Iris sighed, he never did, and it was not in the cards that he ever would. Bob was good at satirical cracks touching off the weaknesses of his various bosses and he knew exactly what was wrong with the house's policy. The defects of his character, his laziness, sarcasm, chronic dissatisfaction with his jobs and continual changing that prevented him from ever getting anywhere, she understood now. But this gave her no cause for complaint. He had not deceived her. It was all on the surface when she married him. He was an educated man with a sound mind in a strong body, admirably fitted in that way—she smiled wryly—to be a father. They had been good companions. She had not expected to lean on him. She had her own career, her own road to personal success.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" she thought as she fought off the terror of the weakness of her position in the time that was coming. "One thing is certain. I must use my brains. I shall not be mushy. I shall be guided by intelligence."

"Let's go to dinner," Bob suggested after he finished his cigarette.

"I don't believe I'll go out to dinner," replied Iris. "I don't feel extra well. No, I'm all right. You needn't hurry back."

When he had gone she began again to consider their financial position. Bob had a drawing account of fifty a week and there were plenty of weeks he didn't exceed it—if he always made it. In short, together she and Bob were somebody. One at a time they would be easy picking for the wolf pack that was the world. O Gee! O Gosh! O Jiminee Cats!

Iris went to her table, undid the straps of her brief case and pulled out some dummies and page outlines. She began to scribble on a sheet of yellow. At eleven o'clock Bob came in and found her with her head on her arms, crying. She raised her face and stared at him, the tears rolling big and round down her cheeks.

"Iris, you poor dern fool, what's the matter? What's the matter, little sweetheart?"

"Nothing, Bob. Nothing at all. Just foolish." She got up and walked away.

"Just because you're a girl."

"That's it. Just because I'm a girl."

"Seems to me you're taking on an awful lot about

being a girl. There's more to it than that. Tell Uncle Bob."

"Well, it seems like that thar city slicker ain't done right by our Nell." Iris tried to make it casual. "The po' gal's in trouble."

"What!" He jerked his head around quickly and saw her standing there, her head hanging and her slim body trembling.

Later he had her in the window seat, his arm around her, soothing and petting her. Bob was always understanding and sympathetic. If he had been a millionaire dilettante instead of a printing salesman dilettante he would have been a wonder.

"We must plan sensibly. I want a baby, now that it has come to us. I want the experience. It isn't right to dodge it." Iris was reasoning, logical, orderly and keenly intelligent. "At the same time, of course, I have my career to make. Since I have gone so far and have had so many years of education and am, as I stand now, such a highly developed product with such a large investment of time and capital in me, I am more important by far than a life just beginning on a purely instinctive basis. We can't be an old-fashioned family, Bob."

"Great Scott, no!"

"I've got it all thought out. The child must be taken through infancy by professional experts. There are places where they do that kind of thing. Then boarding school and after that college. We'll have glorious holidays in summer camps and we'll see it growing splendidly into a perfect specimen."

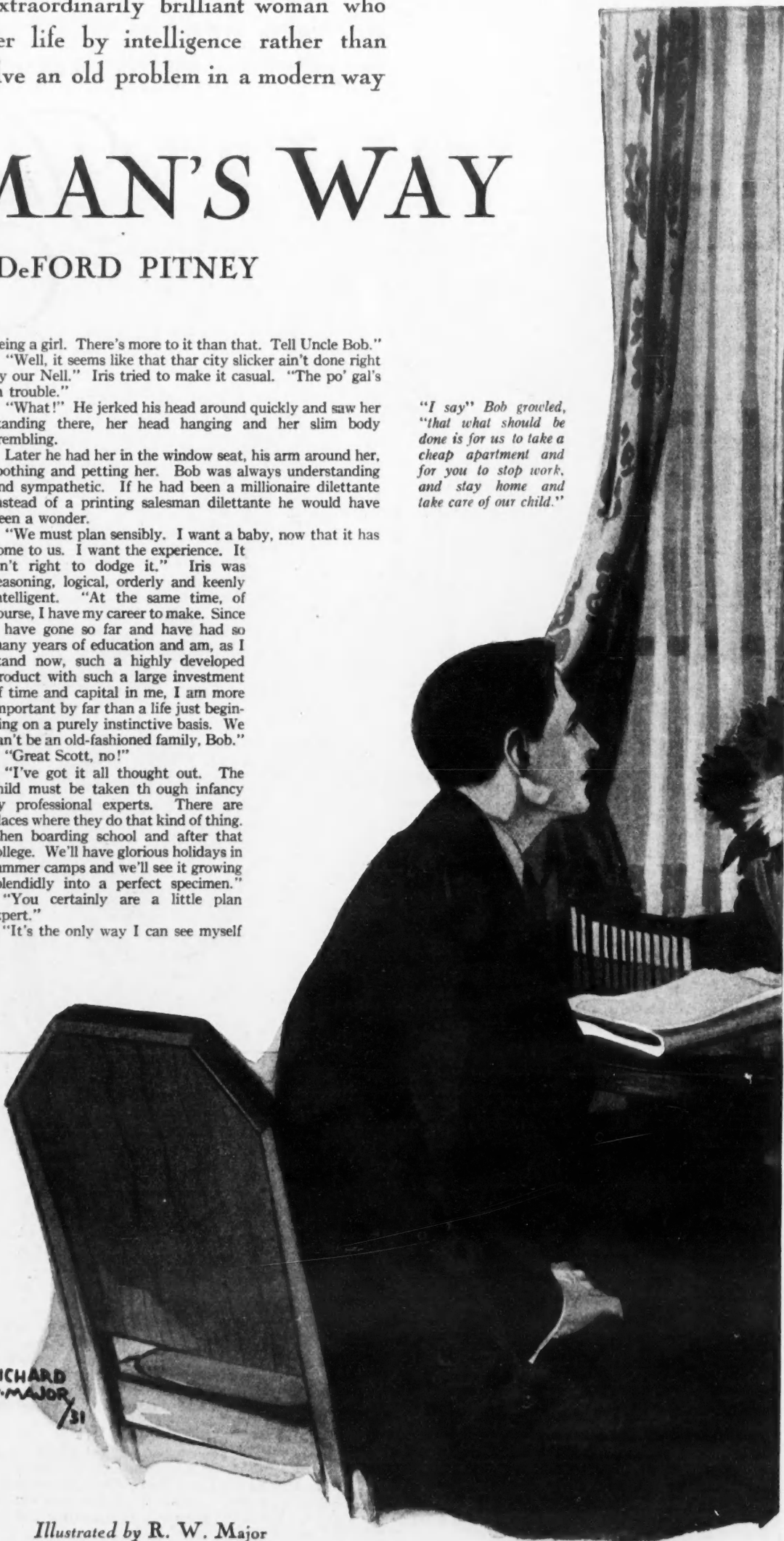
"You certainly are a little plan expert."

"It's the only way I can see myself

"I say" Bob growled, "that what should be done is for us to take a cheap apartment and for you to stop work, and stay home and take care of our child."

RICHARD
W. MAJOR
/31

Illustrated by R. W. Major



Letter

by Mary Wyndham

"skin," they will help you solve the problem of what to wear in the merry, merry, month of May.

THE separate coat, the sort of thing you can pop over any frock, was chiefly conspicuous by its rarity. All the skirt-length coats and those that just showed a speck of skirt; were lined with the materials of the frocks underneath, making them indivisible parts of an ensemble.

The short-sleeved tailleur jacket, born before its time in the August collections, was stressed in these advance spring showings. When they were longest, they just covered the hips, sometimes with a scooped-up, ruffled basque. When they were shortest, they only touched the top of the waistline. Boleros you might call them, and correctly so, although some of them were double-breasted and buttoned importantly. Unless they were in a different color or material to the frock they looked as if they "didn't come off."

The more summery of these short coats, those labelled Palm Beach for instance, were buttoned or tied only at the neck. A great many of them were sleeved, and not just casually either, but with considerable to-do.

In contrast to the fussiness of the short-coat sleeve, was the simplicity of those in the long ensemble coat. Patou's sleeves were just easily fitting tubes. There may have been more elaboration in certain of his models but it didn't register with me.

The only change in the outdoor skirt for spring from that we're wearing now is that the spring skirt is shorter. Otherwise it is the same, fitting smoothly over the hips at the sides, falling straight, with nothing underlined, aft.

Pleats, straight and godet, slot seams in groups, everything will start as it does now, at the knees. The plain gored skirt, four to eight gores, with a slight flare as it nears the ground, will be about this spring. A number of the semi-tailored suits I was talking about had just such skirts.

The skirts of afternoon frocks sometimes showed apron effects. Patou had one with a fairly tight foundation and an accordion pleated loose panel in front like a "pinny." Worth got his apronise without using these panels. He did it with one or more frills, placed fairly low in front, hiked up in back at each side. That part of the skirt at the back in between the frills which looked as if it had been set in, was usually shorter than the front. Patou buttoned some of his frocks right down the back with the part below the belt unbuttoned, giving width to the skirt and a wing effect when the unbuttoned side opened.

Crêpe de chene and more chiffony stuffs sprinkled with flowers discreetly small, discreetly gay, will be made into frocks that are all on their own

[Continued on page 39]

Here's a glance toward spring ensembles, as Jean Patou sees it, for day wear, and a very lovely evening ensemble in dark green satin with martin.



A well-groomed sweep of shining hair has every opportunity under this jaunty hat from Paris—this is how the Parisienne wears her felt.



In sports mood, another Patou hat in black and white trimmed with marocain.

The new silhouette shows less of the period influence—The short-sleeved tailleur jacket is stressed—Spring coats are shorter—frocks show apron effects—Ensemble ideas are more important than ever

The Paris

Paris, France

DEAR Chatelaines, I'm terribly sorry to have to tell you that you'll have to get yourselves all straightened out again before spring. Most annoying when you were just getting used to seeing yourself in curves. I've been cavorting about from here to there, "doing" the mid-season collections and everywhere the silhouette was noticeably straighter than that shown five months ago.

We are not going back to the days when the ideal figure was proportioned like a tube. Oh no, not at all! This new silhouette still has form to it. It is decidedly of the feminine gender but it is minus the what-nots, fore and aft, that bloomed in the month of August. The waistline is still "pulled-in" at normal, but no other contour is emphasized. You may still wear hips so long as you do not wear them "volumptuously."

Mostly the collections were made up of models for daytime, outdoor wear. There was scarcely a trace of the romanticism rampant in the last ones, or of the Victoria and Eugénie. Reminders, yes, in the skimpy coats with sloping shoulders and frilly basques; in the old-fashioned ruching hedging a collar; in the stoles and tippet-like capes for wear with the coat frock.

The few things shown for twilight and evening wear were still under the "period" influence, molded bodices and proudly ruffled trains, with here and there a crinoline-ish model that looked as if it might have stepped out of a Winterhalter picture.

Street clothes, in general, were beautifully simple, the simplicity of graceful flowing lines without any distortion. Even the tailleurs, the coats and skirts or coats and frocks, had an agreeable softness of outline. One got that impression so vividly because the "man-made" tailleur was shoved into the background. In the foreground, and very decidedly so, was the semi-tailored suit, the dressmaker's suit. What could be more exquisitely feminine than that? The way the jacket sits, the way the sleeves are shaped and the way they are put in, the fall of the skirt, the imperfections from the strictly tailleur point of view, make up its charm. Alongside it the really-truly tailleur looks hard. Moreover, even when that kind of costume is made in a sports material, in jersey cloth for instance, it can still take itself any place in town, any time, even to dinner with the addition of a festive blouse.

The only serious rival to the garment we've just been discussing is the out-door frock, not necessarily a coat frock though they are important in the showings, with a skimpy cape or scarf-stole added, just covering enough to do away with that horrid, uncomfortable, unreasonable feeling when you go abroad, of not being quite properly clothed.

Tuck both those bits of information away in a corner of your mind. When the snow has retreated grimly into the fence corners and there's a something in the air that makes you want to shed your

Skilful drapery marks this Patou gown in green satin.

Showing the new high treatment of collars, and an extremely smart hat.

Lucien LeLong designed this stunning morning ensemble in striped woollen jersey, in brown, yellow, black and white. The hat is from Maria Guy.



Another chic modification of the Empress vogue, this Jean Patou hat in brown velours with velvet ribbon.

Our own Paris correspondent has been attending the mid-season collections to report on the newest thoughts in fashion. Her letter written in Paris is a regular feature of this magazine and brings direct information to Canadian women

the person who wrote that message as well as I do, you'd know there is nothing absurd about it. I've never known a threat written in that handwriting that wasn't carried out."

"But it's impossible," Lester declared. "Here you are in your own flat, with the door locked. You are perfectly safe. No one can get at you tonight, at any rate."

"That's what I told him," Margaret Luscombe said, in her low clear voice.

Luscombe turned in his chair, and looked quickly about the room.

"You don't know," he said jerkily. "If you did you wouldn't talk like that. I know what it means," his voice rose to a higher note; his hands clenched. "I know what's behind it. You may think it's all safe, in here with the door locked, but it's not. We shouldn't be safe if we were all locked up in jail. That threat wouldn't have been sent if it hadn't been sure."

"You're letting your nerves run away with you," said Lester shortly. "Who is this mysterious person, and why does he hand out such threats?"

"I can't tell you," Luscombe replied, keeping his eyes on the floor. "I can't tell anyone. I haven't even told my wife." He raised his head, and looked across at the pale-faced girl on the couch.

"Perhaps," Lester said curtly, "it would have been better if you had."

For an instant anger flashed into Luscombe's face. His hands gripped the arms of his chair. But he controlled himself with an effort, and turning, looked at the clock on the mantelpiece.

"It's half-past eight now. There's an hour and a half. I know that before ten o'clock that threat will be carried out, or at least an attempt will be made to carry it out."

"If you feel like that," Lester said, "you should communicate with the police and get proper protection. You can get yourself guarded like a foreign prince if you pay for it."

A sickly smile passed over Luscombe's face.

"The police? That's just what I can't do."

Lester stared at him.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"What I say," Luscombe retorted. "The police have got to be left out of it, whatever happens. There are reasons."

MARGARET LUSCOMBE rose from the couch, and came over to them. Her husband frowned at her darkly, but she took no notice of him.

"I don't understand what Jim means," she said. "When he first showed me the threatening note I told him the police were the proper people to deal with it—but he said he couldn't go to them. I never had any idea that my husband had reason to be afraid of the police."

Luscombe laughed hardly.

"Well, you know now," he returned. "It's no good beating about the bush. I can't help what you think of me, but there are circumstances which prevent me from calling in the police. If I did, it would necessitate telling them something that—well, that can't be told."

He leant back in his chair, looking at them sullenly. For a moment Lester's eyes rested steadily on Margaret's face, but she did not meet them. He turned back to Luscombe.

"Why did you send for me?" he asked quietly. "What do you want me to do?"

Luscombe bent forward again. All his movements were quick and nervous.

"I want you to do me a favor," he said slowly.

"What is it?" Lester returned.

"Stay with me here until after ten."

Lester hesitated. The man was obviously frightened. His hands were twitching. He could hardly remain still a moment. Lester could hardly suppress his contempt, though it did not surprise him to find Luscombe a coward. He would have expected that. He glanced again at Margaret's face, and saw from its expression that her feelings were the same as his own. Luscombe waited, watching him eagerly.

"I'll stay with you," Lester said.

Luscombe drew a deep breath. His tenseness relaxed slightly.

"Thank you," he said, with unmistakable relief. "I'm very much obliged to you, Lester."

Lester shrugged his shoulders.

"It seems to me quite impossible that such a threat could be fulfilled. Still, if you're nervous I'll stay with you, and see what this mysterious person can do. But if there is really any danger—"

"Of course there's danger," Luscombe snapped. "Do you think I should be bothering about it like this if there was not?"

"Then your wife must not be here," Lester returned firmly. "I happen to know that her sister, Mrs. Trentham, lives near. She can go to her for the night."

Margaret Luscombe shook her head as she pondered. "I shall not go," she declared steadily. "I intend to stay here whatever may happen. I told Jim so before you came. I am not afraid of danger, and I am certainly not going to run away."

"You had much better be safe," Lester told her. "If there is any trouble, your husband and I will tackle it together. But please go. You can't do any good by staying."

She sat down again resolutely.

"I shall not go," she repeated. "I am quite as well able to face danger as you are."

Lester said nothing more. He knew that when she spoke in that tone it was useless to attempt to persuade her. He looked at the clock. It was just nine.

FOR the next three-quarters of an hour they sat together in the room. Luscombe talked in a shaky, high-pitched voice rapidly, sometimes almost incoherently. His eyes hardly ever left the clock. It was quite plain that his nerves were dangerously near the borderline. He could only just hold himself under control. His wife sat very still, scarcely uttering a word. Her face was set in strangely hard lines. She hardly looked at her husband or at Lester. There was something almost unnaturally rigid in her attitude. She seemed to be painfully alert, listening tensely to every sound, her hands locked together. Lester, leaning back in his chair, replied occasionally to Luscombe's feverish talk. He had no doubt in his own mind that the threat was a hoax which, for some reason best known to Luscombe, had succeeded in giving him a very bad scare. He certainly did not believe that any attempt could be made to carry it out. Lester was a matter-of-fact individual whose experiences had not penetrated into the sensational or bizarre.

"Well, there's not much time left. Nothing very alarming so far."

Then Luscombe turned to him, and he was startled at the expression of his face. There were the beginnings in it of a dreadful horror.

"You think it's safe? Can't you feel danger—danger all round you—closing in on you? Can't you feel . . ."

"Jim," Margaret cried sharply, "for heaven's sake don't talk like that. It's bad enough to sit here waiting!"

Luscombe got up from his chair and went slowly across the room to the door. He seemed to be listening.

"Hear anything?" asked Lester.

Luscombe was silent for a moment.

"No."

Lester lit another cigarette. Then he heard a sudden hoarse laugh behind him.

Margaret Luscombe shook her head. "I shall not go," she declared steadily. "I intend to stay here whatever happens. I am not afraid of danger and I am certainly not going to run away, I can face danger."

He spun round. Margaret Luscombe's sharp cry was blended with his own startled exclamation. James Luscombe was standing in front of the door shaking with laughter.

A WICKED-LOOKING automatic pistol was in his hand, pointing steadily at Lester. Margaret sprang up.

"Jim! What are you doing?"

He took no notice of her. His eyes were fixed with a dreadful stare on Lester's face.

"Stand up, Lester!"

Lester was so startled that for a moment he seemed unable to move. Then he got up slowly, pushing his chair away.

"Don't be a fool, Luscombe," he said sharply. "Put that thing away."

Luscombe laughed again.

"You didn't think the threat could be carried out, but you were wrong. I told you the person who wrote that message would keep his word. I knew, because I wrote it myself."

"You wrote it?" Lester exclaimed. "But what—"

"I wrote it," Luscombe repeated. "No one sent it to me. I gave it to you."

Again and again he shook with the same shrill laughter.

"It was my message to you, Lester. You didn't realize that when you read it. It never occurred to you that our initials are the same—that J. L. could mean John Lester as well as James Luscombe. Have another look at it. See what it says again. 'J. L.—I am going to kill you before ten o'clock tonight.' So I am!"

Margaret Luscombe screamed. Lester did not allow any sign of fear to escape him. [Continued on page 41]

Illustrated by W. V. Chambers



The THREAT

by BRANDON FLEMING

After you have read this dramatic story, consider this, who was the most to blame for the things that happened that night?

LESTER had turned his armchair in front of the fire, lit his pipe, picked out one of the three new novels he had brought back with him, and settled himself for a comfortable evening.

"Damn the telephone!" said Lester.

For a moment he was tempted to ignore the call. But the ringing persisted. He put his book down and went across to the instrument.

"Hullo?"

He was suddenly rigid. The voice he heard was low and clear, and there was a strange note of fear in it.

"Is that you, Jack?"

"Yes," said Lester.

"You know who this is?"

"Of course. Margaret."

She spoke so rapidly that it was difficult to catch the words.

"Jack, will you please come round at once? It's very urgent."

Lester hesitated.

"To your flat?" There was astonishment in his voice.

"Yes. Jim wants to see you."

His face hardened.

"I'm afraid I—"

The voice interrupted quickly.

"Please don't refuse. Something terrible has happened."

We're at 32 Stanford Street—No. 7 on the second floor.

You know I wouldn't ask you unless—

"I'll come," said Lester.

The voice dropped to a lower tone.

"Please ring twice. I shall ask who it is before I open the door."

She rang off. Lester slipped on his coat, and went out.

In a taxi he wondered why he was going—to the one place he had made up his mind never to enter. It had been that note of fear in Margaret Luscombe's voice.

He had hoped he would never see James Luscombe again. If he had been a rich man Margaret would never have been Luscombe's wife; but the troubles of her family had been beyond his resources to remedy, and the girl had sacrificed herself to save her father—a selfish old spendthrift—from bankruptcy.

He had disliked and distrusted Luscombe from the first. The man was dangerous—an unbalanced, self-centred egotist. There had been unpleasant rumors about him, and of certain ugly incidents in which he was said to have figured, but in which his wealth had

protected him. James Luscombe was a very rich man. Lester remembered the evening when Margaret had told him that she was going to marry Luscombe, and why. It had been the most terrible hour of his life. Money—Luscombe had it, and he hadn't.

It was just over a year since they had been married. They had been in London for the last three months. Lester had met her as he was turning the corner of St. James' Street to his club, and was shocked at the change in her. She was utterly miserable; there was no mistaking that. She said nothing against Luscombe, but it was all terribly plain. She was paying the penalty, and it was likely to prove beyond her means. Even now there were signs. In her pride she had attempted to disguise them from him, but had given it up in the first few minutes. They had met again, and Lester knew that she loved him still, and only him. She told him so. And, aware of the limits of his own self-control, he had known that he must not meet Luscombe.

And now he was on his way to Luscombe's flat, drawn by the fear in Margaret's voice.

HE RANG the bell at the flat twice. There was a long pause. Then he heard a soft step inside.

"Who's that?" Margaret asked.

"Jack," said Lester.

She opened the door.

"Come in," she said.

He went into the big hall. It was one of those luxury flats for the very rich. Margaret Luscombe closed the door, and he was surprised to see her lock it. Then she turned, and held out her hand.

"Thank you for coming," she said softly.

Her face was pale, and in her eyes he could see the fear he had heard in her voice; but the thing that struck him most was a kind of strained weariness. It looked at him out of her dull hurt eyes.

"What's the matter?" Lester asked.

She turned toward a door at the other side of the hall.

"Come in here," she said.

He followed her into a large room. It was beautifully furnished, and there was a bright fire blazing. Luscombe was leaning back in a deep saddleback chair. He got up as Lester came in, and held out his hand.

"It's good of you to come, Lester," he said.

Lester looked at him steadily. There was a change in him, too, quite as striking in its way as the change in Margaret. His arrogant self-confidence had gone. His movements were quick and nervy, and it was quite plain that he was laboring under a heavy strain. The old rather overgroomed smartness that Lester remembered had given place to a puffy unwholesome look. Clearly there was something radically wrong with him. Lester found his hand hot and limp. He seemed to be strung up into a state of feverish excitement, which was beyond all his efforts to control.

"What's wrong?" Lester asked.

Luscombe pointed to another armchair.

"Sit down," he said.

Lester sat down. He was puzzled and uncomfortable.

"Well," he said curtly, "what's happened?"

"Something pretty bad," Luscombe said slowly.

He picked up a slip of paper from the table, and held it out to Lester.

"Look at that."

Lester took the paper. The words on it were written in a large sprawling hand.

J. L.—I am going to kill you before ten o'clock tonight.

There was no signature.

"It must be a stupid joke," Lester said.

Luscombe shook his head.

"It's not a joke." He glanced at his wife, who was sitting on a couch at the other end of the room, her pale face turned toward them. "The person who wrote it meant every word."

Lester looked down at the paper with a curious feeling of fascination.

"You know who wrote it, then?" he asked.

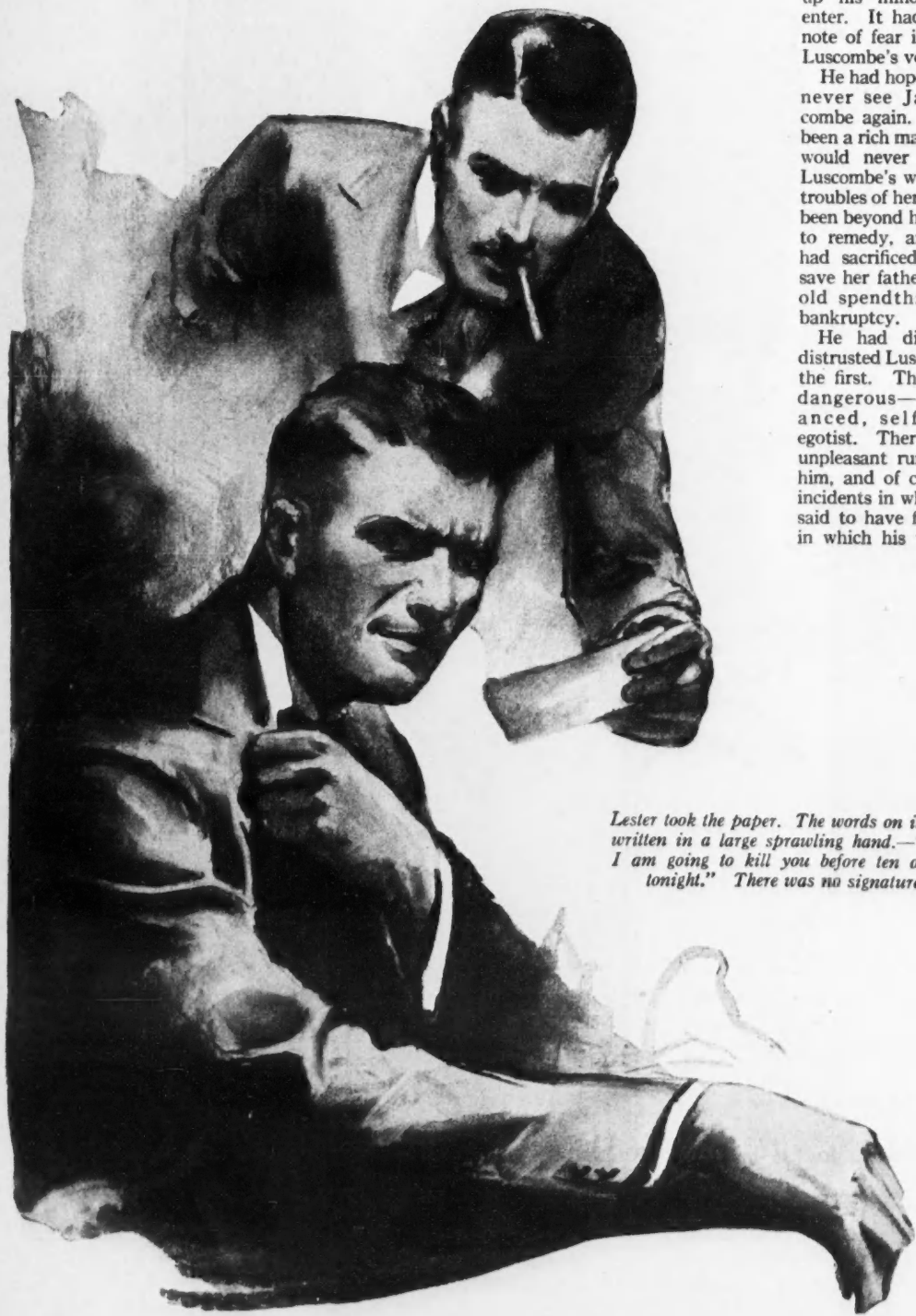
Luscombe nodded.

"Yes, I do. That's why I know it's not a joke."

"But such a threat is absurd," Lester exclaimed. "Surely you don't mean that you expect someone to force his way into your flat and murder you?"

Luscombe shivered a little.

"I don't know what I expect," he returned. "If you knew



Lester took the paper. The words on it were written in a large sprawling hand.—"J. L. I am going to kill you before ten o'clock tonight." There was no signature.



Frederick March, one of the most brilliant stars, as he appears in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," a Paramount picture.



Robert Coogan will be one of the famous stars in the new filming of "The Miracle Man."



Ruth Chatterton who retains her popularity with every picture, will appear shortly in the popular stage success "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" with Paul Lukas.

This is the sort of picture that makes one want to go out and make speeches somewhere in protest, for while the story is innocuous enough, the subtle emphasis of the whole film can only bring great dissatisfaction in its wake. Briefly it concerns a beautiful girl in a paper-box factory who gets disgusted with her home town, her sweetheart and her mother, and, on the casual invitation of a drunkard on the observation platform of a train, runs away to New York. In the most ridiculous manner she worms her way into the friendship of a wealthy group of New Yorkers, and finally is found in lavish gowns and a Park Avenue apartment supplied by Clark Gable, who, because some woman has disappointed him, has determined never to marry. But along comes a quartette of bald-headed politicians asking Gable to run for governor of the state, without any previous qualifications of any kind. Joan Crawford, of course, hidden, decides she must leave him to his nation, and so walks bravely out of his life with many close-ups to show her tears. At the final rally when Gable's enemies play their trump card and accuse him of living with Joan, she rises from the audience and in a pretty little speech says that she was once in his life, but she has left—now he belongs to his people. At which the audience goes wild with patriotic fervor and delight, and Joan stumbles out into the night. We leave Joan and Gable, however, swearing undying love for each other behind the safety of a wedding ring on the steps of the elevated railway.

I've seen so many movies lately wherein the heroine has been a lady with a past! Ruth Chatterton, Marlene Diet-

rich, Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford—all the big stars are appearing in pictures with this as their main theme; a theme which is getting extremely wearisome.

BY THE WAY, I imagine that there will be unusual interest shown in the new Greta Garbo picture, "Mata Hari," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production. For it seems that the movie fans are still quarrelling happily over the

rival charms and acting abilities of Dietrich versus Garbo. These discussions will have new impetus since Greta Garbo will enact the same sort of role in "Mata Hari" as Marlene Dietrich did last year in "Dis-honored"—that of a beautiful and seductive spy. It is rather strange that her directors allowed Garbo to appear in a spy picture, when her rival had done the same thing nearly a year before; but perhaps they feel that public controversy works for the best sort of publicity, and so are giving us more to compare!

I HAVE nothing but praise for the new Marie Dressler film "Emma" which you will be seeing in a week or so. I honestly feel that it will be one of the big pictures of 1932, both in acting and in box-office appeal.

Frances Marion who wrote the script for "The Champ," wrote "Emma" especially for Marie Dressler, and there are many who prophesy already that this picture will bring the award for the best screen performance of the year to Miss Dressler for a second time. That she is an increasingly popular figure is shown by the advertisements of "Anna Christie" at the little theatres. When this picture first appeared, Greta Garbo was the featured star; Marie Dressler had only a small part—a small part that changed the whole story of her life, and set her on her path of dazzling success. These days it is Marie Dressler who is advertised as being featured in Anna Christie!

Why is "Emma" such a sure-fire success?

Item one entails a simple story, told with a directness of appeal that never strains the imagination in any way. We've all experienced everything that the picture shows. Item two includes a notable character actress in Marie Dressler, who whether she is tragic, whimsical, dictatorial or "rumbunctious," manages to make herself seem an actual entity. Her supporting cast includes Jean Hersholt, who was the doctor in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet."

At the MOVIES

A page of Movie criticism and gossip
for Movie fans everywhere

by BYRNE HOPE SANDERS

Juliette Compton, one of the most regally beautiful of the new Hollywood finds, is a blue-eyed, black-haired girl of Southern extraction whom you can see in "Husband's Holiday."



It is expected that the British picture "Stamboul" will be one of the hits of 1932



THE movies are having to go to greater lengths than ever to horrify us. These days we are complacent when long-nailed hands reach from secret panels to clutch at the heroine's neck. We watch the fantastic goings-on in haunted houses with so pallid an interest that directors are apparently having to stretch their imagination farther and farther to give us a pleasantly spooky evening.

James Whale has made a good job of horror in his direction of "Frankenstein." The night I saw this picture, there was a constant titter and movement in the crowded audience. People couldn't sit still; they were constantly clutching each other, giggling hysterically, and laughing at the most awesome movements. Beside me, a burly man suddenly yelled "Look out!" at some particularly exciting moment, and was covered with confusion for the rest of the evening. His shout of warning had been wrested from him in all sincerity, but the hooting laughter from the crowd showed the nervous tension.

There is nothing new in the plot. Everyone knows the century-old story of the young doctor who dreamed of manufacturing life, and who made a man so horrible and dangerous that he brought tragedy wherever he went, and was finally destroyed by a terrified population. But James Whale has created some wonderful effects in his lighting and settings, and gives a vivid impression of an old German village. One would never suspect the film had been made in California, except for the brief sequence when the monster pushes his way blindly through the eucalyptus trees toward the little girl at the water's edge.

Boris Karloff has created a very powerful sense of horror in his rôle as the monster and Colin Clive as the young

doctor is particularly good. Remember him as the nerve-racked officer in "Journey's End?"

The opening scenes in which the villagers group round a new grave, with their sombre, bowed figures thrown against the strangely lighted skies are extraordinarily imaginative in their conception. I could not see how the mind who designed these tableaux and the brilliant photography of the creation of the monster in the thunderstorm, could have allowed the extremely silly man-hunt for the monster to be used. For, as you have probably seen for yourself by now, the villagers wander aimlessly up and down papier-mâché rocks, shouting stupidly and rushing off in all directions at once. The burning of the strange old mill, and the final death of the monster are very vivid and terrifying; but the anticlimax and the scene outside the injured man's bedroom are rather ridiculous. Obviously someone has insisted that the audience be sent home with a laugh.

SINCE we're talking of these films we love to watch in shivery fear from the comfort of a loge seat, you must watch for "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," which is to be released early in February. This is a Paramount picture and from what I can gather is well directed by Rouben Mamoulian. But the original Robert Louis Stevenson classic has been changed to fit in with Hollywood's idea as to what the public wants. Frederick March, one of the most brilliant of the younger actors, plays the part of the young doctor

who, in searching for a secret drug which will blot out evil, accidentally stumbles on one which eradicates good. He becomes more and more fiendish with each relapse to his baser self, until his final make-up, while amazing, becomes a burlesque.

I doubt very much whether such distortion was needed, although, goodness knows, we movie fans may be childish enough to need such details as the protruding teeth and false eyebrows and the general hairy apishness of Mr. Hyde's final appearance. Rose Hobart plays the part of Dr. Jekyll's fiancée, while Miriam Hopkins plays the sweetheart of his baser life as Mr. Hyde. I believe that Miriam Hopkins is one of the most interesting of the new stars. She has a poignant glamor and sparkle about her. Did you see her as the dowdy princess who turned jazz, in "The Smiling Lieutenant," or as the cabaret dancer in "Twenty-Four Hours?"

BUT if "Frankenstein" has a new angle in its modern direction and lighting, "Possessed" with Joan Crawford and Clark Gable is extremely old Hollywood fare, and sent me out of the theatre feeling very much as one usually does about hash for dinner. For "Possessed" is such old stuff, in spite of the fact that the script is dressed in 1932 wisecracks and witticisms, and Joan Crawford is dressed in gowns which brought gurgles of ecstasy from the girls round about me.

JEALOUSY

by DOROTHY DOWNING



"I refuse to be jealous of my husband" says this writer, "for jealousy and possessiveness are the poisons that kill love"

Illustrated by JACK KEAY

I REFUSE to be jealous of my husband. This is not a boast, but a confession of selfishness. I value my own comfort and peace of mind so much that I deny my husband what so many married men seem to regard not only as a harmless pleasure, but their legitimate right, namely, the flirtation on the side. Nothing gives the small flirtation so much zest, or adds so much thrill as a jealous wife. No matter how innocuous the affair may be, the man who has to conceal it for fear of domestic squalls has all the fun of a small boy stealing jam.

Jealousy is highly complimentary to the man involved. It implies that he is a devil of a fellow, capable of breaking hearts or homes with his winning smile and debonair ways. It makes him feel dangerous, and he sighs for new worlds to conquer. Why not? Vanity is not peculiar to the male. It is inherent in every human being. A woman must have one foot in the grave before she ceases to enjoy a compliment, and the very suggestion that she can still cause some man's heart to beat a little faster makes her vastly pleased with herself and with life in general. She may be the most virtuous creature alive, and the most true to her husband, but romance dies hard. She would refuse indignantly an invitation to run away to the South Sea Islands with some adventurous Romeo, but she would love to be asked.

IF YOU will agree that this is true—and it is—why not be ready to understand your husband's milder aberrations? Before he married he was a gay bachelor, much sought after at dances, free to rove around and enjoy whatever life had to offer. It is only human and natural that at times he should have a longing for some of the old freedom. He probably has no desire or intention to be unfaithful. He just wants to see if the old masculine appeal is still working, and if he can still make a hit with a good-looking girl. The wise wife eggs him on, and even encourages him a little. It all helps to keep alight the old charm that won her in the first place. And it keeps him from regarding his wife as a jailer.

Suspicion, which is the veritable twin sister of jealousy, often drives a man out of the house in disgust. Once out, he seeks diversion, and usually finds it only too easily. Personally, I refuse to supply the spur to my husband's interest in other women. They can play their game. I will play mine.

have the current attraction to the house as often as possible, admire her looks, urge him to take her out to lunch, suggest that he spend an evening at the club. In other words, I make it generally clear that the door is wide open. The result is that in an amazingly short time he is regarding the erstwhile siren, not as a temptation, but as an infernal nuisance; not as a clandestine delight, but a social duty.

Once implant in a man's mind the idea that he really should be nicer to Miss So-and-So and he will dodge her as though she were the plague. I once invited a lovely lady who seemed to have caught my husband's appreciative eye to spend a week with us and insisted that she be much entertained. Before her visit was over, she and my husband were barely on speaking terms, and he came back from seeing her on to her train in a fine rage. "If you must have that girl here again," he growled, "for goodness' sake wait until I go away. Blessed if I can see what you like about her. I'm so sick of listening to her dumb chatter I could yell!" I took it all very meekly, and apologized for cluttering up the house with my friends. It was a mean trick perhaps.

LOVE cannot be held by force or by the assertion of conjugal rights. It is exceedingly frail and fleeting, and easily killed by the clutching of a possessive hand. It must be given freedom to leave, but it must be charmed to stay. A bird, cramped in a narrow cage, strives desperately to escape, but of two cages, each with open doors, it will choose the most comfortable.

In the same way a husband, left free to roam, has little desire to take advantage of freedom. He just likes to know that it is there if he wants it. In fact, he is a little inclined to resent a too liberal attitude on the part of his wife as casting doubt on his own attractions. If his wife is apparently not jealous, he begins to wonder uneasily if she really loves him. If not, why not? Is there a rival, or is he slipping? Some of the delicious anxiety of courtship returns, and with it the desire to shine in her eyes. Marriage, so far from becoming humdrum, recaptures the old honeymoon thrill. It is no longer a trap—it is one continuous adventure.

Jealousy in the male is based on primal instinct and sound economics. To be frank, no man wants to feel that he is working to provide for the offspring of a third party. He wins the chosen woman, makes a home for her and their

If he seems interested in someone else, I make it so easy for him that it is no fun at all. I

children and undertakes to maintain that home by his efforts. It is only fair that he should expect and demand fidelity in return.

Women have not this excuse, yet they are far more prone to jealousy. Having won the love of a man they are going to fight for it against all rivals. Fair enough. But by all means let them fight with intelligence and not destroy by their blundering clumsiness, the very thing they are fighting for. As I said before, love can be killed too easily. It must be held safe by charm and understanding, not by claims and clamors.

Some women are jealous of other women, and others are simply jealous. Those who fall into the former classification cannot help but arouse the sympathy even when that sympathy is seasoned with the unpalatable condiment of slightly scornful pity. Their jealousy has its roots in passion, and can be understood, condoned and pardoned. But women who are simply jealous with a jealousy that springs from sheer possessiveness, have no claim upon the sympathies of the normal person. This is jealousy in its most horrible and devastating form.

A woman of this type will save her son from an onrushing train at the risk of her life, and then "save" him from the girl of his choice at the risk of his happiness. She clutches at her husband and her children, and grudges them any life independent of herself. Like an octopus, she fastens on her loved ones and crushes out the very blood of love.

Many a man gives a woman his name only to find that she has taken with it his life, his liberty, and his inalienable right to call his soul his own. First he loses his bachelor friends. His wife does not think much of them, and slowly freezes them out. Then she proceeds to plan bridge games with her own choice of friends as guests. In other words, she sets out to absorb her husband as effectively and completely as though he had never been a separate individual with a life and tastes of his own. After years of married life, if the man submits to these tactics, he finds himself tied and bound, looking back wistfully on the old glad days of liberty. Is it any wonder then, if he succumbs to a passing siren who helps him to recapture at least an illusion of freedom?

Not content with having her captive securely tied, many a woman adds insult to injury by jerking incessantly at his chains. They pry into his comings and goings, make unreasonable demands on his attention, and complain grievously if he attempts to have any life of his own, accusing him of selfishness, lack of consideration, and all kindred sins.

[Continued on page 30]

THE WOMEN MEN FORGET

by DOROTHY BLACK

A new element comes into Fenella's life as her story sweeps toward its dramatic conclusion next month



BY THE second day, all Fenella's qualms had vanished. She no longer wanted to cry when she thought of the bungalow. She grew more and more convinced that Alistair had treated her abominably. As she watched John approach, a cup of coffee in either hand, outlined against the indigo star-studded night, she told herself that she had never really loved Alistair; that it had just been a romantic mistake.

John said, "I stopped to read the wireless. They've had rioting in Rangoon. Quite a lot of Indians killed. You got away just in time."

"Just in time."

"I expect your husband will be glad you went."

"I expect he will be very glad I went." Something in the bitterness of her voice made him look at her again. Surely she had not quarrelled with him? Was the man a brute, for all he seemed so pleasant on the face of things? How could anyone be a brute to Fenella! She was so small, so young, so soft.

Out on the boat deck, under the indigo sky, all studded with stars, affairs move fast. Under her light travelling-rug, John held Fenella's hand in his own. He had never hoped, a week ago, such happiness could be his. And Fenella told herself that his voice awoke chords in her that had never been stirred before, and that she loved his boyish laugh, and his blue eyes with their thick black lashes, and his long slender figure.

She sat on deck lazily dreaming of what might be, of the wonderful days ahead; of driving about London in her own car, wearing orchids. But in her dreams there was always someone beside her now. As far as she could see, the modern woman was entirely free. She had no ties or duties of any kind. She asked for what she wanted, and said exactly what she thought. The marriage tie meant nothing to her.

NEXT morning she got up and dressed early. The steamer was anchored in Colombo Harbor, and the air was full of the mingled scent of cinnamon and spices, and curry and other savors. Small boats buzzed like flies about the gangway. Passengers were going off. Luggage already stacked on deck spoke of new passengers embarking. In the saloon a rack was placed; beside it a perspiring steward sorted mail.

Fenella went up when he had finished, and looked through the pile of letters and cables, a queer dull pain at her heart. There was nothing for her. Not one single word. She stared in front of her, tears not far off. She had longed for her freedom; she wanted to go. But it was poor compliment that she had got away so easily.

THERE was no letter for her. There was no cable. She looked twice through those bundles all addressed to other people. It was hard to believe that Alistair wasn't going to make a single sign; was just going to let her go without a word, when he must, by now, have found what really happened to Wa Lee's money; when Sir Raymond was back and would probably have explained about the 2,000 rupees. Alistair had wronged her dreadfully, and by now he must know, but he was not going to make a sign of any kind.

He was utterly unworthy of love like hers. He had killed it, brutally. She could never, never care for him any more. She turned from the letter rack, and found herself face to face with a tall woman beautifully dressed in tailored tussore, wearing a tailored tussore hat to match, tussore shoes, and carrying a large flat tussore bag that looked like an immense envelope without any address.

"Fenella!" she said, and smiled, holding out a gloved hand, "and the child doesn't know me."

Fenella's mind groped for names. Of course she knew.

"Wait just one minute and I'll tell you. Mrs.—Mrs. Dangerfield. And we stayed together at Freshfield with Lady Ethel—the week-end that I got engaged."

"Clever child. And what are you doing here?"

Her bright eyes took Fenella in from head to foot, and made Fenella in that second aware of her shabby dress, her old shoes, her faded hat. Fenella had meant to do some shopping in Colombo. There were lots of shops, but she had not had any time.

"I'm going home," she said, rather shortly.

Alicia smiled, and asked no questions.

She was immensely friendly, and Fenella could not help being flattered. She was by far the smartest woman on the boat. She knocked at Fenella's cabin door late that night, and came in, clad in beautiful leaf-green satin pyjamas.

"Let me talk to you while you brush your hair. How wise you were to leave it long. So womanly. I couldn't be bothered."

She did not ask questions, but somehow one told her. All the things one had meant to tell no one. Alicia was so sympathetic. One simply had to tell her things.

"Poor kid, so you've been through it, too. Never mind. You've got the nicest man on the ship at the moment firmly attached, to amuse you meantime. If I were you, I'd get rid of the husband. He's obviously no good to you."

She flicked the ash off her cigarette on to the carpet. Fenella, looking at her, thought, "She's not very young, but she's lovely. I wish I looked like that in pyjamas. Sort of tailored instead of all mushed up. There's lots to be said for not being so frightfully young. One doesn't crease one's clothes so."

[Continued on page 4]

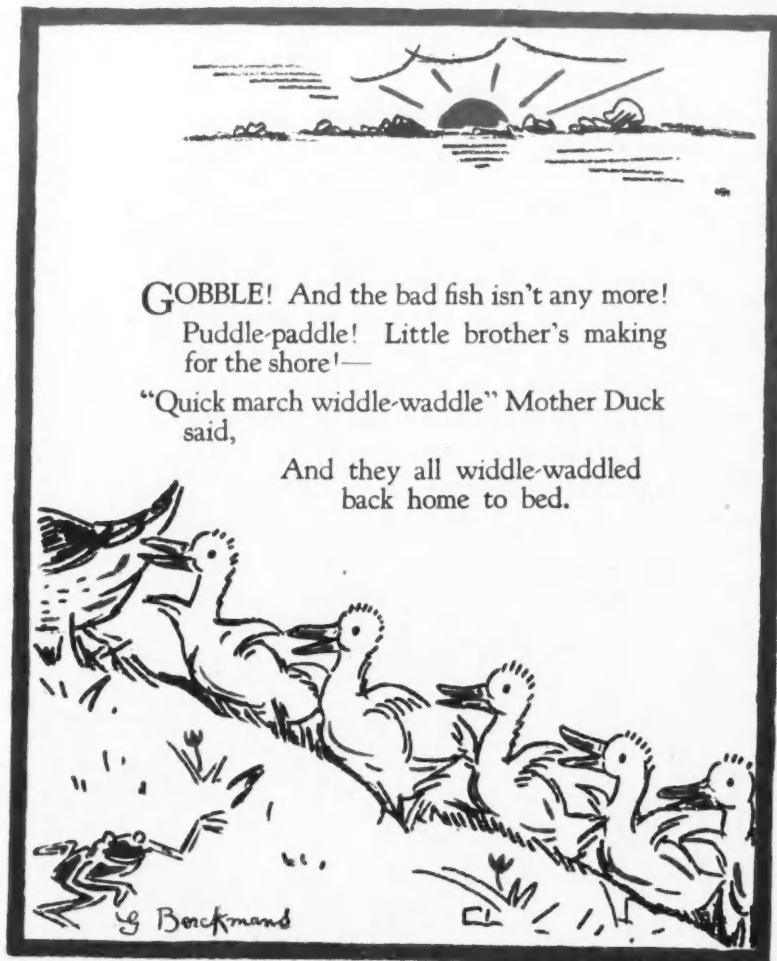
Fenella was fascinated by this woman—surely, she felt, Alicia had found the secret of eternal freedom in her attitude towards life?

Illustrated by H. W. McCREA

THE CHILDREN'S STORY BOOK

Here is another in *The Chatelaine's* series of children's booklets, which can be cut out of the magazine and made into a book without spoiling the magazine for the grown-ups.

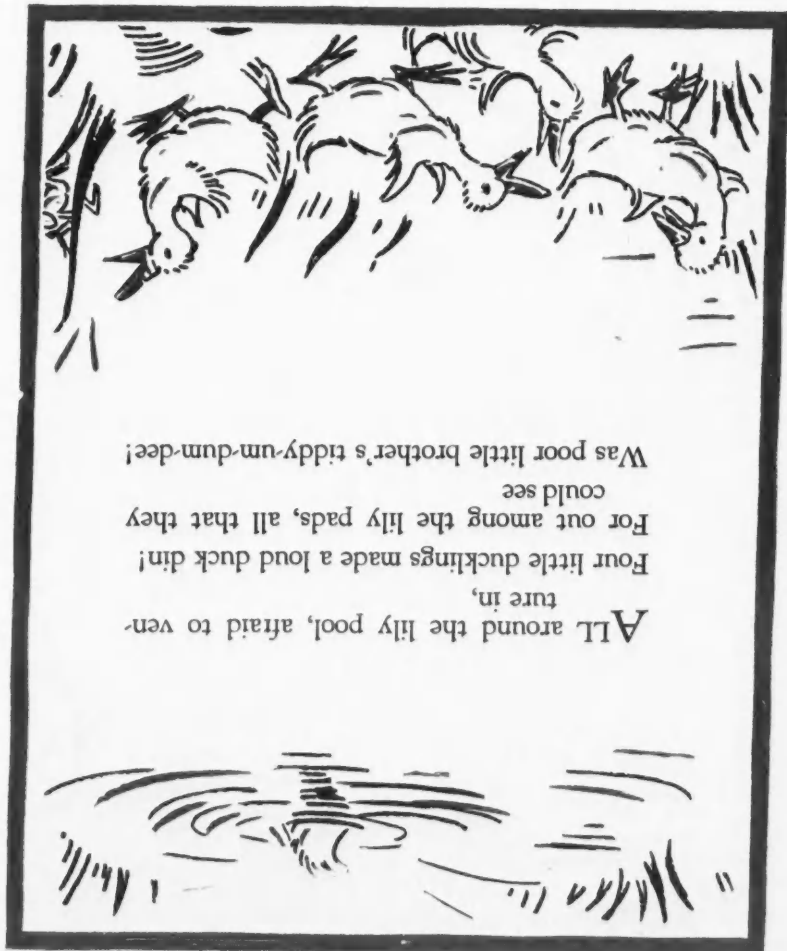
A number of mothers are covering these little stories with book muslin to protect them, while others are binding two or three together for a birthday gift.



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Page Four





Princess G. Radziwill, who is on the Social and Humanitarian Section, Secretariat of the League of Nations.



Mrs. Plumtre, Canadian delegate to the League of Nations, gives you her vivid impressions of her experiences in this article.



Mary Craig McGeachy, on the Information Section, Secretariat of the League of Nations, is an Ontario girl.

WHAT I SAW AT GENEVA

by ADELAIDE M. PLUMPTRE

THE unexpected always happens, they say; and certainly it was the unexpected that happened to me. I had resigned myself to play the perfect Cinderella, housecleaning in Toronto, when suddenly, one evening, the telephone bell rang. "Ottawa calling!" And then—hey, presto! Exit Cinderella and Enter a Delegate to the Twelfth Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva!

In less than two weeks I was on board the C. P. R. *Empress of Britain* en route for Geneva, with the other members of the Canadian delegation, including: Hon. Hugh Guthrie, chief delegate, Senator Beaubien, Hon. Martin Burrell, and Norman Robertson of the Department of External Affairs at Ottawa, as secretary to the delegation.

The intervening days had been spent in a desperate effort to collect clothes and information. I decided that a Canadian delegate should appear at Geneva in "bought in Canada" clothes; and never once, not even in Paris, did I regret my decision.

I found it much easier to collect garments than information. I had learned that I should almost certainly be assigned to the Commission of the Assembly that deals with social and humanitarian questions. That entailed collecting reports from nine provincial governments and many more than nine voluntary societies. Thanks to Dr. Helen MacMurphy of the Federal Department of National Health, eight of the provinces forwarded to Geneva not only reports, but much valuable supplementary information. The Year Book of the National Council of Women, the latest report of the Canadian Red Cross Society, and my thirty years experience of social and educational work in Canada, gave me a substantial foundation of knowledge which proved invaluable. But how I had to work to bring my information about Canadian social activities up-to-date!

I refused all but the most pressing invitations to functions, and sat in

"Is Geneva most like Babel or Pentecost? Are the nations trying vainly to rear a futile tower of safety, or is the world listening to the apostles of a new salvation?"

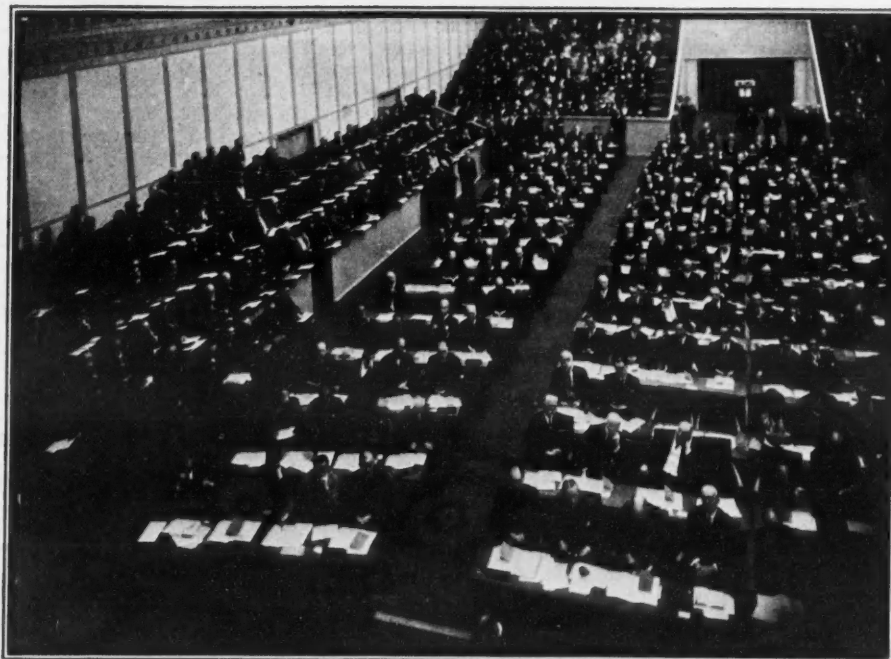
my room, tap-tapping on my portable typewriter until an irate Frenchwoman next door would begin a counter-tapping of protest on our mutual wall. I realized that a delegate needs at least a year in which to prepare for an Assembly. Some of the nations in the League meet this difficulty by sending practically the same delegates every year. One of the women at the Assembly this year had attended all twelve of the meetings.

It was lucky for me that my room in Geneva had three

peaks closed in the lovely view. Was it most lovely at sunset when the purple shadows of evening crept up to the rosy summit of the snows? Or at midnight when the moon touched the dancing waves with crests of silver? Or at a bitter dawn, when the steel-grey peaks of the Alps cut the primrose sky like the teeth of a giant saw? I cannot say; but I think it is a happy chance that places the drama of peace against a background of perpetual beauty.

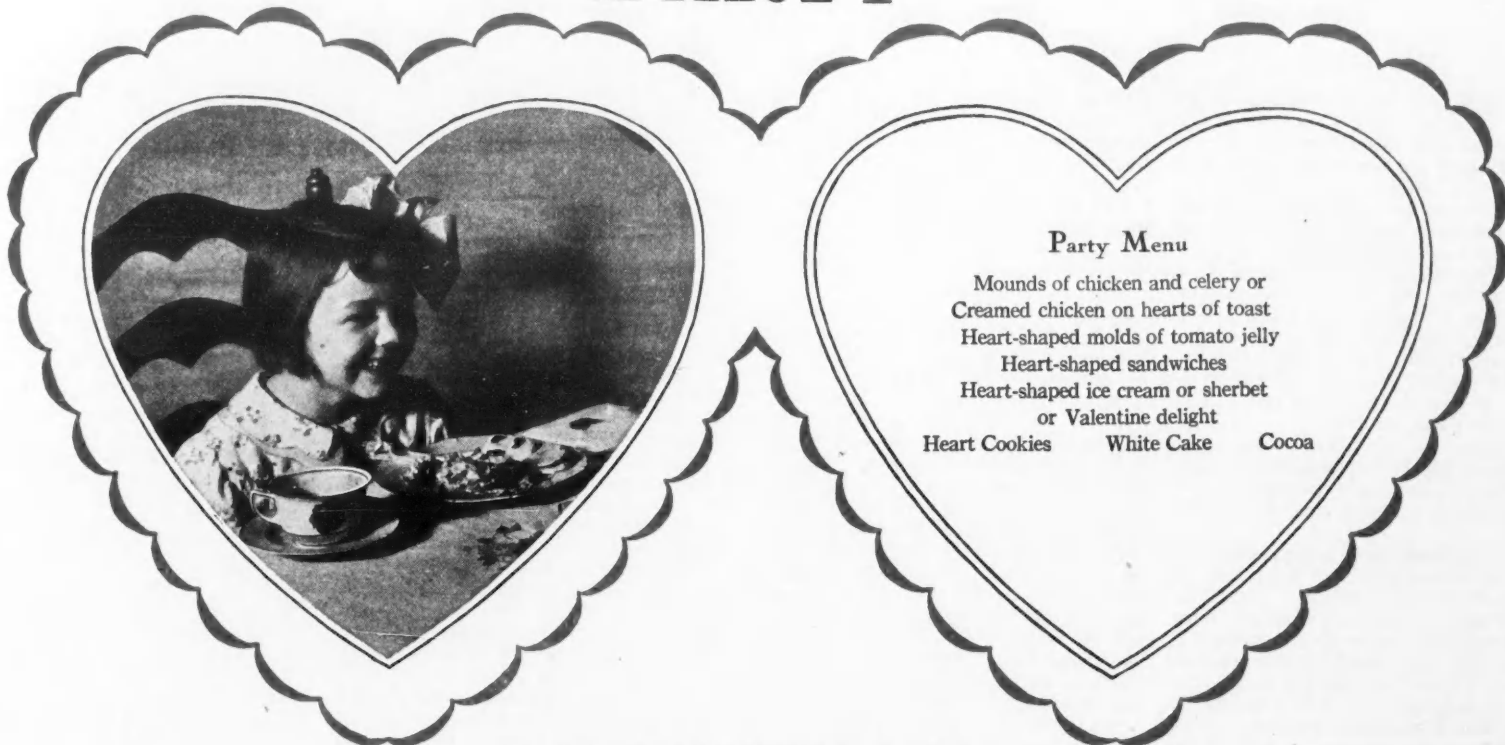
Geneva is a city of many associations—a fort in the days of Julius Caesar and a battleground of Franks and Goths under the Roman Empire; a centre of religion and learning in the days of Calvin; the birthplace of Jean Jacques Rousseau and the cradle of his theories of politics and philosophy; the scene of the first Red Cross Convention; and now, at long last, the shrine of the League of Nations.

The old city, with its steep and narrow streets, enclosed behind battlemented walls and fortified gates, is as obviously a city of war as new Geneva, with its tree-shaded gardens and great hotels, is a city of pleasure and peace. It is a city of running waters—of *eaux vives*. The Rhone, turbid and yellow as it leaves its glacier source, widens out to form the blue lake and then rushes on, under the lovely bridges which connect the old and new cities, to join the Arve on its long journey to the Mediterranean. The streets of the old city are full of fountains with basins of carved stone, into which the water from the springs among the rocks flows through the mouths of wrought-iron dragons or gargoyle heads; and round the basins flourish the flowers that seem to grow of themselves in this lovely city. The movement of water everywhere, with the luxuriance [Continued on page 32]



Oratory is surprisingly rare at Geneva. "That is mere eloquence; take it out," said a delegate in one of the committees—and out came the phrase. Most of the speaking is simple in the extreme.

NANCY'S VALENTINE PARTY



Party Menu

Mounds of chicken and celery or
Creamed chicken on hearts of toast
Heart-shaped molds of tomato jelly
Heart-shaped sandwiches
Heart-shaped ice cream or sherbet
or Valentine delight
Heart Cookies White Cake Cocoa

by M. FRANCES HUCKS
of The Institute Staff

WILL you come to my Valentine party?" These words, spoken by a prospective young host or hostess, or appearing on a gay Valentine, hold a happy promise for the young friends who receive this seasonal invitation.

With the eager assistance of the youthful entertainers, mother and big sister make plans and prepare ahead of time for the entertainment and the refreshments; and when the day arrives, everything runs so smoothly and everybody has such a good time that for days afterward the guests are saying, "Didn't we have a good time at Nancy's party?"

To begin with, Nancy's auntie had a fine idea for the invitations. Between them they cut out lots and lots of small red hearts, and on each heart they printed one word of the invitation, then attached them together with red ribbon and slipped the heart strings into envelopes. Imagine the excitement of Nancy's friends when they spread out their hearts and learned of the party! Nor were they disappointed when at last the day arrived. From the time they rang the bell and were welcomed by Nancy and her mother, until they reluctantly departed, politely thanking their hostess, there wasn't a dull moment. Why, even before they left the room where they took off their wraps, the fun began. There, each little girl was given a tiny envelope with a red heart in one corner, and each little boy was given a similar one but without the heart in the corner. When they peeked in, all they saw was a queer-shaped piece of red cardboard. "What is it?" "What's it for?" There were questions on all sides, but the only answer was "Don't lose it." Then they trooped into the living room and forgot their mysterious bits of cardboard in gazing at the transformed room.

One corner was hidden from view by a sheet hung over a cord, just high enough so nobody could see over. The sheet was spattered with red hearts of all sizes cut from crêpe paper and tacked on, but nothing explained this queer decoration. In another corner, a table held a collection of things, some mysteriously wrapped in

*Let the youngsters have a party this year—
here are all the directions for one which will
be delightful for little folks and big folks too*

Valentine paper napkins or in white tissue paper and tied with red ribbon. And everywhere, on the walls, on the curtains, on the mantelpiece and the lights, were hearts and more hearts, some suspended from streamers of red crêpe paper, some pierced with arrows, and many just hearts alone.

After the chorus of "Oh's" and "Ah's" had stopped, the purpose of the little bits of red cardboard was explained. It seemed that Nancy had taken medium-sized hearts and

cut each one into four pieces. (Nancy had twelve at her party, so she only needed three hearts.) She cut them any way at all, so long as each one was cut differently; then she put two bits of one heart in envelopes with hearts on them and the other two bits into plain envelopes, so that she would be sure that two girls and two boys got bits of the same heart. Now she announced that the guests were to mend the broken hearts by matching their cardboard pieces. They had a merry time doing this, and when all the hearts were whole they found themselves in groups of four ready for the next game.

From the table in the corner where she kept all her supplies, Nancy brought more hearts, eighteen of them, and three little baskets. She gave six hearts to one girl in each group and told them to stand at the far end of the room. Then she gave the baskets to the other three girls and directed them to stand opposite their girl partners at the other end of the room. Then one of the boys got down on his hands, while the other held his feet and guided him, wheelbarrow fashion. At the signal to start, the human wheelbarrows raced down the room to the girl of their group; the boy on his hands took a heart between his teeth and raced back to put it in the basket. Then the boys changed places, the other one becoming the wheelbarrow and down they raced for another heart. This continued until the hearts had all been placed in the baskets, the boys changing places after each trip. This proved to be a particularly hilarious game and ended with the presentation of a candy heart to each member of the winning team. After such a romp, a quieter game was proposed by Nancy's mother.

The chairs were drawn into a close circle and someone was chosen to be Queen or King of Hearts. There was a cardboard crown decorated with hearts for the monarch to wear as he stood in the centre of the ring, and a round red button was passed from person to person while Nancy's sister [Continued on page 35]



Here's the nicest Valentine cake you've seen in a long time, surely, designed and made for you in the kitchens of the Chatelaine Institute, so that you may be absolutely certain that if you follow directions carefully, your cake will be a success.

THE CHILDREN'S STORY BOOK

This month the special little book for the children tells how five little ducks went to swim. This children's feature is made to take out of the magazine Cut neatly around the edges

without spoiling it for the grown-ups. Cut the page along the margin, fold along the dotted line, doubling in half from top to bottom, then fold over. pin or sew in the middle.



FIVE little ducks, with a quiggle and a quack,
Went to the lily pool, and didn't come back!
Didn't come back ALL AFTERNOON,
Although they had intended to be home quite soon!



Page Two



MOTHER duck spreads her ten webbed toes.

Into the lily pool mother duck goes.
Straight to the lily pads, mother duck sails,
And all the little ducks can see are two duck tails!



Page Seven

Page Three



OLD Mother Duck, with her tail piece a-tilt,
Said she knew she'd find them gabble-gobble-ling in the silt.
"Lan' sakes!" mother said, "Bless a body, do!
"What a puff these little bodies drive a body to!"



WIDDLE-WADDLE! Mother duck hove into sight.
"Quiggle quack quack! Are you here for the night?"
"Look!" cried the little ducks, "Brother duck's sick!
Please, mother, hurry mother, quick, quick, quick!"

Page Six



Don't be ashamed of your skin! Attack the underlying cause of hateful eruptions.

It's remarkable how quickly such SKIN ERUPTIONS disappear

explains DR. SINGER, of Vienna

DOES your skin keep breaking out—in spite of everything you do to keep it unblemished and clear?

Read this . . .

"I long ago proved that skin eruptions such as pimples and boils are the result of intestinal stasis (constipation) and putrefaction."

Those are the words of the noted Dr. Gustav Singer, physician-in-chief of the 1st Medical Department of the Rudolf-Stiftung, famous Vienna hospital, and physician to members of ex-royalty and the diplomatic corps. *He adds:—*

"We know that the best way to eliminate intestinal germs is with . . . yeast. By its action intestinal disorders such as . . . constipation are corrected."

"In connection with this," he explains, "a very remarkable result can be obtained—a sudden disappearance of ugly skin eruptions . . ."

Eaten regularly, Fleischmann's Yeast mixes with accumulated food residues in

your intestines . . . softens them . . . gently stimulates the intestinal action that removes them regularly.

Thus your whole system is internally "toned"—purified. Your blood clears. The principal cause of skin blemishes, bad breath, headaches, etc., is no more!

In addition, Fleischmann's Yeast increases the germ-fighting white corpuscles in the blood . . . actually raises the skin's self-disinfecting power!

So start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today, and eat three cakes every day, regularly. Eat it before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—just plain, or dissolved in water (a third of a glass).

And write for free booklet on Yeast for Health. Standard Brands Ltd., Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, P. Q.

Skin Specialists advise Yeast

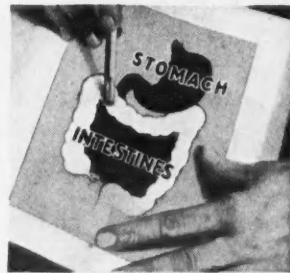
DR. PAUL GASTOU, famous Paris dermatologist, says: "If you are troubled with skin eruptions, I advise fresh yeast." DR. LÉVAI, physician-in-chief, Central Hospital, Budapest, states: "I've prescribed yeast for years for boils and acne."

Her case bears out what famous doctors say

Miss Elsie Plint (at right) writes from far-away Vancouver, B. C.:—"A few years ago I was troubled with my skin, and my complexion was very sallow-looking."

"I was told to try eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I did so and . . . found all traces of my skin trouble disappeared."

"Whenever I feel run-down, I always turn to Fleischmann's Yeast."



(At right) Here's where poisons form that seep into your blood and cause pimples, boils, bad breath, coated tongue, etc. Eating Fleischmann's Yeast keeps intestines clean—clears up the skin. Eat three cakes regularly every day.

Important



Fleischmann's Yeast for health is sold only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh and effective form—the kind famous doctors recommend! At grocers', restaurants, drug stores and soda fountains. Rich in vitamins B, G and D.

Buy Made-in-Canada Goods

The Women Men Forget

Continued from page 16

"I got rid of mine." Alicia spoke in a cold voice.

Fenella had been wondering. She did not like to ask.

"He was a dreadful man."

Fenella tried to recall Gilbert Dangerfield. She remembered a youthful person with brown eyes, rather a pleasant laugh. Very devoted, or so it seemed, to his pretty wife. She had thought them such a romantic couple. Well, one never could tell.

"The happiest moment in my life was when I heard the door slam behind him, and knew he had gone, never to return."

She stretched her beautiful arms over her head, and threw the end of her cigarette out of the porthole to the stars.

"Thank goodness I'm well enough off to please myself. I've had a marvellous time. Everything I missed. I've taken a little house in London. You shall come and stay with me, Fenella. You must make this man let you divorce him. Never try to warm up yesterday's old emotions. Like hash, it is rarely palatable."

Something in the stillness of the night, the shining waters slipping silently as time past the porthole, awoke memories.

"Yet once it was such fun," said Fenella sadly.

"The world is full of fun, provided you know what you want and don't lack the courage to take it. Women," said Alicia, "aren't brave. They know what they want, but they don't care to risk anything. If you are rich—and, thanks to this late beau of yours, I gather you are rich, lucky girl—you can have anything you want in this world, from a bunch of orchids to a king's son. Believe me, it's easy, as long as you know how to handle situations. That's where women fail. They just drift around, hoping for the best. They don't organize."

Fenella squatted on her bunk, chin on hands, looking at the long slender Alicia in her beech-leaf satin pyjamas, the indigo of the night star-spangled like a halo behind her, seen through the circular porthole. She thought, "What a marvellous life she's had to know so much! Technique. That's what she has. That's what I want."

She thought, "Alicia will tell me a whole lot of things."

UP THE gangway next morning came a man wearing an immaculate grey suit. He was taller than anyone present, and when he got on deck stood a head and shoulders over the crowd. He had a lean face and a large commanding nose, and he wore in one eye an eyeglass upon a wide black ribbon.

John got out his passenger list. Together they tried to decide who the newcomer could be. John pointed with a lean brown finger.

"That's him. I'll bet you sixpence, Fenella."

"Sir Gerald Frinton," she read, "and valet. I suppose that little man carrying the bags is his valet. I think I've heard that name, but I don't know where. He looks nice."

It was obvious Alicia also thought he looked nice. Really, one way and another, thought Fenella hotly, Alicia was positively undignified. She wore all her best dresses, and kept on moving her chair round the deck so that it was somewhere near the newcomer, who promptly, so it seemed to Fenella, moved his on somewhere else.

Sir Gerald had been wintering in Egypt for his health. He lived in London, and had lots of money. He had been a soldier in the Great War and done magnificently. He had the V.C.

"Is he married?"

"My dear child," said Alicia impatiently, "what on earth does that matter? I don't know. He doesn't look married."

"How can you look married?"

"An experienced woman knows in one glance whether a man is married or not. In this case, my diagnosis is no. Although, as I say, it makes not the slightest difference

to me. I know we have a lot in common. He is immensely reserved."

He was certainly reserved. Alicia made little headway, even on board ship. But already into the air the Western touch of chill had crept, the Eastern glamor of the nights had gone. The stars were smaller, farther away.

All through the voyage she played with John while Alicia tried to make advances to Sir Gerald Frinton. It was really terrible, thought Fenella, the way she tried to make friends with Sir Gerald.

She and John had planned, the evening before they docked, to go up to Paris for some shopping before going to London. But there on the quay, in the early morning light, was John's mother.

What was she going to do now? Fenella certainly wasn't going to breakfast to meet John's mother. What a disappointing business it all was! She had some coffee in her cabin and cried. There was nothing for it but to go home, alone.

HER train did not go until the evening.

She would have taken the morning train, only Alicia was on it, and she did not want to see anything more of Alicia just then. She went to the Hotel Louvre, and sat in the large high lounge that is so like an aquarium, with squat leather chairs in little groups on the floor of it, like sea growths, and stout Frenchmen floating in and out through glass doors, fishlike and well nourished. There were not even English papers to read. She was hopelessly miserable and hopelessly bored.

She looked up through her tears and saw someone else had floated in through the swing doors and anchored on one of those

SIR GERALD had all the technique that John lacked. It was obvious he had never wasted much time in the jungle. He knew exactly what he wanted, and took it with the utmost grace and good breeding. Before he had spoken to Fenella, he had decided where they would lunch, and they found themselves sitting on a wide verandah together, overlooking the sea, before Fenella realized what had happened.

"This is fun."

He looked at her, smiling, and then let his eyeglass go.

"I wanted to get to know you, but you were so taken up with that young What's-his-name on board. I hadn't the chance of a look in."

"John? You see, we knew one another in Burma. He is stationed out there, and one way and another we got to know each other quite well. You do, out there. I mean, it's not a very large place."

"Good spot, Burma," said Sir Gerald. "Must pay it a visit. Sounds like the very spot I'm looking for. Your husband is Police, isn't he? Must have been having quite an exciting time with these riots."

She wondered how he knew so much about her. Was it through Alicia via the valet? Really, Alicia was very undignified, the way she went on.

They looked out over the sea—a sea like blue satin, on which a handful of diamonds has been scattered. They saw the ships passing out, the white gulls accompanying them across the bay, and the ships coming in from far countries.

"Laden," said Sir Gerald, grimly, "with apes and peacocks, just as in olden times."

It was extremely exciting. Fenella could hardly believe it had really happened, and

knows. I always fight shy of it, myself. The unattached managing woman . . ."

He lit a cigarette. "Drifting around," he said, "with no anchorage of any kind. A danger to other craft. I always fight shy of them."

Fenella's spirits rose. Anyway he did not class her as one of them. She did not want to become one of them. From the beginning she had had qualms about Alicia's ideas of freedom.

"Are you staying in Paris?" asked Sir Gerald.

"I thought I would put in a day or so for some shopping."

"Splendid; so am I. I hope you will let me act as your courier."

He said, "I know Paris well. It's an amusing spot if you know it well. Ever been there before?"

She had only been through on her honeymoon and had not noticed very much of it.

"Pleasure to show it to someone intelligent."

He left her early, wishing her good night. There was no suggestion of flirting about him. He was immaculate and charming. Fenella felt elated, and distinctly flattered that such a distinguished person took any notice of her.

She had wired for rooms at the Ritz. Sir Gerald told her that in this case he would stay at the Continental.

"I usually put up at the Ritz, but don't want to make a nuisance of myself to you. Still, I hope you will let me show you Paris, and do me the honor of dining with me every night while we are there."

He left her at the door of her hotel.

Fenella registered and turned to go to her room, only to find herself face to face with Alicia.

"My dear, so you're staying in Paris! That is fun. How did you get on?"

"I spent the day with Sir Gerald Frinton, and we're lunching together this morning. I've got to hurry up and change now."

She could not resist that little stab. Alicia had been so mean. Her face fell.

"Well, I'm blessed. You have the best of luck. I understood he was coming up by the morning train. The stewardess told me he was, and in the end, no one came but that little pip-squeak of a valet and the luggage, and there I was, sitting bolt upright on an unsprung seat for twelve hours, all for nothing, while you, I suppose, were making hay."

There was no shaking Alicia off. She came with Fenella while she bathed and changed, sat on the edge of the bath, and dropped cigarette ash among the soap suds. Fenella knew she was hoping to be asked to join the lunch party, and, of course, one couldn't do that. Especially now, knowing what Sir Gerald felt about her. Fenella felt sorry for Alicia. There was a blank look in her eyes, and she seemed all at a loose end.

"Nobody I know seems to be in Paris just now," mourned Alicia. "I must say it's dull. And you go and snaffle the only man I fancied. Well, fortunes of war, I suppose. What a lucky little thing you are!"

She sat on the bed, staring at Fenella, slight and girlish in her cami-knickers, brushing out her long hair, and in her eyes there was that odd, rather hungry, look that Fenella had seen in Maurice's eyes, and in Sir Raymond's eyes when they talked about youth. As if they believed if they stared hard enough or squeezed you hard enough, they might get a little of it and be young again.

"I haven't taken him at all," she said swiftly, disgusted at Alicia for bringing this horrid game of hers to the fore once more. "We just happened to travel together—and like each other, and he's offered to show me Paris. You can like a man quite a lot and be polite to him and have him polite to you, without a whole lot of love coming into it."

Alicia smiled and lit another cigarette.

[Continued on page 31]

A NEED

by HELEN CARRINGTON

We heap honors on bold explorers,
And sing songs for heroes of war,
But there yet remains to be written,
A hymn to the wonderful corps
Of faithful, brave, pioneer women
On the prairie's desolate face—
Toiling, enduring, oft starving—
Yet nursing the future race.

Of women whose days are o'er-brimming
With struggle, economy, care,
Should a song be forthcoming for heroes,
Oh, let it's setting be there!

squat leather chairs. He was looking at her through an eyeglass. Tall, distinguished looking, extremely well groomed—Sir Gerald Frinton

He rose and crossed the floor.

"Although we have never been introduced, perhaps you will allow me to come and talk to you, as we seem to be strangers together in a foreign land, and were passengers on the *Worcestershire*."

He had the most charming smile. Fenella indicated the chair next to her.

"Do sit down," she said. "I was feeling so desperately lonely."

that this distinguished person was sitting opposite her, giving her lunch; making plans to drive her somewhere in the afternoon.

"For our train," he said, "does not go until seven-thirty. And having had the luck to find a charming companion, I mean to make the most of it."

Alicia had certainly been quite wrong when she said you had to make all the running. Idly she wondered whether he had ever noticed Alicia's attentions, and she brought the name up in conversation.

"Ah, Mrs. Dangerfield. Yes, amazingly good looking, wasn't she? A type one

"I learned from a beauty expert how to hold my husband —and why so many women fail"



You must keep skin young, lovely, say experts, who advise daily use of Palmolive Soap—the one world-known soap made exclusively of vegetable oils . . . the only soap advised by more than 20,000 beauty experts.

"I'M convinced we wives grow careless—that husbands watch our complexions much more than we think. I realized it—not a moment too soon—and it was my beauty expert who warned me: 'Keep your complexion young—that look of youth is what men seek.'"

* * *

"Don't neglect your complexion. Don't use your face as a testing ground for soaps. How can you expect to retain beauty that way?"

"Let me tell you the cleansing method I consider best. A thorough washing with the rich, deep suds of Palmolive Soap. Then a refreshing rinse with warm water, followed by cold.

"Cream? Yes, if your skin needs it, before applying powder. But Palmolive Soap. That's the important thing. I can't tell you the cases I've seen where harsh, strong, irritating soaps have dried once-lovely skin.

"Olive and palm oils are safe. I know of no two cosmetic oils that are better for the skin. Many of my own preparations are made of these same beauty oils. More than 20,000 of my colleagues believe in them, believe in and advise Palmolive Soap. You just try the method I have outlined. Watch the change it makes in you; the new light of admiration it brings to your husband's eyes."



"Your complexion decides your beauty possibilities", says the celebrated beauty specialist, Desfosse, of Paris. "I have seen the results, only too often, when women have experimented with the wrong soap. Use a soap you are sure of. A soap made of vegetable oils—a soap that CANNOT hurt your skin—Palmolive."

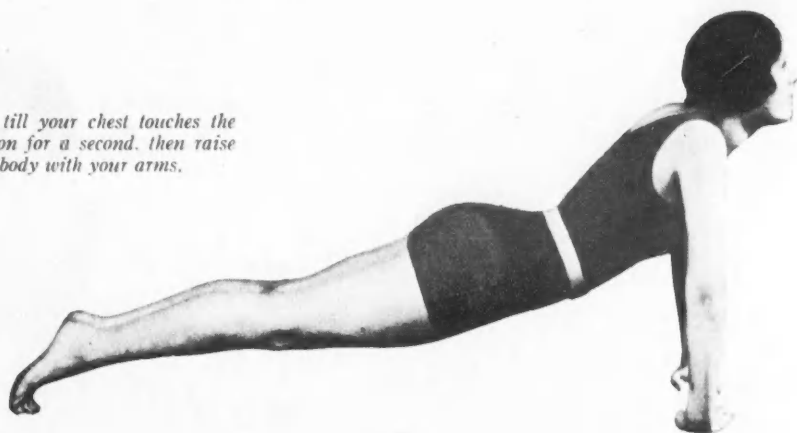
Some 20,000 experts say substantially the same thing. One and all of them advise Palmolive—the only soap ever endorsed by such a large professional group.



Retail Price 10c

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

Lower the body slowly till your chest touches the floor. Hold this position for a second, then raise the weight of the body with your arms.



Raise the arms above the head, lift left leg to hip level, and rise on the ball of the right foot.

Good Morning!

These simple exercises will keep you slim and supple

by ANNABELLE LEE

I THINK that at this time of the year we all feel the need of "toning up." We are three-quarters way through the long winter, and maybe those good resolutions we made when it commenced, and renewed when we embarked on the new year, are beginning to grow whiskers from disuse.

We probably resolved that we were going to:

- (1) Get up fifteen minutes earlier every morning
- (2) Do regular exercises
- (3) Have a cool (even cold!) shower
- (4) Walk three miles at least every day
- (5) Get eight hours' sleep on an average every night
- (6) Cut out all rich and fatty foods.

That's what we said we were going to do. But are we doing it? A tactless question, I'm afraid, but answering it frankly for myself—no. For six weeks I pursued my exercises faithfully; stood before the radio every morning sharply at 7.30; and leaped obediently about in spite of vicious verbal attacks from every member of the family. Then somehow, as Christmas began to loom on the horizon, radio exercises began to fade from my mind, and when I tried to revive them in January, the spirit had gone out of the thing.

That is why I was so intrigued when I ran across the exercises shown on this page. They are perfect limbering-up exercises, especially created to keep the body slim and supple. And they do things to one's muscles that no ordinary housework or physical recreation can do except swimming, because they stretch and loosen up muscles stiffened through disuse, or at least through partial disuse.

Those who work in offices, or whose occupations force them to sit practically all day, require regular exercise even more than others. And women who are haunted by the fear of "middle-age spread," most certainly should get into the habit of regular daily exercise. Like a lot of things that are said to be good for you, once you have got over your initial prejudice against it, it is really fun. Try to exercise, not necessarily to music, but with good, swinging rhythm. Exercise vigorously—not jerkily but with energy. And keep the illustrations on this page before you for the first two or three times in order to be sure that you get the exact positions—no hollows where they shouldn't be and bulges intruding themselves where they aren't wanted.

Feminine physical training has undergone a revulsion from the angular masculine "jerks" taught a few years ago. Exercises today cultivate graceful movements and a good carriage. Try to do them smoothly; move the arms gracefully; and above all, put some pep into them!

For the first exercise, stretch the right leg out sideways, with the toe pointed, and resting on the floor. Slowly bend the left knee, at the same time raising the left arm above your head. Look upward at your left hand, so that a straight line could be drawn from the right toe up to the left hand. Repeat this exercise, beginning with the left leg. Because this exercise is very simple to do, it is not illustrated. Follow the directions carefully.

Next, keeping the knees stiff, bend over, and put the palms of your hands on the floor. Then walk forward on your hands until your body is quite straight, and slowly lower the body till your chest touches the floor. Hold this position for a second, then raise the weight of the body with your arms. If you cannot at first place your palms on the floor, try this to limber up the first few days. Bend over, keeping your knees stiff, and [Continued on page 28]

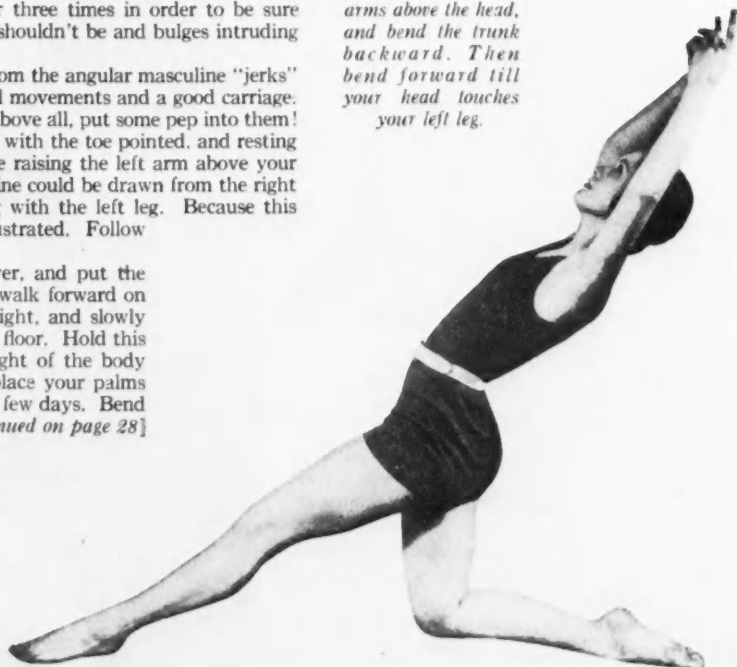
Keeping the knees stiff, bend over and put the palms of your hands on the floor. Begin to walk forward on your hands.



With the body erect and the hands on the hips, bend backward from the waist as far as possible.



Kneel on the right knee, stretching the left leg well out in front. Raise the arms above the head, and bend the trunk backward. Then bend forward till your head touches your left leg.





Instantly Renders
an irresistible, soft, pearly loveliness that will add years of youth to your appearance. The effect is so delicate and natural, the use of a toilet preparation cannot be detected. Cannot rub off.

**GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL
CREAM**
White, Flesh and Rachel Shades



Golden Glory
Fair hair gleams like spun gold when washed with Evan Williams "Camomile", the safe Shampoo.
For your shade of hair there is an Evan Williams Shampoo at your drug store.

An Empire Product
SOLD EVERYWHERE
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PALMERS LIMITED
MONTREAL

**Evan Williams
HENNA
SHAMPOO**



**GRAY
HAIR**
takes on new color

[FREE Test Shows Way]

No matter whether your hair is all gray or only streaked with gray, you can transform it with new radiance. And it is so easy. Merely comb Mary T. Goldman's clear, water-white liquid through your hair. Gray strands take on new color: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Will not wash or rub off on clothing... Hair stays soft, lustrous—takes wave or curl. This way **SAFE**. Sold on money-back guarantee at drug and department stores everywhere.

Test it FREE—We send Test Package. Apply to single lock snipped from hair. See results first. No risk. No expense. Just mail coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
8542 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... Prov.....
Color of your hair?.....

ten different shades, and its Canadian agents.

The thick cream is applied with a camel's hair brush, and the edges are blended with the tips of the fingers into the natural skin. It makes an excellent base for powder, and it is impossible to discern, after normal make-up is applied, where the covering cream ends and the natural skin begins. One's make-up, perhaps, is a trifle heavier than one would otherwise use, but it covers what appears to be a smooth, unblemished skin. The cream is also used extensively to cover up blemishes or scars on the neck and arms when evening dress is worn.

Making the Best of Your Hair

I HAVE long, dark hair which is very greasy. A few days after I wash it, it is just as bad as ever. It has copper lights in it, and I am wondering if some kind of a henna shampoo would be good for it. I wonder, too, if you would tell me how to do my hair. It is long and straight, and I have just been drawing it back over my ears and winding it in a knot, but as I have a rather large face I don't think this becomes me as well as some other way might.

YOUR hair seems to require a tonic. If I were you I would use one for two or three weeks until your hair gets back to normal. Then you might treat it once a week to keep it fit. I am sending you the name of an excellent hair tonic, and also of a very good shampoo powder. I think a henna rinse would improve the color of your hair, and it is very good for it, you know. It is made by boiling two ounces of dried henna leaves—which you can get from any druggist—in one quart of water until a reddish brown liquid results. Strain off the leaves and add more water if you think it is too dark for you. Apply the warm liquid to your hair when it is wet after the shampoo, using a small sponge or toothbrush to spread the rinse evenly over each strand of hair. Leave it on for a few minutes, then rinse the hair in steaming water and dry it.

I rather think that the style in which you are doing your hair is too severe for your features. It would be best if you could soften it by a slight wave, which you could train in yourself very easily either with combs or with your fingers. I think your best plan would be to go to a hairdresser and have a finger wave put in your hair once or twice. Don't let her put in a small wave, but one of those long, undulating ones, and let the wave swirl around the head, not straight back but dipping slightly to one side. I wouldn't draw the hair back right off the ears, if I were you. Let it wave softly over them. It may be that your hair is too heavy to take a finger wave with combs. But after the wave has been put in by a hairdresser a couple of times, it will begin to go in the same way if you carefully press it in each night and pin it underneath a net. The hair tonic will dampen your hair sufficiently to set it.

To Remove Hair Dye

WOULD you be kind enough to advise me what to do to take a certain dye off my hair which has been put on by a hairdresser for a few years past? I should like my hair a nice silver white, as I think it would be more appropriate for my years.

I THINK you will find that you will be able to rid yourself of the coloring with the simple process of a hot oil treatment. Do this the night before you wash your hair. The first step is to heat olive or balsam oil and apply it to every part of the scalp with a piece of absorbent cotton. Apply all along the length of the hair. After the head has been saturated with oil, steam it with hot Turkish towels to open the pores and let the oil penetrate into the scalp. When you wash your hair the next day you will have to give it several soapings and rinsings in order to get all the oil out, but with it should come the coloring. Many women who have their hair hennaed regularly, take this hot oil treatment before they go to the hairdresser. The treatment is extremely good for the scalp and can be thoroughly recommended for dry, or even normal and oily hair.

ARE Domestic Hands A BADGE OF MARRIAGE ?



A photographic representation of inferiority complex caused by Domestic Hands
Interpreted by Anton Bruehl

HER poor bewildered husband simply can't understand the change that has come over Helen since their marriage last June.

She used to love to go to parties and to give them. But now, she never wants to go anywhere and she hates to have people come into their home.

When old friends drop in unexpectedly she is so queer and so self-conscious. It was actually embarrassing the other night when Tom brought Ted Graham home for dinner without warning. And after he had gone there was another of those awful weepy scenes.

The real trouble with Helen of course is a bad case of Domestic Hands.

Unaccustomed to housework before her marriage, she simply has not learned that it is easily possible to have lovely, soft white hands and still get along without a maid.

A Soothing Pure-as-Milk Lotion that Keeps Hands Young

No matter how much housework you have to do, you can easily avoid the embarrassment of Domestic Hands



and the inferiority complex that goes with them. All you need do is smooth Hinds Honey and Almond Cream into them two or three times each day. The results will amaze you.

Within a few days' time even hands pitifully roughened by neglect grow softer, whiter and more attractive. You see the improvement almost at once.

Avoid Lotions that May Harm Your Hands

Only cosmetic experts with the facilities of a great scientific laboratory can be trusted to produce a lotion that is safe for your hands. Don't run the risk of marring the texture of your skin by the use of questionable lotions.

For half a century Hinds has been supreme—its delightful caressing texture comes from only the finest skin-softening emollients. Avoid imitations, many of which simulate Hinds texture by the addition of gummy thickening agents that do not benefit the skin. Insist upon the original Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Your druggist has it.

Trade Mark Registered in Canada

HINDS honey and almond CREAM



* Elizabeth Arden's Lotions *

• Miss Arden's Lotions are exhilarating...cooling...refreshing...but more than that they are highly important factors in the plan for beauty which she has so carefully made. Theirs is the important task of firming, clearing and healing the skin. From Skin Tonic and Astringent the cells receive their setting-up exercises, the blood its impetus to tingle gaily through the veins. Lille Lotion furnishes a flower-like finish and serves as a superb foundation for make-up. There are also the healing lotions that clear the skin of eruptions. Preparations as vital as these to the skin's welfare and beauty must be absolutely pure.

• The perfection of the ingredients used in Miss Arden's preparations, and the scientific cleanliness of the laboratory itself, are well known. But there is yet another step to insure the purity of Miss Arden's lotions: *Filtration*. Skin Tonic is made to pass through layer after layer of filter paper, from one floor right down to the floor below, before it is bottled. No impurity could possibly survive this difficult journey. The lotions for special purposes are filtered until they are flawlessly pure under the microscope. The powder content of Lille Lotion is sifted as thoroughly as Illusion Powder.

• Nothing less than perfection satisfies Miss Arden. No product of hers is permitted to touch your skin unless it meets with her standards of purity...standards as incorruptible as her integrity...as sincere as her deep interest in making women lovelier.

Elizabeth Arden's Lotions are on sale at smart shops everywhere

VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC. Tones, firms and whitens the skin and keeps the tissues healthy. It brings new life to every cell. Use with and after Cleansing Cream.

85c, \$2, \$3.75, \$9.

VENETIAN SPECIAL ASTRINGENT. For flaccid cheeks and neck. Lifts and strengthens the tissues, tightens the skin and restores the contours

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SPOTPRUF LOTION. A healing preparation that is ideal for daytime use, giving the skin a silken surface at the same time that it soothes and refines

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VENETIAN ACNE LOTION. An antiseptic healing lotion which scatters congestion in the skin, thereby freeing it of pimples, spots and eruptions

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VENETIAN LILLE LOTION. Exquisite finishing lotion, mildly antiseptic and good for the skin. A perfect foundation for make-up, and very flattering with evening clothes. Six shades

\$1.50, \$2.50

VENETIAN SPECIAL EYE LOTION. Use morning and night and after outdoor sports to cleanse and tone the eyes and relieve them of fatigue

\$1, \$2.50.

* Elizabeth Arden *

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Good Morning!

Continued from page 26

with your arms above your head. Then with an up-and-down dropping motion of the upper body try to see how near to the ground you can get your hands—lower and lower with every rise and fall of the body. As the finished exercise is very strenuous, do not practise it for more than five times each day at first.

The next exercise is done standing up. With the body erect and the hands on the hips, bend backward from the waist as far as possible. Throw the head right back and breathe in deeply.

Next is a more difficult exercise. Raise the arms above the head in a graceful curve, and raise the left leg to hip level, bending the knee. Rise on the ball of the right foot and tiptoe round the room, raising alternate legs as high as possible in front. This exercise helps to improve the balance.

Last of all, kneel down on the right knee. Stretch the left leg well out in front. Raise the arms above the head and bend the trunk backward as far as you can. Then bend forward till your head touches your left leg. Repeat the exercise kneeling on the left knee.

AFTER you have done these several times every morning for a few days, you'll begin to feel as fit as when you bade good-by to summer last September. The idea of a cool shower won't seem nearly so nauseating, and you might even muster up the ambition to walk, if you are a business woman, say, a mile of the way to work.

Don't make the mistake, though, of forcing yourself to take an icy cold shower willy nilly. It doesn't agree with everyone. Far better to adjust the temperature to suit yourself, and whatever temperature invigorates you most, adopt it for your morning shower. But if you tingle and become all aglow when you rub yourself briskly after a cold tub or shower, then have one.

I don't know that I can tell you any more than you already know about the proper diet to follow. Freak diets, such as those which seized hold of people a few years back, are as extinct now as the dodo, thank goodness. They did far too much harm while their popularity lasted. No, the only way to "reduce at home" is to exercise and cut out the fatty foods from the daily diet.

Before I go any further, however, I want to point out that whether one is underweight, normal or overweight, there are certain foods that one should never go without. One should include, for instance, a pint of milk every day. It may be taken in the form of milk puddings, cream soups or cocoa, of course; but whichever way you consume it, milk plays a very important part in the healthy functioning of our bodies. Then two pats of butter every day, green vegetables, fresh fruit, and one helping of lean meat. Four eggs a week should be sufficient.

Potatoes, beans, peas, rich gravies and sauces, white bread and cereals, fat meats, pastries, jams and cakes, should be eaten sparingly for the complexion's sake as well as the figure's. But to compensate, eat lots of cabbage, celery, lettuce and spinach, oranges, apples, tomatoes, celery, peaches and berries, lean meat only and whole wheat bread. Don't drink water with meals, but drink from six to eight glasses during the day between meals. The habit of taking two glasses before breakfast, two mid-morning and two mid-afternoon, is quite easy to acquire.

A pound a week, or a little less, is the best rate at which to lose weight. And we can do it simply by maintaining a sane diet and regular exercise. So let's steadfastly make up our minds that we will greet the spring—which really is coming around the next corner but one—with clear eyes and straight, slim, supple bodies.

YOUR QUESTIONS

Perhaps you will find the answer to your own problem here.

But if not, why not ask *Annabelle Lee* about it? She will reply personally to every letter enclosing a stamped envelope

MAY I ask a few questions concerning the care of the skin? Mine is just horrible. Does rouge cause large pores? Which is best for the skin, cream or compact rouge? When I rouge, my cheeks are covered with little black specks. What causes this? Should vanishing cream be used? Does it enlarge the pores? Would you tell me if I should use a skin tonic and astringent?

NO, ROUGE does not cause large pores. Large pores are caused by insufficient care in cleansing the skin. It isn't enough just to cleanse the skin with cream and soap and water; the pores must be closed afterward. A dash of cold water over the skin will do it, but when the pores are enlarged as yours are, an astringent is necessary. The reason that the pores look larger and more pronounced is that the rouge accentuates their appearance, for naturally the area that is colored is more noticeable. I think you will find that cream rouge will suit your skin best. It will blend in more perfectly and look more natural, and won't create those little black specks you speak of, that is, if the skin has been cleansed properly. Cream rouge also lasts longer, when supplemented during the day when you are out, with compact rouge.

Those little black specks—they are caused again by enlarged pores which are not properly cleansed. Cleanse the face first with cleansing cream, then wash with luke-warm water and a mild soap, and rinse with cold water. Then pat on your astringent, and if it is at night, pat on your nourishing cream around the eyes, unless, of course, you are

using it for massage as recommended in the directions. I wouldn't leave any cream on over night, though. Wipe off any surplus cream with soft tissues.

As a foundation for powder, vanishing cream is excellent, but for a skin which is inclined to be oily as yours is, a lotion would be better. I am sending you the names of some good foundation lotions.

To Conceal Birth Marks

MY APPEAL to you is rather a forlorn hope, but I thought you might perhaps be able to help me. I have a birthmark of the kind that is sometimes called a wine mark, on the lower part of my cheek and chin. I have tried all sorts of things but can't disguise it. Do you know of anything I could use? I would give anything to possess a normal looking skin, for apart from this horrible disfigurement, I'm fairly attractive.

YOUR letter comes at the most providential time, for I have just recently made acquaintance with a cream that will conceal birthmarks and other skin blemishes such as moles, vaccination marks or scars from burns or cuts. It is really a splendid invention, and I have no hesitation in recommending it to you. I have been astounded at the remarkable work it does in covering up blemishes. The cream was invented by a young woman who herself suffered from a large birthmark on her cheek. Her preparation has been approved by the New York Board of Health, and she is just beginning to introduce it to Canada. I am sending you the name of the cream, which comes in

The Women Men Forget

Continued from page 24

throwing the stump of her old one far out into the boulevard below, careless of what French head it fell on to.

"How young you are, Fenella," she said. Fenella was quite glad to get rid of her. Sir Gerald was waiting in the hall below, tall, distinguished among the rhomboid Frenchmen in the lounge. He showed her Paris.

He was a charming companion. One never had a dull moment with him; and he was not only familiar with the places of interest, but knew all the dressmakers' shops, and seemed to know quite intimately a lot of the men in the dressmakers' shops, for they came out of secret hiding places where they took cover from incensed patrons, shook him by the hand, and called him *mon cher*. And it got for Fenella more attention than she had ever had in her life before. She ordered more clothes than she originally intended, but they were marvellous, and Sir Gerald took such an interest in it all. He insisted on seeing this dress, and that dress, on the mannequins.

"That, I feel sure, is yours."

So different from Alistair, who never knew what a girl was wearing; who always said, "But you have hundreds of things. What about that nice black lace you wore on our honeymoon?"

He fetched her again that night, and they went to a play. It was a proper play. He had selected it with great care.

"I don't like these undressed shows," he said sternly, and Fenella rejoined meekly, "Oh, no."

Alicia waylaid them frequently in the hall, on their way in or their way out, and was very pleasant, but Sir Gerald never asked her to join them.

"I'm sorry if she's your friend. But candidly, I'm terrified of these women at a loose end."

Fenella could not help feeling rather glad. Alicia was only waiting for an opportunity to tell him all about John and that humiliating cable. It was, Fenella suspected, the sort of thing she would do.

"Poor Alicia, you are a little hard on her," she said. "What do you expect her to do with herself?"

"Middle-aged women ought to have an occupation. Espouse a cause if you leave your husband. Otherwise you inevitably become a social or an economic menace."

She said quietly, "I have my husband."

He let his eyeglass go.

"I know that. But you are different. Obviously you are not a woman who will be at a loose end for long."

There was something in his eyes, when he said good night to her, that she had not noticed before. Her heart was beating faster, her cheeks were flushed, as she made her way to her room.

Alicia was sitting on her bed, waiting for her. The room smelt thick with scent and cigarette smoke. Fenella threw the windows open and let in currents of the cold night air, hoping it would drive Alicia away.

Nothing drove Alicia away if she intended staying. She said,

"I saw him when he came for you this evening. You've got him, Fenella. I must say you have such amazing luck that I expect he'll propose to you. These serious honest men with iron-grey hair never offer less than marriage, and if I were you, I'd nail him and get your divorce as quick as ever you can. You won't get a chance like this again. I can tell you. He's a positive prize, my dear."

"You mean, because he is rich."

"Rich, a man of affairs, able to give you a wonderful life. You can't pretend to me you aren't thrilled. You must be thrilled to the core. And, for goodness sake, don't go and muff it like you did the last one. You don't know how to handle these situations properly."

Fenella said, cruelly,

"Alicia, if you are so clever, why don't

you do better for yourself. You're bored. You know you are bored, hanging around here alone."

An awful thing happened. Alicia's face twisted suddenly. The last vestiges of youth and gaiety fell from it. Sitting there on the edge of the bed, on a gold silk eider-down in her garish and youthful pyjamas, she began to cry.

Fenella, repentant, ran to her, and put her arms round her.

"I'm sorry. I was a beast. Alicia, please, please."

"No. I know just what you mean. I haven't made a success of things, but then, you see, I started too late. It's got to be faced. I'm old. Too old. I'll be forty-five next birthday. You can't get over that. People don't want you any more. I go on pretending, and, who knows, there may yet be another chance for me, but I started too late. I hung on, hoping for the best. I wasn't brave like you, when I was young. When I got my freedom it was too late to use it. Don't you see that's why I want to help you, want to see you succeed. I put a brave face on it, but I know really I am just another odd woman drifting around."

She kissed Fenella and went away. Fenella stood before the glass and brushed out her hair. It was queer how depressing Alicia was in large doses. She made you feel sort of hopeless about everything. She made life wear a plain unattractive face. Suddenly Fenella softened, remembering Alicia's tears.

"Poor Alicia," she said softly.

But one did not want to be like her. At all costs one must avoid that. There must be no suggestion of hanging round Paris, waiting about for Sir Gerald. She made her plans early the following morning, and when he fetched her for lunch, told him she was leaving for London next day.

His face fell.

"If you aren't here, there is nothing to keep me in Paris. I shall come, too," he said; "that is, if you will lend me a piece of the same train."

He talked that afternoon of his place in Scotland, his flat in town.

"I shall have to go straight north when I get back. It's high time I had a look round up there again. But I shall be in town later on, and I hope you will let me come and see you."

Terror seized her at the thought of being alone in London. What on earth was she going to do with herself, with no one to love her, and no one to take her about? She thought, "I shall soon make friends. Once you have enough money, it's easy."

To him she said, gaily, "Don't be too long. I shall miss you a lot."

"Is that true, Fenella?"

Again there was, in his eyes, that look that set her heart beating faster and brought the color to her cheeks. She thought, "Everything is going to be all right."

She sat in the hotel, hating the thought of going out. She wanted to buy a car, but she hadn't much idea how to set about it alone. She waited, hoping she would hear something from Sir Gerald.

The days went by, and no word came. He had simply gone away. It looked as if the whole thing was just going to peter out, leaving her sitting there alone. There was no word from Alistair at the bank. All she got was letter after letter from Alicia, begging to be kept posted as to how the affair was getting on. Letters full of nauseating advice.

Then one evening she went up to her sitting room. The lights were up and a note lay on the table.

"Am staying in town for a week or two. Will you dine with me tonight? G.F."

She looked at the clock, color coming back to her cheeks. She had half an hour to dress. She sent a message to him by telephone and went into her bedroom to select her nicest dress.

(To be Concluded)

it's an unthinkable compromise for her to sacrifice the known immaculacy of genuine Kotex



WHO knows—who can say what hazards and risks have been removed from women's lives because of genuine Kotex? Dangers once invited . . . now a thing of the past. Embarrassment, even humiliations, gone. And health carefully protected at times when it is gravely endangered, because this sanitary protection is sanitary. Because it *does* protect.

What about these countless substitutes? How were they made? Where? By whom? What hands have touched them? Were the materials pure? Tested? Germ-free? You don't know. And unless you *do* know, how can you trust such sanitary protection?

Fortunately, when you ask for Kotex, you *know* you are safe. Hospitals, alone, used more than twenty-four million Kotex pads for patients last year.

Can you—can any woman—afford to risk anything less than the scrupulous cleanliness Kotex gives you—cleanliness you can't get from inferior substitutes.

There can be nothing *like* Kotex but Kotex. Ask for it by the name. Make sure when buying it wrapped, that you get *Kotex*.



Snowy rolls of Kotex absorbent filler feed themselves into glistering machines, where they are carefully cut and shaped into pads.



In hospitals, surrounded by scrupulous sanitation, twenty-four million Kotex pads last year, were used for patients alone.

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You may send 3 Samples of Kotex and book, "Preparing for Womanhood," in plain envelope.

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Do YOUR HANDS feel ROUGH as STUCCO?



HAS the cold weather and indoor heat made your skin "rough as the side of a stucco house"? Surely you know that dry, rough, chapped skin is unnecessary! Campana's Italian Balm is guaranteed to banish rough, red, dry or chapped skin quicker than anything else you have ever used. It soothes and eases the discomfort at once—heals, softens and beautifies.

It has been the largest selling skin protector in the Dominion for more than a generation, and why not? Invented by an internationally known skin specialist. Sixteen scientifically selected ingredients blended by a secret process. It is good for the tenderest skins—and economical, too! Get a long lasting 35c., 60c or \$1.00 bottle from your drug or department store. Or try it at our expense . . . send the coupon.

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Gentlemen: Please send me a VANITY SIZE bottle of Campana's Italian Balm—FREE and postpaid.



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Jealousy

Continued from page 17

The dominating wife is the most pathetic figure in modern life. She has cheated herself out of the supreme joy of feeling proud of her man. She has, in the majority of cases, made a failure of him, for the man who is bullied at home seldom becomes a leader. He has lost his rightful place among men. And that is not the worst. The woman may have the satisfaction of keeping her husband at home under her eye, but deep down in her heart rests the bitter knowledge that she is stronger than he, and she knows the almost savage scorn of the tyrant for its victim.

The wife who tries to keep her husband at home every night is making a grave mistake. Men are gregarious animals and need the tonic of male companionship. There is something genially brutal, something comfortably spacious about man-talk that is good for the masculine soul. A woman is far too apt to be super-sensitive, to resent criticism, to be upset in nerves or temper by some thoughtless brusqueness. Let a man loose to stretch his mental muscles and indulge in a little cheerful abuse of his fellow males, and he will be the happier and the better for it. It is the man caged at home, doomed to listen unendingly to small talk

and chatter about domestic details who becomes fretful and peevish.

The very wise wife will encourage her man to go away by himself at least once a year. And she will do it with a good grace, and without any wifely admonitions to behave himself. Let him be a gay dog if he wants to. After all, he is grown up, and can justly claim an adult's right to make a fool of himself in his own way. Ten chances to one he will come joyfully home at the end, longing for the comforts of home, eager for love, and full of his exploits.

Avoid jealousy and possessiveness. They are poisons that kill, just as surely as generosity, understanding, humors are elixirs that make alive. There is a little stanza by William Blake that may be taken to heart by every wife:

He that holds to himself a joy
Doth the winged life destroy.
But he that kisses a joy as it flies
Lives in eternity's sunrise.

Substitute "love" for "joy" and you have the secret of happiness. Hard to do, you say? Certainly it is hard to do. So is anything hard to do which brings great rewards. But follow the recipe, difficult as it may seem, and the results are assured.

Are These Some of Your Problems?

Continued from page 22

Marshmallow Fudge

Cook, cool, and beat as in chocolate fudge. When ready to pour, add one cupful of marshmallows cut.

Peanut Butter Fudge

Add one third of a cupful of peanut butter to chocolate fudge just as it is taken from the fire. Cool and beat as in chocolate fudge.

Fudge Balls

Add chopped nuts and chopped dates, figs or cherries, to the fudge and work together until just blended. Using about a tablespoonful of fudge, mold with the hands into even-sized balls. Roll in finely-ground nuts or dip in chocolate.

Fruit Fudge

Add one half of a cupful of chopped figs, dates or raisins to chocolate fudge just before it is ready to press into the pan.

It is possible to make good candy without the use of a thermometer though you would find one a great convenience. Too long cooking will cause fudge to be hard, and graininess will often result if the candy is stirred or beaten before it has cooled to a lukewarm or slightly lower temperature. It is best to boil candy slowly at first, wiping down the sugary deposits on the side of the pan. After all the sugar is dissolved and the mixture has begun to boil, it may cook more rapidly until it reaches the correct stage—soft ball or hard ball as the case may be. It should then be cooled as rapidly as possible and should not be stirred during this time.

For boiling the syrup, use a smooth saucepan or a kettle of heavy metal, large enough to allow the mixture to boil up. A wooden spoon is best for stirring.

To make the cold water test, drop a little of the syrup into a cupful of very cold water, then test the consistency. If it can be formed into a ball which will just hold its shape, the syrup is at the "soft ball" stage. When the syrup reaches a higher temperature, a "firm ball" will form when a portion is dropped into the water. If the test results in an almost brittle ball, the hard ball stage is reached. While testing, remove the candy from the heat, so that the cooking does not continue and the mixture does not exceed the required temperature.

How to Serve Cocktails

I HAVE recently been given a set of glassware, which includes cocktail glasses. On looking up your recipes for cocktails, I notice that some of them have considerable solids, such as fruit or fish. How, and with what accompaniments, should these be served?

Would a fruit juice mixture be suitable as the first course at dinner?

May cocktails be served from a tray before the meal starts, providing they are the "drinkable" kind?

Are special forks or spoons required for a cocktail containing solids eaten at the table?

Answer: It is quite correct to serve a "drinkable" cocktail as your first course at luncheon or dinner. This may be either mixed fruit juices, sauerkraut or tomato juice. Such appetizers are often served in the drawing-room or living room, preceding the meal. They may be unaccompanied or tiny canapés may be passed on a tray at the same time. If, however, they are served at the table, the canapés may be arranged on the plate at the base of the cocktail glass. These little tidbits are very small pieces of bread cut in fancy shapes, toasted on one side and spread with some highly seasoned fish paste, cheese, relish or vegetable combination and garnished with pimiento, olives, pearl onions, and other such foods. Small crackers also make a very fine base for a canapé.

Cocktails containing fruit or fish are eaten at the table with a teaspoon or a small fork designed for the purpose. It is not customary to use any accompaniment in this case. Fruit cups, which are really cocktails containing cubes or slices of fruit, are eaten with a small teaspoon.

Pouring Tea

WILL you kindly give me any pointers to help me in pouring at a large afternoon tea? I am only recently married and have not acted in this capacity before.

Answer: In pouring at an afternoon tea, the cups should not be lifted from the table while being filled. Sugar may be placed on the saucer, but it is usually passed with cream and lemon by those who are assisting in serving the guests. When refilling a cup, first empty any remaining tea into a bowl provided for the purpose. The spoon should be placed on the saucer, parallel to the handle.

Be at ease and unhurried and you will find this social honor a very pleasant one.

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No lonely evenings for this BLONDE

HER golden hair magnetizes, attracts—gets her more dates than any other girl in the crowd. And it's Blondex that gives her the lead. This special shampoo puts captivating sparkle, glorious golden color in all blonde hair. Not only does Blondex prevent darkening—but safely brings back alluring golden brightness to faded, lustreless light hair. Not a dye. Simply a fine powder that bubbles instantly into a rich, penetrating foam. Fine for hair and scalp. Thousands of lovely blondes rely on Blondex. At all drug and department stores.

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Transform them into bewitching pools of loveliness—Instantly with this new, easy-to-use, eyelash beautifier. Makes lashes appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant. No skill required. Will not smart the eyes. Tear-proof. Fyrit. Black or brown, 75c. at all toilet goods counters. Distributed by Palmers Ltd., Montreal

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CORNS
and tender toes—relieved in 1 minute by these thin, soothing, healing pads. Safe! Also sizes for Callouses, Bunions
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Put one on—the pain is gone!



Pepsodent announces a notable new discovery

An entirely new cleansing and polishing material has been developed by Pepsodent Laboratories. It is twice as soft as polishing materials in common use. Teeth are given higher polish, brighter luster—FILM stains disappear completely.

THE Pepsodent Laboratories announce a new discovery. A *revolutionary* discovery contained in Pepsodent Toothpaste for more than six months.

Your dentist will tell you Pepsodent's policy has always been to improve constantly—no "fixed formula" to hamper progress. Research laboratories have a habit, in this modern age, of quickly obsoleting prior ideas. As new dental advances have come, Pepsodent has been the first to adopt them.

Now once more Pepsodent advances. This time through a notable new discovery that possesses three exclusive virtues:

1. The new cleansing and polishing material in Pepsodent stands unsurpassed in removing stained, destructive FILM.
2. The new texture is invisibly fine. As a result it imparts a higher polish to enamel—a brilliant glaze or luster.
3. The new material is *safe*—this is most important of all. Safe because it's soft—yes, twice as soft—as polishing materials in common use.

Having made this new discovery we faced an equally great problem. How to combine it in our present formula without altering appearance or sacrificing the famous flavor that has made Pepsodent so long preferred by millions. We mastered this. In *taste* and in *looks* it is still the Pepsodent you have always known. In results and safety it is new—brand new.

Keeps teeth lovelier—safely

Pepsodent's new cleansing and polishing material brings a change in teeth's appearance within a few days' time. Newly discovered, it is different, totally different, from any now in use.

These facts are interesting: this discovery followed 7 years of research . . . 3 tons of raw materials were used in laboratory tests . . . we held a competition from among the ablest minds in chemistry . . . new equipment had to be *invented*, then erected . . . the process is a carefully guarded secret.

The idea was simple: to combine super *film-remov-*

ing power with super *safety* and yet retain the original appearance and taste of Pepsodent. A paradox! A seemingly hopeless task that has been the goal of every toothpaste manufacturer for the last decade. Pepsodent has solved it!

Pepsodent—Special FILM-removing toothpaste

Removing FILM is, and always will be, Pepsodent's chief duty. Today's Pepsodent performs that duty better than any toothpaste ever has before.

FILM is that slippery coating on your teeth. It gathers germs that cause decay. It glues them tightly to enamel. FILM absorbs the stains from food and smoking and makes teeth unattractive. Removing FILM is important for beauty and for health.

Get a tube of Pepsodent today. Note how smooth and creamy. It is safe . . . utterly safe . . . on the softest baby teeth and the most delicate enamel. Pepsodent is today's outstanding scientific toothpaste.

USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR

HE VOWED HE'D BE
A BACHELOR, BUT

Her Eyes Captured Him!



*You, too, can quickly attain
captivatingly clear, bright
eyes this safe, easy way*

Many a romance has had its start in a pair of clear, sparkling eyes. Yet most women neglect their eyes shamefully! If given daily attention like the skin, teeth and hair, they will soon attain a clearness and brilliance that will amaze and delight you.

To keep your eyes clear, bright and full of life, nothing equals time-tried *Murine*. It dissolves the dust-laden film of mucus that makes eyes look dull, and by its gentle astringent action reduces bloodshot veins. This soothing, cooling, harmless lotion should be applied each night and morning...regularly!

Unlike mere eye washes, *Murine* requires no insanitary eye cup. It is hygienically and conveniently applied with its combination eye dropper and bottle stopper. 150 applications cost but 60¢ at drug and department stores. Ask for a bottle today! For free Eye Beauty and Eye Care booklets, write *Murine Co.*, Dept. A, 9 E. Ohio St., Chicago.



MAKE THIS TEST! Drop *Murine* in one eye only... then note how clearer, brighter and larger in appearance it very shortly becomes. And also how refreshed and invigorated it feels!

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

What I Saw at Geneva

Continued from page 18

of trees and flowers, gives a feeling of life and growth which creates a very favorable atmosphere for the cultivation of ideas and ideals which have flowered and flourished in Geneva for the last five hundred years.

It has been remarked that there are four distinct stages in every Assembly. The first, that of distrust, when the delegates prowl round each other like strange dogs, suspicious and apprehensive. The second, when they begin to discuss topics of mutual interest; and the third, when they discover that the other fellow, even if he talks one of those queer foreign languages, has a point of view all his own. And the fourth is that of dispersion, when the delegates separate, to carry to the ends of the earth the seeds of the discoveries they have made. One wonders, when hearing the various tongues and dialects of the three or four hundred delegates, whether Geneva is most like Babel or Pentecost. Are the nations trying vainly to rear a futile tower of safety, or is the world listening to the apostles of a new salvation?

Cratory is surprisingly rare at Geneva. No doubt the intervention of the interpreter militates against the effect of the purple passages in reports or speeches. In fact, Geneva prefers the effect of the blue pencil. "That is mere eloquence; better take it out," said a delegate in one of the committees; and out of the report came the well-rounded phrase.

THE difficulty of language was solved by the one Canadian who has been elected president of the Assembly, by the unique method of delivering his address first in French and then in English. But few delegates have as perfect command of two languages as Senator Dandurand. Most people have to content themselves with employing the services of the corps of expert interpreters supplied by the League, unless one of the "big men" is speaking. Then the green light over the president's chair in the Hall of Assembly will be illuminated. Below the dais, an interpreter, or sometimes two or three of them, will whisper into a desk telephone while the delegates will fit on the ear-phones supplied at every seat. A button is turned, so that the indicator points to the language in which the delegate wishes to listen, and he sits at ease, hearing the speech translated as it is being delivered!

After a week of pronouncements made by the leaders of the delegations, the Assembly resolves itself into six commissions, on each of which each nation has one representative and one alternate. In these commissions is transacted all the business of the Assembly; reports of committees and experts are discussed; policies are embodied in resolutions and the commission appoints its *rapporleur* who carries to the final meeting of the Assembly the decisions of the commissions. I shared with the Countess Apponyi, of Hungary, the honor of being the only woman appointed as *rapporleur*. The countess reported on child welfare, and I on the white slave traffic. It was an awe-inspiring moment when one stood on the dais and faced the members of this parliament of the world. I had spent hours in writing and rewriting my report and had given it to be translated beforehand, and therefore contented myself with letting the delegates read the report in French or English while I presented only the resolutions in a brief speech. I was dealing with an unpopular subject, but the delegates gave a very cordial reception to both the Countess and myself.

It is to the League that the world owes the first effective step in the control of the opium trade and the illicit trade in habit-

forming drugs. It is the League that has set up the Bureau of Health at Singapore, helped by the Rockefeller Foundation, from which news of the health of the world is spread from port to port to stay the spread of such dread diseases as yellow fever, plague and typhus. I know of no single saying that so perfectly conveys the spirit of the League as a remark made by Dr. Sze, the representative of China, when thanking the League for the help of its experts in establishing a public health service in his country. "China," he said, "has been for a long time accustomed to having experts imposed upon her by her conquerors, but now, as a member of the League, she receives them as her welcome and invited guests."

The International Labor Organization at Geneva, although not under the direct management of the Assembly, is included in the financial programme of the League, and is working to bring about social peace and disarmament in the sphere of class warfare.

The Council, which sits regularly as the executive committee or cabinet of the Assembly, has also its independent function as a tribunal to which the members of the League may carry their disputes—for discussion first; and later, if necessary, for action. So China carried to the Council her complaint against Japan and round the horseshoe table with its fourteen seats, at which both Japan and China sat as members, the long discussions waxed and waned which, if they have not saved Manchuria from invasion, have at least saved the world from war.

BUT it is not enough merely to prevent war. Effective peace is more than the mere negation of war. It must be an active organization of co-operation and friendship, and this is a fair description of the programme of the League. Much, therefore, depends upon the personal contacts it brings about. It is easy, but quite misleading, to describe the League in terms of reports and committees. It is, in reality, a thing of vision and personality. The spirit of the League hovers over the open-air cafes and the formal banquets to which the diplomats and their wives contribute a touch of the stateliness of courts. It breathes in the charming homes, so like the Old-Country manor houses, where a very moderate income permits the officials of the League to dispense an unbounded hospitality, rendered more enjoyable by the children who flourish in the free life of fields and gardens. Perhaps most of all it is felt in an *appartement* in the old city which you approach by a low dark passage, suggestive of assassins and poisoned daggers. Feeling your way until a gleam of light shows a winding stone stairway, you arrive at a doorway which opens into a large, low room. Through the many-paned windows you can see the last of the sunset over the Juras; a wood fire blazes on the wide hearth. The many guests occupy every seat, but there is still room on the floor! Talk flits lightly from League gossip—how piquant is international scandal!—to the drama in Russia. It touches the legal status of Mohammedan women, the gold standard, the reason why Paris sets the fashions. Sometimes French is the predominating language, sometimes English; occasionally German or Spanish lifts its voice. Coffee and sandwiches appear. All light has left the sky and only the firelight flickers in the dim room. The stream of talk runs thin and falls away into silence. The air stirs gently as the spirit of the League folds his wings of peace.



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tablespoonful divide it after levelling, lengthwise of the spoon.

Measure shortening in cupfuls or spoonfuls as the case may be, packing it carefully to be sure the measure is full. If you need one-half cupful, an easy method is to fill the cup half full of water, then put in the shortening until the water reaches the line which marks one cupful. Pour off the water and you have the required amount of shortening. One quarter of a cupful may be measured in the same way by filling the cup three-quarters full of water. Or, if three-quarters of a cupful of shortening is needed, put one-quarter of a cupful of water in the cup.

Measure sugar carefully, levelling it at the proper line.

EQUALLY important is the measuring of temperature and time of cooking. There is one best heat for baking any product and the thermometer is the only true gauge. Most ovens are equipped with this device and many of them have automatic regulators with which the desired temperature is maintained. A small thermometer to place in any oven is inexpensive and accurate and a boon to any cook. It is supported on a neat frame at an angle which makes it easy to read quickly as the door is opened. Up-to-date recipes state the

temperature required for baking cakes, pies, biscuits and so on and many stove manufacturers have issued convenient cooking charts with directions for representative dishes. It is extremely difficult for the inexperienced to judge the heat of the oven and even the practised cook is likely to find an improvement in her products when she depends upon a reliable thermometer rather than the "feel" of the heat.

Correct timing plays a part in the excellence of the product. We are not satisfied with a slightly underdone or overcooked dish but want a perfect product cooked to a nicety and browned to just the right degree. Have a clock in your kitchen in a convenient, well-lighted place where it can be seen with ease from your work centre. The new electric ones are not nearly so expensive as one might think, and render faithful, unerring service for years.

With good materials, suitable utensils, proper technique and a willingness to be precise and accurate, every housekeeper can achieve culinary success. She need not endure the disappointments and heartburnings which fell to the lot of every inexperienced cook before the vague terms of the old-fashioned recipe were supplanted by clear, definite and concise directions, and before scientific devices were available to remove the guesswork from baking.

Nancy's Valentine Party

Continued from page 23

played music on the piano. Of course everybody kept their hands moving as if they were taking the button from their neighbor, and when the music stopped, the king guesses who had the button. If he guessed right, the one who had it was allowed to make any wish they liked with the promise of its coming true; but if he were wrong, then the one who did have the button went to the centre of the ring, donned the crown, and the game went on again.

After a few rounds of this, the mysterious white-screened corner was explained. It was a "wishing-well." Two red "wishing rods" were produced—only pieces of broom handle wound with red paper—from the ends of which hung a line and a bent-pin hook. Then, two by two, the youthful guests cast the lines over the top of the well and, lightly rubbing the wishing rod, made a wish, then drew back the line. If the hook were empty, it meant that they wouldn't get that wish, so they tried again until something appeared on the end of the line. This was a sign that the wish would come true and, of course, the little parcel was theirs to keep. When all had wished at the wishing well, the parcels were opened and compared and found to contain all manner of things, from tiny celluloid kewpies to little puzzles and games. (Nancy's mother had found many little prizes in the five and ten cent store.)

By this time supper was ready, and how the little folks do enjoy "party eats!" The big folks at Nancy's house knew that often after peppy games and heaps of fun, the children become quiet and maybe just a little shy when they sit down to eat. So they had made preparations that were guaranteed to keep everybody interested from the moment they entered the dining room. Spread over the table was the prettiest cloth, with merry cupids shooting arrows at big red hearts, clusters of colored flowers, showers of little gold hearts. And they were actually going to eat their supper from this huge Valentine which, because it was a real Valentine, was really made of paper.

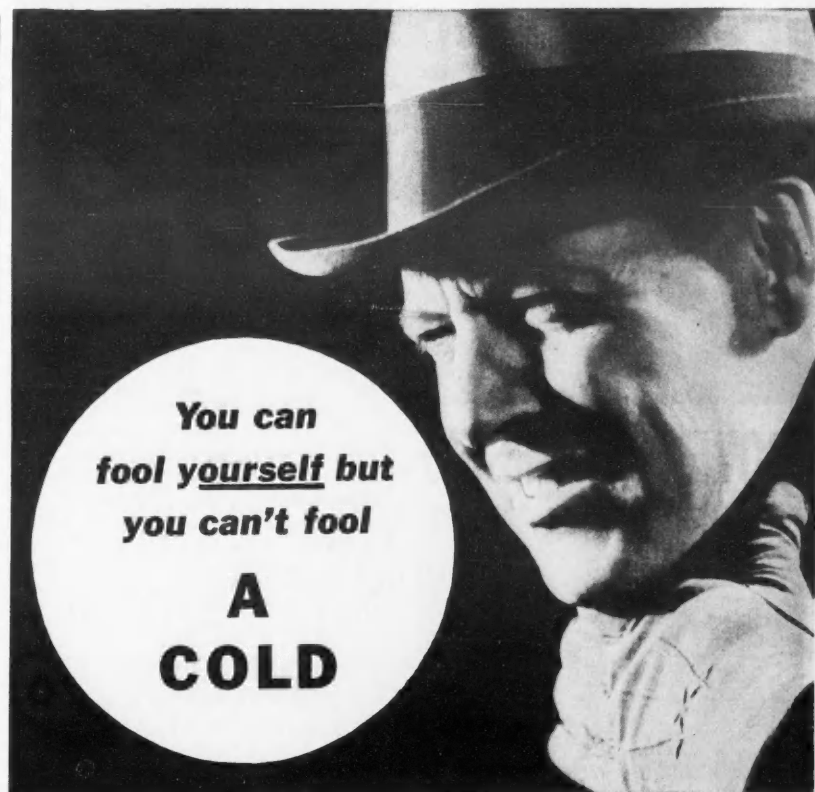
Then they had fun finding where to sit, for at each place was a heart-shaped sugar cookie covered with pink icing and the guest's name spelled out with those cute little macaroni letters like you find in soup. There were calls of "Here's yours, Peter," and "Lisbeth sits here," until finally the last chair was pushed in to the table. Beside each plate was what looked like a sealed envelope stuck with a tiny red heart. This proved to be their paper napkins which, on

being spread out, were found to contain a comic Valentine for each one. In the centre of the table was a luscious-looking cake, iced and stuck with big red lollypops which had heart-shaped grinning faces drawn on them with white icing. In the centre of the cake was a tall red standard with a perky arrow perched on top. But before they had time to do more than exclaim over this, their plates were set in front of them, and healthy appetites proceeded to become satisfied.

They ate little mounds of chopped chicken and celery, which had enough cream mixed with them to make them hold together and which nestled in a frilly lettuce leaf. On each plate with this was a little curl of celery, a heart-shaped piece of white bread spread thinly with soft white cheese and dotted with bits of red cherry and a brown bread sandwich with red jelly filling also cut like a heart. The plates looked almost too pretty to disturb, but the youngsters were hungry and soon the last scrap of lettuce disappeared. They had cups of hot cocoa to drink and the ice cream was the shape of a heart, placed on a lacy paper doily. With this they ate their sugar cookie place-cards after removing the little letters. When the ice cream was nearly gone, they began casting glances at the cake, but Nancy's mother said they would have a game or two and then a piece of cake before they went home.

So to the music of the piano they marched back again to the living room where, according to instructions, they continued marching round and round the room until the music ceased, which was the signal for everybody to choose a chair and sit down. Stuck to the bottom of one of the chairs was a heart, and the lucky one sitting on that chair was presented with a tiny bow and arrow as a prize. Once again the music started and the procession marched out of the room, circled the hall or dining room and returned to repeat the performance. Of course in their absence, someone had put the heart on a different chair.

Now to wind up the party—because it was getting near to little folks' bedtime—each guest was given a small paper bag and told to go looking for hearts. Heart-shaped gumdrops had been placed everywhere around the room and hall while supper was in progress. Some were easy to find and some were well hidden, and they were everywhere—behind pictures, on the window ledges, on top of books and in all sorts of places. There was considerable scrambling



Why waste money gargling when colds get worse and worse?

3 out of 4 gargle uselessly while sore throats get worse and colds hang on

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STOP gargling for a minute. Please answer this question: Do you add water to your mouth wash? 3 out of 4 do. Adding water robs most mouth antiseptics of power to kill germs. That's how millions fool themselves—but not their colds—and not the germs... nor bad breath.

If you dilute your antiseptic choose one that kills germs even when diluted. Otherwise you haven't any right even to hope for quick relief.

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Here is the startling news in this new discovery. You can mix Pepsodent Antiseptic with 1 or 2 parts of water, to suit your taste, and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds. That's where most other leading mouth antiseptics fail. Yet in spite of all its power, Pepsodent Antiseptic is utterly safe when used full strength. What a weapon it is in your fight against colds!

New security against bad breath (Halitosis)

And remember—when you use Pepsodent Antiseptic for colds, you are doing double duty by also fighting bad breath. For Pepsodent Antiseptic checks bad breath due to unhygienic mouth conditions 1 to 2 hours longer! Immediately after use, 95% of germs on mouth surfaces are destroyed. Two hours later the number of germs is still reduced by 80%.

That is far longer acting than other leading mouth antiseptics.

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To kill germs—most mouth antiseptics must be used full strength. So to mix them with water is a waste of money. Contrariwise, Pepsodent Antiseptic can be mixed with twice its own volume of water. Thus Pepsodent Antiseptic goes three times as far—saves you \$2 for every \$1 you spend. Pepsodent Antiseptic comes in 3 sizes: 3 ounces for 25c—7 ounces for 50c—16 ounces for \$1. The larger the size, the more for your money.

Again we say: Quit being good to germs. They've laughed at you long enough. Play safe. Buy an antiseptic that really kills germs when diluted. Remember: You can fool yourself but you can't fool a cold.

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Pepsodent Antiseptic

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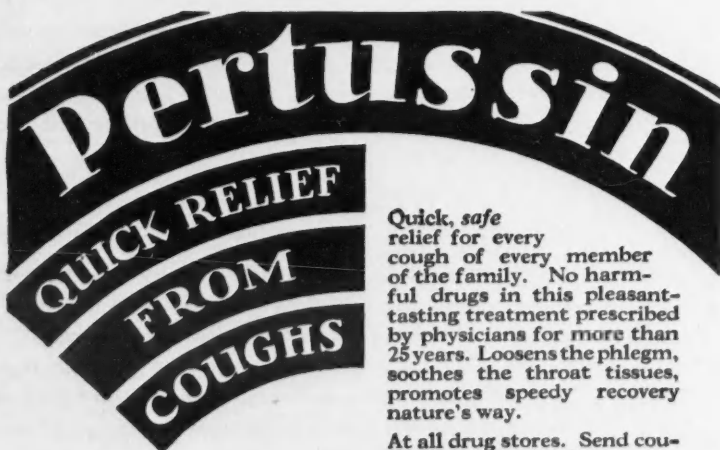
A Spoonful of Bovril stirred into a glass of Milk—hot or cold—makes a delicious beverage. It is a combination of food elements unique in their digestibility and high nutrition. For Bovril is the concentrated goodness of best beef in its most digestible form.

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A Woman's Way

Continued from page 9

and handing out cigars to all and sundry."

"You don't seem to have lost your snap." Mr. Gordon went out without speaking of Iris not being in her own office nor of the advertising manager's job. Iris sat with a serious frown after the door closed. All the time she was away, even while she was holding little Ken on her lap, Iris had been thinking about a new plan throughout for the art and type dress. The firm must get up to date and swing to the new modernistic style. Iris saw the whole thing and just how to key it with the products of the House of Charm. She had this up her sleeve to spring when she came back and took charge. As things were she would have to get the plan ready to present now as her bid for the job.

For several days Iris toiled over her project before she was ready to present it to Miss Thomas. Good old Tommy was delighted. It seemed like an old-time success for Iris. The thing clicked. Mr. Gordon bit right on it.

"Iris' letter that night was just an outline of Ken's hand where grandma had laid it on the paper and drawn a pencil line around the tiny little thumb and fingers. There was a cross where the paper had been held to his mouth. Iris went to bed with it under her pillow.

THEY had been going to have a meeting on Iris' plan but the meeting kept being deferred. When Iris got a chance to get a statement about it from Mr. Gordon he sprung something she had suspected. "Perhaps we'd better not go any further with that idea of yours just now. I've been going over it with Mr. Dunn."

While Iris, an hour later, was working at her desk Mr. Gordon's secretary telephoned. "Mr. Gordon wishes to have a meeting with you and Miss Thomas and Mr. Dunn." Good. Iris began to get her papers together. Just as she was starting for the boss's office her stenographer came running down the hall, a telegram in her hand.

"Oh, Miss Kenyon, this was opened by accident. We didn't know it was personal. Oh, Miss Kenyon, I'm so sorry." The girl stood excited and sympathetic while Iris' hot eyes scanned the message. "Baby seriously ill in the night. Doctor worried. Come at once. Mother."

"Oh, Miss Kenyon."

Iris had to take hold of the door frame a second. "Come into my office," she said when she had commanded herself. In a moment with white lips she said to the girl: "Take a telegram, please. Fast day message. Address to my mother: 'Get best doctor from county seat for consultation. Get two best trained nurses from county hospital for day and night. I can't come but will keep in touch.' Iris."

"Is that all, Miss Kenyon?"

"That's all. Rush it."

Continued on page 45

Home Baking

Continued from page 21

of a cupful to a third of a cupful too much.

For measuring liquids, the most convenient measuring cup is one with a rim above the one-cup line marked on it. Do not use this for your dry ingredients, however, as you cannot level it as you can when the one-cup line is at the rim. It will often save you time if you have a two-cup measure, particularly if you cook in large quantities. Baking powder, soda and cream of tartar are usually given in spoonfuls or fractions of spoonfuls. Standard-sized spoons should be used. A set of four designed to hold amounts from a quarter of a teaspoonful to one tablespoonful may be bought for a few cents and, as a small amount less or more of these ingredients affects the texture of the product, this is a worth-while purchase. Fill the spoon full and level it off; if you want one-half a

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Page 52 of This Issue

unscrewed the stopper for him. "It's called 'Fragrance of Opal.' Isn't that a fascinating name? I wore it tonight to celebrate my going back to work. On the Amato case."

SHE read nothing in his expression save amused interest as he answered, "So the customs folk have put you on the job again. You'll need all your supernatural powers to fathom this one, I guess. I hear they haven't found a trace of any of the opals since Amato passed them over the counter."

"Not one. The first thing I asked was whether any clues led to Hugh Rattray, and Sargent looked positively tragic as he said you couldn't possibly have anything to do with it. They're almost as anxious to get something on you as I am, you know, and they felt as I did, that the opals were your sort of goods."

"You're quite right about that. They've been luring me for years."

"I can remember," put in Paul, "how way back in the days of your innocence you used to rave about a collection of picked opals from Czernowitz that some Italian was keeping in his shop. Aren't these the ones?"

"The very same," answered Hugh.

"Somehow," said Diane, "your apparently absolute lack of connection with the affair has convinced me that you know all about it. Just for fun I'm going to look in the Spanish Armada."

She smiled archly at him and walked over to the desk, and he laughed at her disappointment and his own foresight when she had opened the drawer and found it empty.

"I'm sorry I couldn't oblige you, Diane. It would have been a high moment in your career if you'd found a little heap of opals lying there."

"The climax—and the end."

"For both of us. I'm not yet ready to cease operations, so I continue to be cautious," he said, for it had long been an agreement between them that if ever she captured any of his booty she would hand it over to the authorities with her resignation, while he would immediately abandon his chosen pursuit. "I couldn't send you to prison," she had explained. "It would spoil your charm."

"Suppose you sharpen your wits on a game of bridge," said Paul. "I can find some cards in the Armada, can't I?"

"The right hand top cubby hole is open to the public," Hugh answered, and set up a table before the hearth. Diane seated herself in the large armchair with her back to the fire while the men filled their pipes. As they were always unwilling to permit the intrusion of a fourth person on their intimacy, they had developed an elaborate system of three-handed bridge, with Sappho regally established on a cushion in the dummy's seat.

TONIGHT they were not in a mood for serious playing and their bids were interspersed with gossip of things seen in the Orient, of plays to be seen in Montreal, of friends and their eccentricities of behavior. Paul was dealing and Diane relating a tale they had heard from the captain on ship-board of a weird Sanskrit manuscript he had received from a lady passenger. She had written it, the language unknown to her, while in a trance in his presence.

"The captain found one man who could translate enough of it to tell that it was—" Diane was saying, when a card dealt her, slipped over the smooth surface of the table into the wastebasket beside her. She stopped and leaned over the arm of her chair to recapture it. As her fingers felt about for the card it chanced that she glanced up at Hugh sitting opposite her, and noticed the expression on his face. With her eyes on his, she straightened a moment and said, "I have a premonition that this will be a trump."

She leaned down once more, still gazing at him, and deliberately, leisurely, sifted through the contents of the basket as she went on with her story.

"There are stranger things in heaven

and earth—" quoted Hugh ruefully as she handed the little chamois bag to Paul and told him to put it in his pocket.

It might be that if her husband had carried out her instructions they could have gone on quietly with the game, for Hugh was ready to admit defeat. But Paul opened the bag and held the gleaming opal on his palm, smiling pridefully at his friend's outwitting.

Hugh looked at the opal and at the smile, and something inside him hardened. He said quietly, "I go down fighting," and his hand shot out and seized the stone as he sprang to his feet.

PAUL accepted the challenge in friendly spirit, and they came to grips. As they struggled together Hugh glanced at Diane, who had risen from the table and was watching them with laughter on her lips, and the hardening within him seemed to catch fire and burn. The innate battle lust that is in all men, the desire to escape defeat once more, a sudden longing to show his strength before this woman he had always wanted for his own, all these welled together and drove power into his body. Paul was enjoying the struggle, thinking it such sport as they had had many times before, with the prize of the opal in Hugh's waistcoat pocket to make it keen.

"Hot work," he panted, and lifted a hand to wipe the perspiration from his forehead. Hugh, relaxing not a whit, seized the uplifted arm, thrust it with a quick turn behind Paul's back, and pressing forward with all his strength forced him down against the arm of the heavy oak chair on which Diane's wrap lay sprawled. Paul put back his free arm as a support and caught his opponent's left leg with his right in a straining effort to pull himself upright, but his effort was as nothing against the wild fever that burned in Hugh's veins. Suddenly Paul's resistance broke and he fell across the arm into the chair, shoving the wrap into a soft heap on the floor.

It was then that Diane, catching a glimpse of Hugh's face in the fitful light, sensed his madness and felt suddenly sick at the thought of it and of Paul's unknowing helplessness. She saw one of Hugh's hands groping blindly for her husband's throat, and for a moment looked wildly about her. She must find something to bring Hugh to his senses. She heard Paul gasping out, "Oh, I say, old man!" and desperately thrust her hand into her bag.

A moment later Hugh felt the pressure of something round and firm against his back. He had imagined it often enough before in tight moments of suspense, and instinctively his hands went up as he heard Diane's clear voice crying, "Stop, Hugh! That's enough. Here, Paul, keep this on him," she ordered her husband as he struggled to his feet.

Hugh, shaken and breathless, felt that the round firmness was freezing into the flesh against which Paul pressed it. In a daze he saw Diane take the gem from his pocket, run to the door, throw it open, and ring for the elevator in the hall. Then she returned, snatched up her wrap, and as the elevator came in sight cried, "All right, Paul. He's beaten now. We're off!"

Paul took up his coat and hat and followed her. In the elevator, after straightening his tie, he chuckled, "A fine bit of play-acting we did! Hugh actually looked pale."

"Didn't he?" rejoined Diane absently as she scribbled something on a card and asked the elevator boy to take it to Mr. Rattray.

"What did you say?" Paul asked when they were outside.

"In the excitement of our little melodrama we forgot to tell him we had a pleasant evening. We were very impolite," she said, and he accepted it as her answer, as she intended he should.

Hugh was still standing where they had left him when the note was brought to him. He read it immediately:

"Paul will never know, and I forgive you. It is forgotten. Will you come for tea, Sunday, old friend? Diane."

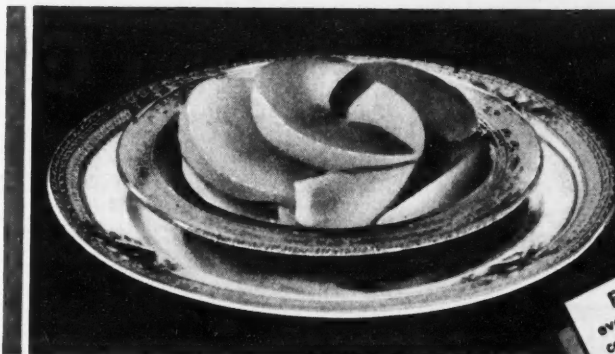
Continued on page 42

MONDAY-TUESDAY WEDNESDAY-THURSDAY

... EVERY DAY a different
dessert ... with these golden
peaches on your pantry shelf!

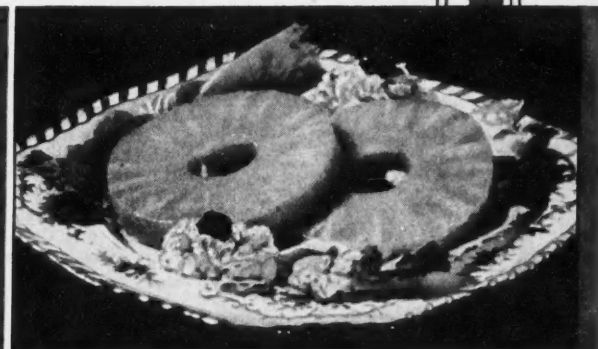
There's peach pie or cobbler, for instance—peach shortcake—gelatine with Sliced Peaches and Sliced Peach brown betty—not to mention that ever-welcome favorite, peaches and cream!

And that's just by way of suggestion. It doesn't begin to tell the story of the variety, goodness and quick convenience DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches bring to your table. They're the pick of the world's finest orchards, packed as only DEL MONTE can pack them—uniform, high quality *always*, no matter where you buy.



Full net weight in every DEL MONTE can. One quality—and only one quality—no matter where you buy.

Just be sure you get
DEL MONTE



Delicious Pineapple, too
— the BEST in every can!

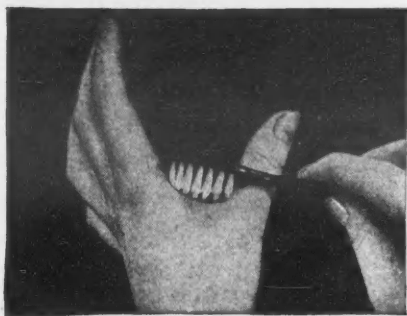
That's one great advantage of buying pineapple under this dependable label. You're sure of highest quality, every time.

For DEL MONTE packs only *one* grade of pineapple—the very best, full-ripened, selected fruit it's possible to grow and can.

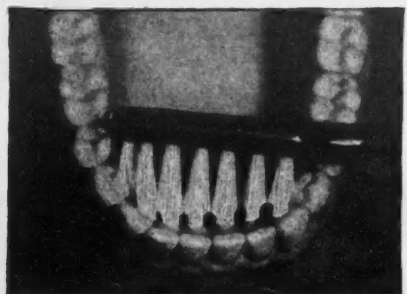
Two *kinds* of DEL MONTE Pineapple, for your convenience: *Sliced*, for service right from the can and quick, delicious salads; *Crushed*, for pies, cakes, puddings, sherbets, punches, etc. *One* quality—DEL MONTE Quality—in both.



BETTER SHAPE



PROVE IT YOURSELF



It's good for your teeth and gums that Tek is different from old style brushes. See how it fits the narrow arch back of your front teeth. No other brush can do this. The right spacing of pointed tufts gives Tek complete brushing ease—direct, quick cleansing of each crevice and tooth surface.

BETTER BRISTLES

Tek bristles are laboratory-selected. They keep that typical Tek spring even after months of daily use.

BETTER BRISTLES AND BETTER SHAPE PROVE TEK'S BETTER VALUE. TEK IS MADE IN CANADA AND IS SOLD AT ALL DRUG STORES.

TRY A TEK TODAY!

Johnson + Johnson Limited
MONTREAL CANADA

19

Tek
the modern
TOOTH BRUSH

in this heart hunt, until after a certain time a halt was called, the gumdrops were counted, and the one with the most received a special little prize, but everybody in this game had a prize because they kept their bags of candy.

Back to the dining room where the table had been cleared of everything but the cake, a big knife and a pile of little plates. The children stood around the table, Nancy climbed up on a chair so she could reach and spin the little arrow that perched on the centre of the cake. When the arrow stopped spinning it pointed to Joan, so she got the first piece of cake with a lollipop heart standing up on it. Twelve times the arrow was spun, until everyone had their piece of cake with its accompanying lollipop. The chairs were drawn up to the table and Nancy's mother brought in glasses of a lovely red drink—which was raspberry vinegar by the way—to eat with the cake.

Time to leave, so, with little hands clutching lollipops, the guests turned reluctant feet up the stairs, climbed into their wraps and tripped home. And in twelve homes that evening, while preparations for bed were made, the events of the party were relived as the story was told to fond parents' ears.

A Few Suggestions for Nancy's Mother

A heart-shaped mold of tomato jelly may take the place of the chicken mixture. Here is a recipe for it.

- 1 Quart of canned tomatoes
- 2 Stalks of celery
- 1/2 Onion
- 1 1/2 Teaspoonfuls of salt
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of gelatine
- 1/4 Cupful of cold water

Cut the celery and the onion into small pieces and add to the tomatoes. Simmer for fifteen to twenty minutes, add the seasonings and strain. Add water if necessary to make one quart of liquid, and pour over the gelatine which has been softened in the cold water. Allow to cool, and pour a thin layer of the mixture into heart-shaped individual molds. Place a thick slice of hard-cooked egg in the centre of the mold and allow to set. Then fill the molds with the jelly mixture and chill until set. Turn out on to a frilly lettuce leaf for serving.

Valentine Delight

Here is a lovely pink, fluffy dessert which might take the place of the ice cream.

- 1/2 Pound of marshmallows
- 2 Cupfuls of canned strawberries (fruit and juice)
- 1 Cupful of whipped cream
- 1/4 to 1/2 Cupful of sugar (depending on the sweetness of the fruit)

Soak the marshmallows in the strawberry juice until softened, heating if necessary. Whip the cream, add the sugar and the softened marshmallows and beat well. Fold in the fruit, add pink coloring if necessary, and chill for at least one hour. Pile lightly in serving glasses and set on a paper doily placed on a dessert plate.

Fragrance of Opal

Continued from page 7

satisfy the bourgeois tastes of the newly rich. And who says I'm not a respectable citizen? Am I not a welcome addition to any drawing-room?"

"You're a wealthy bachelor. I admit you've handled your profession nicely. Most of the world thinks you're supported entirely by the clipping of coupons, and to those who know the true source of your income you've made it seem the great adventure, a glorified sort of piracy. I don't know anyone else who could get away with it."

Raspberry Sherbet

Canned raspberries or strawberries may be used in this recipe.

- 1 Cupful of sugar
- 2 Cupfuls of water
- 1 1/2 Cupfuls of mashed berries
- 1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
- 1 Egg white

Boil the sugar and water together for five minutes. When cool, add the fruit pulp prepared by rubbing the drained canned fruit through a coarse sieve. Add the lemon juice. Chill and turn into the freezer can. Pack the freezer with eight parts of ice to one part of salt and freeze to a mush. Add the stiffly beaten egg white and continue freezing. If the berries are very sweet, reduce the amount of sugar accordingly. This amount will serve eight people.

White Cake

This cake may be iced with white icing and decorated with the lollipops as suggested, or it may be covered with pink-tinted frosting.

- 1/2 Cupful of butter
- 3/4 Cupful of fine granulated sugar
- 1/2 Cupful of milk
- 1 1/2 Cupfuls of sifted pastry flour
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Egg whites

Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually and continue creaming. Sift the flour, measure and sift twice more with the baking powder and salt. Add the dry ingredients alternately with the milk to the creamed mixture. Add the vanilla and lastly fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into buttered layer cake tins and bake in a moderate oven—350 degrees Fahrenheit—for about thirty-five minutes.

Butter Icing

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of milk or cream
- 1 Cupful or more of sifted icing sugar
- Vanilla

Cream the butter, add two tablespoonfuls of the sifted sugar and continue creaming. Add the liquid gradually and enough sifted sugar to make it of the right consistency to spread. Add the flavoring, and spread between the layers and on top of the cake.

Sugar Cookies

- 3/4 Cupful of shortening
- 1 1/4 Cupfuls of sugar
- 2 Eggs
- 3 Cupfuls of flour
- 1 1/2 Teaspoonfuls of salt
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- 1 Tablespoonful of orange juice
- Grated rind of one orange

Cream the shortening, add the sugar and continue creaming. Add the slightly beaten eggs and mix thoroughly. Sift the flour, measure, add the salt and baking powder and sift again. Add the dry ingredients to the first mixture, add the orange juice and rind and mix to a smooth dough. Chill, roll out quite thinly on a floured board and cut with a heart-shaped cookie cutter. Bake on a greased baking sheet in a moderate oven—325 degrees Fahrenheit—until lightly browned.



TIRED MACHINE GETS PEP QUICKLY

Sewing machine "draggy"? It needs some 3-in-One! Oil every part liberally—then run the machine a few seconds. Watch how 3-in-One works-out sticky gum, dirt and lint! Wipe away excess oil, and your machine will run like new again.

Three-in-One is blended from three oils to do three things at one time. As it oils it cleans and prevents rust and tarnish. Handy cans and bottles; sold everywhere.

Three-in-One Oil Company
Montreal, Quebec

3-IN-ONE OIL

CLEANS - OILS - PROTECTS

The Anxious Mother's Dearest Desire

What can equal the delight of the anxious mother when she sees her delicate and ailing little boy or girl gradually and surely getting stronger and healthier!

This is exactly the happiness given by Virol to mothers in thousands of cases of which we have absolute evidence in our records, proving the very remarkable power of Virol to build sickly children into a condition of radiant health.

Get it at your local drug store.

Virol

MAKES CHILDREN STRONG

AA3

constipation, sick stomach, or bilious headache.

Mustard Powder is taken one teaspoonful in a glass of warm water to cause vomiting; is also used for hot mustard packs.

Syrup of Ipecac is especially used as an emetic to make one vomit. Dose—one teaspoonful or more followed by a drink of warm water.

Jamaica Ginger is for cramp in the stomach, and diarrhoea with cramps. Dose—one teaspoonful of powder in a glass of warm water.

Carbolated Petroleum is used externally for burns.

Camphorated Oil is applied hot to the skin in case of colds, coughs, or bronchitis.

Boric Acid is dissolved in water and is useful as an eye wash, nasal spray, hot or cold compresses and wound irrigations.

Chlorate of Potash. Allow one tablet to dissolve slowly in the mouth for sore throat.

Soda Mint is used to relieve attacks of indigestion.

Oil of Cloves, marked poison, is for toothache; a drop on cotton in cavity.

Talcum Powder is for all inflammations and irritations of the skin.

Iodine, marked poison, is used on wounds to prevent surgical infection and blood poisoning. It must be used promptly.

Mercurchrome, marked poison, is to be used the same as iodine, but it does not burn or irritate the tissues as does the iodine.

Collodion is useful to paint on slight injuries of the skin. Paint inflamed parts to prevent bed sores (excoriations).

Linseed Meal in a tin box is to be used in hot poultices.

Smelling Salts are used as an inhalation for weakness and fainting.

Vaseline is soothing and healing.

Calomel: one to two grains. It acts on the liver and removes bile.

Zinc Ointment is for external use in eruptions of skin from eczema or poison ivy.

Wintergreen Liniment is for external use to relieve stiff joints, neuritis, and rheumatism.

Caron Oil, for external use, is made of equal parts raw linseed oil and lime water and is handy for burns.

Baking Soda is used as a solution in water to stop vomiting; also as compress for poison ivy, insect bites, and to wash acid burns.

Red Cross Outfit, (in separate box)

2 Red Cross outfits, with special directions inside.

1 Package of antiseptic gauze, used to cover wounds.

1 Quarter pound of absorbent cotton.

6 Large gauze roller bandages, and three in smaller size, used to hold dressings in place.

1 Bottle of solution made of half part iodine and half alcohol—used for washing dirty wounds. Label this "Poison." One clinical thermometer, measuring glass, camel's hair brush for painting wounds, medicine dropper, tongue depressors, two rolls adhesive tape, one wide, one narrow, rolls of clean cloth, pair of scissors, common pins and safety pins, thread and needles, toothpicks, wound on one end for swabbing and probing wounds, one hot water bottle, with cover and attachments.

A list of these remedies and their uses should be kept hanging near the medicine cabinet for ready reference.



If children could be raised "under glass"

... But children cannot be raised like hot house blooms. Outdoor play is essential to the building of strong, healthy bodies. With this exposure to changing weather, some colds are bound to come—and of course, as every mother knows, they must be treated promptly, before complications set in.

"Dosing" is Risky

Yet, it is risky to "dose" these colds. Too much internal medicine upsets children's digestion, lowers their precious vitality and invites more colds and other ills. Millions of mothers now solve the problem with Vicks VapoRub—the modern external way of treating colds, coughs, and sore throat.

Just rubbed on throat and chest,

Vicks acts through the skin like a poultice or plaster, drawing out the soreness and tightness; at the same time, its medicated vapors, released by the body heat, are breathed in direct to the irritated air-passages. Of course, being applied externally, Vicks cannot disturb the digestion and may be used freely and as often as needed, even on the youngest child.

Equally Good for Adults

Adults have found by actual use that Vicks is just as effective for their colds, too. This better method of treating colds is in keeping with the whole trend of medical practice, which is steadily getting away from needless "dosing."

VICKS
VAPORUB

26/
21

OVER 17 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY



The Paris Letter

Continued from page 11

or are part of an ensemble. Most of the more important houses used a very crêpe, crêpe marocain either patterned or plain in which to present summer ensembles. Soft dull satin made a Patou costume for the afternoon, an almost skirt-length coat with a white satin tunic underneath nearly as long as the coat. Sleeveless summer frocks, the kind loosely dubbed sport, were cut in a striped flannelly stuff, the sort of material that used to be smart for men's shirts some decades ago.

For the first spring days, Worth proposed a frock in a light weight diagonal tweed in grey and white with a small lozenge design in red and green. For the same sort of day Patou had a featherweight plaid in green, grey and red, the skirt, Scotch, with the accompanying jacket in solid green. Of all the wool stuffs, I should say jersey would be the most popular in spring time. Not only is it ideal for town wear, but it also looks just as much in the picture in the country and by the sea. In no collection was it treated as an exclusively sport material.

The colors shown for spring in town were bright navy blue like deep sapphire, brown with a hint of pink to it, red, green and black. Worth had a rusty shade of orange to offer. For summer Patou suggests banana beige, lemon yellow as well as creamy white, and white scrawled with black.

THE most important dress accessories for spring are the stoles and scarves and scrappy capes I mentioned when I was talking about out-door frocks. Worth among other important houses, absolutely makes headlines of them. He has them fashioned in silk or wool edged with fur or all in a flat fur. The most Victorian-looking are embroidered in a "scrawley" design of soutache braid with a line of skunk along one edge.

Spring scarves are gayer than the stoles. They're not quite so formal so they can afford to be riotous. No color contrasts are too strong for them provided they are to be worn with a neutral sort of suit or frock. For instance, a three-piece costume in putty beige silk shown by Worth, had a long fringed scarf with a design of yellow, crimson and dark blue squares and a black pebble crêpe gown, one in red and emerald green. But the most Parisian way of doing up one's neck will be to wear not one but two scarves, in strongly contrasting colors, knotted under the chin and tucked into the front of the coat. Naturally they must be of thin material, fine jersey silk or a lace pattern jersey in wool or in any light weight wool or soft silk.

Of equal importance are the little tippet-like capes which just cover the shoulders when they are being most imposing and when they are reduced to their simplest proportions are merely a high neck band with an old-fashioned ruche on top sewn to a flat frill. Not much but sufficient to turn a low-necked house dress into one suitable for the street. I could write reams about these neck pieces and still be leaving out any number of variations. Worth shows mere bibs that tie behind or on one side. A black dress designed by him has its shallow V-neck and long sleeves piped with white and a bib tied at the back, one half white, and one half black. There are days not cold enough for even one of the shoulder capes in fur and too drearily grey to go low-necked into the street, when such a contraption will be just what you need.

Belts are going to be just as important as they have been this season. Many of the newest are made partly of the material of the coat or frock and partly of suede or kid. Patou makes some of his of the silk of a dress or coat combined with kid, tying them front or side instead of buckling them. Worth does the same.

SLEEP TONIGHT



FATHER: This old knee might have kept me awake again. But it feels fine now.
MOTHER: I knew it would. Damp weather can't bother you with Sloan's in the house!

DAMP-DAY PAINS

Pat them away—Sleep!

Don't let stiff, sore joints rob you of sleep in cold, damp weather. Sloan's drives away the pain. Just pat it on—no need to rub. Fresh blood flows at once to the sore spot—pain gives way to warm, soothing, welcome relief. You enjoy a good night's sleep. Get a fresh bottle today at your druggist's. Only 35¢.

SLOAN'S
Liniment

Warms Like
Sunshine



Do You
KNOW
when the children are ill?
They can't tell you accurately—
Tycos can!

A Tycos fever thermometer has its place in every home. Use one, and you will give your Physician a decided advantage when his presence is needed. It is simple to use and to read.

Ask your local dealer to-day or, if unable to obtain one, write us direct. Never accept a cheap substitute.

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**"Tint
GRAY
HAIR"**

Bring back to unsightly gray, faded or bleached hair its natural color and beauty. Instantly, easily impart any shade from lightest blond to deepest black. Just comb thru safe, sure Brownatone. Used by thousands for over 20 years. Satisfaction guaranteed. Absolutely harmless to hair, scalp or skin. At all dealers, 50¢. Or send 10¢ for trial bottle.

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BROWNATONE
TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE



Effie L. Steacy, who will write a complete home nursing course for mothers month by month.

The Home-Nursing Class

Conducted by NURSE STEACY

AN OUNCE of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Conditions are sure to come sometime, somewhere, when a little knowledge, coupled with a little presence of mind, will be a great blessing to relieve suffering and to save life.

Every woman who wishes to possess the knowledge of "What to do" and "What not to do" in cases of accident, should have a practical understanding of the mechanism and workings of the different parts of the physique. She should study the make-up of the human body, and the care and requirements to keep it in a state of health, and thoroughly understand the details of hygiene as to clothing, exercise, food, drink, and the like. It is of paramount importance that every woman, especially mothers, should know what remedies to use in the treatment of slight ailments—little matters for which a physician would not be consulted but which, if neglected, may lead to grave disorders.

This calls for a knowledge of medicine, and every intelligent woman should study this field for scientific truths. There is need of wisdom, accuracy and judgment in the care of our bodies, and the knowledge of medicine should be as universal as the need of it. The ignorance and indifference in respect to medicine lore that prevailed among enlightened and thinking people in the past were almost incredible. All classes of women, in the home or prominent in national affairs and literary pursuits, showed the greatest eagerness and enthusiasm in mastering any detail of their various professions; yet too often these same women manifested no anxiety whatever as to their own physical well-being. They subjected themselves complacently to exposure or fatigue, thereby tending to ruin the body, and frequently the mind as well as soul. A part of this was no doubt due to carelessness, but the greater part can be laid at the door of ignorance.

SOME of the finest articles on "Home Nursing" are being read in the mothers' meetings and women's institutes these days. The whole world is awakening to a realization of its former apathy and ignorance, so that today the average woman knows the right rules of living, and the certain and sure penalties which follow the breaking of Nature's rules. Our Canadian women are anxiously looking for sources of relief and realize those sources of information should be reliable.

Every mother should have a textbook on medicine, and a book on "First Aid" should be in every home. This book should state facts, not theories, and should be clear, concise and accurate. Having become familiar with the structure of the body and its requirements, she should seek earnestly for every particle of information which may benefit any sick or injured that she may be called upon to help.

In such a time of uncertainty, it will be

of the greatest value to have at hand simple reliable statements of the cause and course of the disease, of its dangers and complications, of the treatment to be used and the treatment to be avoided. Terror will be replaced by confidence, perplexity by certainty, and many lives will be saved. The broader the scope of human knowledge, the greater should be the sum of human happiness, and this is certainly true of medicine.

Having acquired this valuable knowledge of the laws of Nature, of medicines and their uses, of the germs which cause disease, she should then be fortified with a certain amount of self-confidence in knowing how to act with discretion in emergencies; to control bleeding in the wounded; to use artificial respiration in the drowning; and to apply a splint to a broken bone. She will be taught how best to prevent disease, and the spread of contagious maladies by isolation, disinfection, and inoculation. She will, in short, be trained in all the details of home nursing. She has at her command the results of wide and varied scientific researches which were gained only by many years of diligent study by noble men, and in some cases the lives of these men were sacrificed in this pursuit for remedies to alleviate the sufferings of their unfortunate and afflicted fellowmen.

This brings us to the subject of "First Aid."

First Aid Materials

In every home there should be certain first-aid materials and household remedies, carefully selected and labelled and arranged methodically in a cabinet for this purpose. The cabinet should be kept locked and only the older members of the family should know where the key is kept. They should also be familiar with the contents and arrangement of the medicine cabinet. Each article should have its own place in the cabinet and never be shifted. This rule is to prevent mistakes, for a mistake in giving the wrong medicine is sometimes a very serious matter. Medicines prescribed by a doctor should be kept in the cabinet and not allowed to stand on bureaus or shelves. When the need for the prescription has passed, the medicine should be thrown away.

Medicine Cabinet Equipments

Alcohol, for external use, will relieve the pain of sprains, strains, bruises or as a liniment refresh and keep the skin in good condition during illness. Use freely for bed sores.

Aromatic Spirits of Ammonia is a stimulant to revive a fainting person from shock or weakness. Dose—one-half teaspoonful in one-half glass of water.

Castor Oil is a mild purgative; use one half to one teaspoonful for infants, one to two for a child, and more for an adult.

Seidlitz Powders are a mild purgative for

Every Person Who Smokes Should Know This



How By Doing One Simple Thing The After-Effects of Steady Smoking Can Be Minimized to an Amazing Extent . . . WHAT TO DO

SCIENTISTS have now discovered that the element of reasonable safety, freedom from smoker's fog, head dullness and depression, can now be added to smoking in a very simple way.

Millions of smokers are already doing it. This is what to do:

Simply take two teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water every morning immediately after rising and every night immediately before going to bed.

Or take two Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tablets night and morning which gives an equivalent amount of Milk of Magnesia. This acts to alkalize one's system. And an alkalized system is largely impervious to the after-effects of tobacco. Science has found that it's the acid system that cannot tolerate tobacco.

This small, daily dosage of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tends to neutralize those acids in the system.

Hence, those after-effects one feels now after heavy smoking go. The head is clear. The mouth sweet. One has fewer headaches. Less heaviness across the eyes, at the back of head, across forehead.

Any regular and consistent smoker should at least try this method. Results are often remarkable. For the system thus is largely fortified against tobacco's after-effects.

Get genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia at any drug store. See that you get the genuine, as endorsed by doctors. Comes now in two forms. The liquid form which you already know. And the new, marvelously convenient tablets which you can carry about with you.

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

Neutralizes the acids that cause "Acid Headaches" and Sour Stomach within 15 minutes after taking!

TWO FORMS NOW AT STORES

You can now get genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in tablet form, as well as ordinary liquid form. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Milk of Magnesia. Carry the tablets with you wherever you go. They taste like mint candy.



tender gums, should be given frequently. This will stop his crying sooner than anything else and he will be gratefully content. Constipation should never be allowed to continue or it will aggravate the trouble.

When suffering from "wind" or flatulence, the cry is on a lower note and is more prolonged, not as intermittent as that of hunger. The legs are either drawn tightly up against the abdomen or else baby kicks violently. He should be turned upon his face or held upright against the mother's shoulder, while his back is gently patted. After a few minutes the flatus will usually be expelled, but if the pain still continues, the abdomen should be gently rubbed with warm olive oil. A little warm water may also be given, this being one of the quickest ways in which to obtain relief, especially when the attack occurs between meals. Flatulence is a symptom of indigestion and, when it is habitual, a doctor's advice should be sought.

Sometimes the flannel binder has been bound too tightly, causing pain when the abdomen has become distended after a meal, therefore it would be well to examine this if the crying continues. If such a condition is present, the cry is one of discomfort, and baby will also wriggle in his efforts to free himself from the restraint.

Should the cry be very sudden and severe, without other symptoms of internal abdominal pain, it is possible that a safety pin used to fasten his diaper has become unfastened. One of the strongest pins made should always be chosen for this purpose, so that there will be practically no danger of such a catastrophe.

If the cry is short, sharp and sudden, more shrill, and pitched on a higher note, the pain will be in the head. There is usually a frown upon the face. Constipation is also present,

and there is sometimes vomiting. This is not the same as the vomiting caused by some form of indigestion, for baby will not have been previously uneasy or restless. The food is pumped up violently, with no effort, and with great force. In such a case as this a doctor should be consulted without loss of time.

When the cry is hoarse and almost continuous, the trouble is in the lungs or chest as, for instance, with bronchitis or pneumonia. There is also a peculiar curling of the nostrils which it is well to look for. Of course no time should be lost in again sending for the doctor.

A baby quite often suffers from earache, though it is not always diagnosed. When this happens, the cry will be shrill (if the pain is severe), and baby will beat the air with his arm, on the same side as the affected ear. A rubber bag containing warm (not hot) water, or a warm flannel placed over the ear, will usually give relief. As earache is only a symptom, and not the disease itself, the cause of it should be ascertained by a doctor as speedily as possible, so that no after effects may appear in later life.

To sum up we may say that a cry caused by abdominal pain is on a low note, and is accompanied by certain movements of the legs, that one caused by pain in the chest, is hoarse and more prolonged, while one denoting pain in the head is shrill, sharp, and on a high note.

With this knowledge to guide them, even inexperienced mothers will be able to distinguish between normal and abnormal cries, and will also be enabled to place baby under competent medical supervision, without any dangerous delay, should the necessity for doing so unhappily arise.



The Threat

Continued from page 13

"You're making an ass of yourself, Luscombe; and you're not frightening me. Put that revolver down."

But he knew from the man's eyes that he was mad. There was murder in that horrible, baleful stare. He took a step toward him, but Luscombe's finger tightened on the trigger.

"Stand still, both of you! If you move, Lester, or if Margaret moves, I'll shoot you; and if there's one thing I can do it's shoot straight. You needn't look at the bell—you'd be dead before you touched it."

He paused, his face distorted by an expression of savage hatred.

"Didn't I play my part well? You thought I was frightened, so did Margaret. I knew you'd come if she asked you. And I was sure she'd like to have the satisfaction of knowing it was her voice that brought you to your death."

No sound came from the woman. She stood rigid, her face deathly white. Lester's hands clenched fiercely, but he controlled himself with an effort.

"I don't understand the reason at the bottom of this little trick," he said coolly, "but I presume there is one. Perhaps you'll explain."

Luscombe's voice dropped to a soft sneer. "You don't understand? I'll explain with pleasure. You're going to die, Lester, because my wife loves you."

His wide glaring eyes moved from one to the other.

"I knew there was something between you when I first came on the scene, but I thought it would pass off when we were married. I didn't realize that she was only marrying me because I had the money to save her precious family from bankruptcy, and you hadn't. And like a fool I did save them. I wish I'd let them all die before I gave them a penny. If I'd only known then—"

"Look here, Luscombe," Lester broke in firmly, "this sort of thing—"

Luscombe's voice, rising again to its shrill pitch, drowned him.

"Then when we were married I knew. She loved you. She was loving you all the time. I could see it. She hated me. She tried to disguise it, but it was no use. She hated seeing me, touching me, thinking of me."

THEN Margaret Luscombe spoke, without moving, in a low steady voice.

"Yes," she said slowly, "it's true. I love Jack. I've always loved him. I never loved you. You knew that, and, knowing it, you forced me to marry you, to sacrifice myself so that my father's last few years of life could be happy. And ever since the day of our wedding you've made me utterly miserable."

"Margaret," Lester said gently.

She turned her face away from him.

"Please don't say anything," she said wearily.

But there had been something in her expression that kept Lester's eyes fixed on her, while Luscombe poured out a furious torrent of words from the door.

"That's why you're going to die, Lester. Because she loves you. I'm going to kill you, here in this room in front of her, and then—" He passed a shaking hand across his forehead; his voice weakened suddenly, "Perhaps I shall kill myself, I don't know." He looked at the clock, and the madness flamed up again. "Three minutes more!" he shouted. "That's all. Three minutes—"

Then Margaret turned to him again. There was a faint, very tired smile about her lips.

"My dear Jim," she said slowly, "I can't think how you could really have expected me to bring Jack here without making certain beforehand that he would be safe. You played your part well enough; but, you see, I was playing one, too, because I wanted him to come."

Lester gazed at her blankly. He heard

WHY won't my child eat?



COUNTLESS WORRIED MOTHERS ARE ASKING THIS QUESTION

REASONS WHY CHILDREN REFUSE TO EAT

- Desire to be noticed. Refusing to eat makes them the center of attention with worried mothers.
- Wrong suggestions from grown-ups, such as talking about certain foods or about the child's poor appetite.
- Bad health habits—lack of exercise, fresh air, sunshine, rest and sleep; too much excitement.
- A beginning illness.
- Offering too much food, too often or irregularly, or the wrong kind of food.
- Irregular bowel habits.

PROPER food, properly prepared . . . this is the first requirement which a mother must meet in the all-important business of forming correct eating habits in her children, according to one of the foremost child specialists in the country.

If your child refuses to eat, he has a good reason. Perhaps he believes he will gain something by refusing, or it may be a matter of physical condition.

The amount of food a child will take is often largely determined by his ability to handle it—to digest, assimilate, eliminate.

You cannot expect a child to have a healthy appetite for food if his body is clogged with accumulated food wastes.

The important thing is to get lazy little bowels into regular action.

But there's one important thing to remember here. Children's organs are

delicate and cannot stand harsh treatment. They must be gently urged.

That is just what Castoria does. It was formulated, you know, for the special needs of babies and children.

A simple dose of Castoria opens up clogged bowels and rids the system of its excess load of waste. Its gentle regulation brings prompt comfort to a colicky baby. Yet this same regulation is just as effective for older children.

And another help—children *never* refuse Castoria! They like its taste—which explains why "Children Cry For It." Mothers surely appreciate this.

When your child has no appetite, when little ailments like colds and digestive upsets develop, use Castoria's kind, regulative help. Don't forget—you can always tell genuine Castoria by the name, Chas. H. Fletcher, on the package.

A pure vegetable preparation. NO NARCOTICS, no harsh drugs

Mothers are and should be cautious about the medicine they give their children. Castoria is perfectly harmless, as any physician will tell you or as you can see for yourself by reading the formula on the carton. It contains no harsh, harmful drugs, less, as any physician will tell you is not narcotic or habit-forming.





Nurse Baby yourself . . . it is very important

PERHAPS you don't realize it, but breast-fed babies have many more chances of growing up strong and healthy, free from rickets and other nutritional diseases, than those that are bottle-fed from birth. This has been proved a fact by medical authorities of the highest standing.

You will have no trouble in feeding your baby naturally if you drink Ovaltine regularly before baby is born and during the nursing period. Also you will regain your own strength more quickly.

Read this mother's letter.

"The sample of Ovaltine I requested was for a friend (a nursing mother) recommended by me because of the wonderful results it achieved for me. Personally I have taken the contents of three five-pound tins in six months, while nursing my baby, and he is as fine a fat healthy baby as I ever saw. I thank Ovaltine because with my first three babies I didn't know about Ovaltine and had to feed them by bottle. I am buying another large tin today and intend taking it even after the baby is weaned, to build myself up. I also use Ovaltine Rusks for the baby. Mrs. W., Toronto.

Ovaltine is the concentrated nourishment of new-laid eggs, ripe barley malt and creamy milk, a delicious beverage and perfect food combined. Recommended by doctors the world over.

Caution. Avoid ordinary malt or cocoa drinks posing as substitutes for Ovaltine. Your baby's health, and your own, are too precious to trifle with. Insist upon having Ovaltine.

Sold by all stores, in air-tight tins, 50c, 75c, \$1.25 and \$4.50 (economical family size).

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Enables Mothers to Breast-feed their Babies

If unable to obtain locally, send in the coupon below for a sample tin of Ovaltine.

A. WANDER LIMITED,
Peterborough, Ont.

I enclose 10c. to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine.

Name
(Print name and address clearly)

Address
2 CHAT.



WHEN BABY CRIES

Baby has as many different cries as he has
desires and ailments

by MARGARET LAINE

WHEN a young mother, who has not been accustomed to the crying of a baby, has her first experience of it, she is likely to become nervous and over-anxious. She has been through a severe physical ordeal which has left her below par, and when suddenly bereft of the comforting presence of doctor and nurse, with the entire responsibility of baby's welfare upon her own weak shoulders, it is quite natural that she should be almost frightened at the task before her.

Let me first of all give the assurance that it is quite natural for a baby to cry—just as natural as asking for what he wants would be to an adult—and because that is the only way in which his lungs can be exercised and strengthened, such cries should not be too quickly stopped. It is the only way he has, not yet being able to use any form of speech, of letting those around him know that he is hungry or uncomfortable, or in need of some form of attention.

Let us first take the cry of hunger. He commences to wriggle and to utter disconnected whimpers that may continue for some little time before his patience becomes exhausted. Then, if dinner is not forthcoming, his cries grow rapidly louder and more prolonged. His lusty yells are intermittent, and in the intervals between them he crams his fist into his mouth or sucks hungrily at anything within his reach. While doing this, his head is turned from side to side, either feeling or looking (according to his age), for the food that he is expecting.

Baby also gives a similar cry when he is thirsty, and this may be at any time between meals. A little cool water that has been previously boiled, should be given in a bottle. This should not, on any account, be iced or even very cold. Water given between meals is exceedingly good for all babies and is very much appreciated by them.

If a breast-fed baby, after feeding for a few minutes, suddenly leaves off and begins to cry, while he either tries to suck his own fist or anything else that may be near him, it can only mean that the supply of milk has become exhausted, and the mother must pay more attention to her own diet.

Baby will also cry when he is uncomfortable. He may have been lying too long upon one side, in which case, if he is turned gently over when the first sound is heard, he will usually go quietly to sleep again. Or his clothing may have become soiled or damp, and should be at once changed. This cry of discomfort is not unlike the one of hunger except that it is not as boisterous, and there is no turning of the head to search for food and no eager sucking at anything within reach.

Sometimes a baby who has not been properly trained, or who is in process of being trained, will cry to be taken from his cot. If he has once become accustomed to being taken up and nursed, there will be a continual struggle to keep him lying down—a struggle in which baby is often the victor, simply because he can make the most noise. I have known babies to cry for hours at a stretch during this process of training, without growing in the least tired, while their mothers have been at the point of hysteria. If, however, they do not get their own way in the end, they quickly learn, in a day or two at most, the futility of such yells, and go peacefully to sleep. If, on the other hand, they are once allowed to have their own way, it is good-by to any rest for mother afterwards. It seems almost incredible that a baby of even a few days old can know so much. The average baby of a week old is as artful as a wagon load of monkeys!

IN ADDITION to these normal cries of the baby, there are others that are abnormal because they are caused by pain or sickness. Such cries must, of course, be stopped as quickly as possible by discovering their cause and applying a remedy. No baby who is sick should be allowed to cry unheeded. Everything that is within the mother's power to do, should be done to soothe and ease him.

While baby is cutting his teeth, when the gums are swollen and painful, he is often inclined to be fractious and restless, and has a whining, irritable cry. A few spoonfuls of cool, (boiled) water, to cool his burning,



BABY'S SKIN

EVERYBODY envies baby his soft, velvety skin, and yet baby, too, has his troubles from chafing, skin irritations and eczema.

It is a positive fact proven in many thousands of cases that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a most effective means of relieving these skin troubles.

chafing and eczema

When mothers witness the almost magical effect of Dr. Chase's Ointment in relieving baby's skin troubles, they learn to use it for themselves as a beautifier of the skin. With its use the skin acquires a delightful softness and fineness of texture, which gives it peculiar charm. Dr. Chase's Ointment is also an ideal base for powder.

Dr. Chase's OINTMENT

The
day
will
surely come

BUSINESS and professional women must look forward to the days when earnings wane and stop. Instead of these being days of distress, they can be days of a larger, more interesting life.

How can this be accomplished? A booklet "A Word from Miss Independent" tells how you may solve the problem. A life income when you retire! Each month a cheque!

Why not send for this booklet, read it and see if it does not present a most alluring prospect for your retiring years.

EXCELSIOR INSURANCE LIFE COMPANY

"A Strong Canadian Company"
HEAD OFFICE - - TORONTO

Mail This Today!
Excelsior Life Insurance Company,
Excelsior Life Bldg., Toronto 2, Ont.
Please send me descriptive booklet advertised in Chatelaine.

Date of birth.....
Name.....
Address.....



MAKE YOUR PLANS NOW

Modern household engineering makes interesting renovations possible in any home

by T. H. ROGERS

LAST time I had visited the Smiths, I entered a long narrow hall and sat in an exceedingly small living room, in which the Chesterfield took up one end and the two overstuffed chairs and fireplace crammed the room completely. The hall turned to the dining-room entrance and allowed space for the stairway.

Last night I went again; stepped inside the front door into a large, very attractive room, with an added interest in the curving staircase at the back. The transformation was amazing, and had been accomplished by the simple process of knocking out the two walls of the living room that formed the narrow passages, and turning the whole front into one large room.

The family were delighted. The young people brought their friends home to gay parties round the fire; whereas, before, the tiny crowded quarters had made entertaining impossible. It was astonishing what a difference the comparatively few feet on two sides of the room had made. And it kept the young people at home!

IT IS estimated that for every person who builds a new house, from fifty to one hundred renovate or remodel their present home. Apart from price, the reasons are obvious. Living in a house develops an affection for it. Also we have a tendency to build up friendships cemented by church, school, and club life in the district.

Investing in a good home and adapting it to changing conditions are among the chief interests of owning your own home. And this is the month to plan ahead, for it is foolish to plunge into renovating without a careful plan. One family I know, for instance, revamped their heating system first, and then added a new sunroom and sleeping porch afterward. But they did not consider that a furnace which will heat nine rooms adequately cannot do justice to eleven.

There are so many possibilities for making your home everything you desire in convenience, comfort and money investment! Perhaps the children have grown to an age when they need a room of their very own. Then why not make one up in the cellar or attic? If your house is old, perhaps the kitchen is too big, and mother would be saved endless labor if a part of it were converted into a gay little breakfast alcove, which would save wear and tear in the dining room, and which would mean that the various units in the kitchen could be put closer together and so save steps. One home I know was vastly improved by turning the small living room and dining room into one large room, and adding a small breakfast alcove to the kitchen. Another woman has a bright little sewing room partitioned off from an over-large upstairs hall.

If the home is crowded now, and you hate to leave the vicinity and garden, it's the easiest thing in the world to add another room; or to knock out walls and enlarge your present ones. If you love flowers, add a small conservatory to the end of your dining room and see what a spacious effect it gives to the whole plan of the house.

So, when you have pencil and paper, one of these cold, February evenings do some serious thinking.

To begin with, divide all those things the family wants done into the following classifications:

1. The essential repairs which are necessary to keep the house in good repair.
2. Old features in the home which can be modernized and bring with them comfort, convenience and money value.
3. The appearance of your home—improvements which would make the whole house have a much better appearance.
4. Changes and improvements which can wait for some months, or perhaps years, but which are put on the list of things which must be done some time.
5. Improvements and renovations which are unnecessary luxuries.
6. Renovations which would be difficult to find a satisfactory basis for in valuing the house if it were to be sold at some future date. That is, improvements which are of personal interest and value only, and which would not be considered in estimating the property worth of the house.

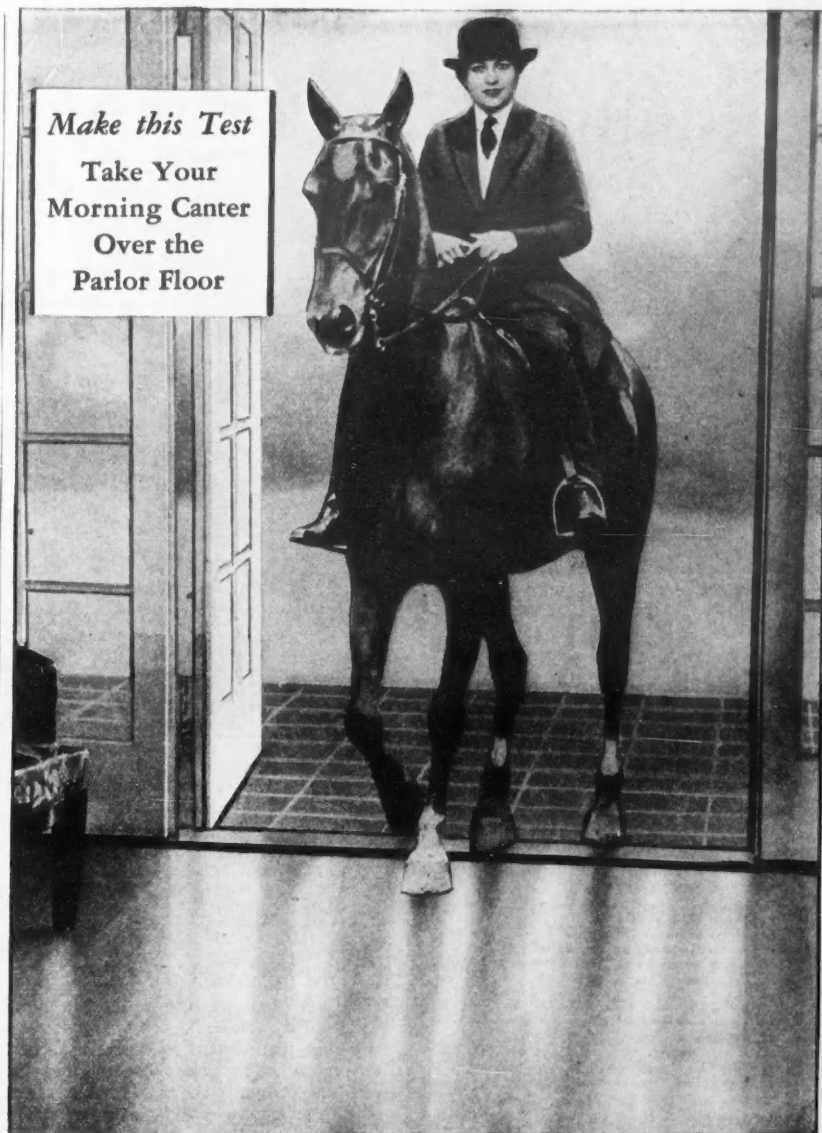
I THINK you will find these six headings will cover every phase of improvement and remodelling which you will want to undertake. Dividing them off into such clear groups means that you will know exactly what you are doing, and that you can plan your expenditures much more carefully.

If the improvements are large, it is always a good idea to discuss them with an architect who will explain details about which you will be very vague. Also know very clearly just how you intend to pay for the improvements, whether from salary, with a new mortgage, or by increasing the present one. But don't rush ahead too far without giving every consideration to what you want to do, and how it will fit in with the household budget.

A shabby house means lost value. An inconvenient house means daily discomfort and irritation. When so many ways and means are offered for righting these home wrongs, why not let us take definite steps to overcome them in 1932?

Make this Test

*Take Your
Morning Canter
Over the
Parlor Floor*



Discovered! A Wax that Resists the Hardest Wear —cuts work in half!

NOW, after years of research the way has been discovered to blend and emulsify a super-fine wax compound that will go on the floor more easily—actually cut work in half—and give the floor a beautiful, lustrous surface that neither pounding feet nor scraping chairs can mar. It is called the Koric Process.

Test this new wax compound on the busiest floor in your home and we promise that you'll never use another wax.

First of all, you'll discover that it is easier to handle, almost as easy to put on a floor as sweeping. It adorns the room with new beauty.

Then, with the passing of time,

your admiration will increase. You'll note that floors don't require so much dusting and sweeping, and the hard wax resists wear much longer than you've ever expected.

Now...with less work, keep your floors looking like new—whether they are varnished, shellacked, painted, stained or covered with linoleum. Bring out the beauty of the natural woods in your furniture. Use this new wax on floors and furniture.

Remember: There's just one—only one—wax prepared by the secret Koric Process and that is OLD ENGLISH. There is no substitute, so demand it by name! Sold by all dealers. Made by The A. S. Boyle Co., Windsor, Ontario.



The Only Wax Made by the KORIC Process



Old English Wax

PASTE and LIQUID

Simply Brushing Hair Now Ends Gray Hair

**Now Her Friends Say "She
Never Had a Gray Hair"
Because It Does Not Have
That Dull, Flat, "Dyed"
Look**

YOU, too, can quickly, easily and surely end those gray hair handicaps by sprinkling a few drops of Kolor-Bak, a clean, colorless liquid, on your brush before brushing your hair. If your hair is now gray, Kolor-Bak will impart a youth-like color again. In beginning to gray, Kolor-Bak will banish the invading grayness and keep your hair looking young.

Method Defies Detection

No one need ever know you use Kolor-Bak; no one can ever tell. Your hair will never have that harsh, flat, dull, "dyed" look, so all-revealing. There will be no tell-tale streaks. You cannot tell which hairs once were gray if you use Kolor-Bak a few mornings. Your friends will never think you ever had a gray hair; they will look upon you as years younger than you really are.

End Those Gray Hair Handicaps!

Don't let gray hairs, which are so unnecessary, cause you heartaches, loss of positions or promotions! Give yourself every chance for prosperity and happiness! Get rid of those gray hairs the sure, easy, undetectable Kolor-Bak way.

Start today. Test Kolor-Bak now. If not joyfully satisfied your money will be paid back for the asking. You can get Kolor-Bak at any drug or depart-



Applied As You Brush Your Hair

All you have to do to get rid of gray hair is to sprinkle a few drops of Kolor-Bak on your brush a few mornings and brush your hair. No muss; no stickiness; Kolor-Bak is as clear and pleasant to use as water.

ment store. Insist on the genuine Kolor-Bak and refuse all imitations or substitutes.

FREE—50c BOX KUBAK SHAMPOO

Get a bottle of Kolor-Bak—send the top flap of the carton in which it comes to Kolor-Bak Co., Dept. 192, 365 East Illinois St., Chicago, Ill. You will be sent a full size 50c box of Kubak Shampoo, free and postpaid.

'LOOK—Miss Nobody thinks she can play' someone whispered

—but when she sat
down at the piano . . .

Eileen had never expected to be asked to Grace Williams' party. Grace Williams—the leader of the most exclusive set in town.

Eileen was thrilled—yet so frightened. Well, she had already accepted Bill Gordon's invitation, and now she'd have to go through with it.

That night Bill called for her. "You look adorable," he told her proudly. Eileen wondered how the others would feel about her. She soon found out.

It was while they were playing bridge. "Who is that girl with Bill?" she heard someone whisper.

"I never saw her before," came the reply. "Seems nice enough but nobody of importance, I guess."

Eileen blushed. She'd show that smart crowd a thing or two! Soon the bridge tables were pushed away.

"Where's Jim Blake tonight?" someone asked. "If he were here we could have some music."

"Jim had to go out of town on business," came the answer. Here was Eileen's chance. Summoning all her courage she said, "I can play a little."

There was a moment of silence. Hesitantly Eileen played a few chords—then broke into the strains of "Cuban Love Song." Her listeners sat spellbound—never had she played so well. It was almost an hour before she rose from the piano . . . later Eileen told Bill a surprising story.

I Taught Myself

"You may laugh when I tell you," Eileen began, "but I learned to play at home, without a teacher."

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE

Piano Violin
Guitar Saxophone
Organ Ukulele
Tenor Banjo
Hawaiian Guitar
Piano Accordion
Or Any Other Instrument

I laughed myself when I first saw the U.S. School of Music advertisement. However, I sent for the Free Demonstration Lesson. When it came and I saw how easy it all was, I sent for the complete course. Why, I was playing simple tunes by note from the start. No grinding practice sessions—no tedi-



ous finger scales. It was just as simple as A-B-C. And do you know it only averaged a few cents a day!"

This story is so true-to-life that we want you to send for our Free Book and our Free Demonstration Lesson at once. They prove just how anyone can easily learn to play by note, for a fraction of what old, slow methods cost. Select your favorite instrument. The U. S. School of Music will do the rest. Mail the coupon today. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 1552 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
1552 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Send me your amazing free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane; also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

Name
Address
Instrument Have you
Instrument?

Luscombe's shout of rage, and the pistol clicking harmlessly. Margaret still looked at her husband with the same strained smile.

"I knew you meant mischief when you brought the pistol back with you last night and hid it. You didn't think I knew anything about it, but I've been watching. I took it out after you'd gone this morning, and had it unloaded and filled with duds."

The pistol dropped from Luscombe's hand. A great weakness came over him. He staggered to a chair, and sank limply into it, breathing heavily. He seemed to be utterly exhausted. There was a long pause before Margaret spoke again.

"Jack, I knew you felt very bitter with me. You thought I treated you badly. Perhaps I did." Her voice broke a little. "But I thought that if you came here, and saw the price I was paying for my sacrifice, you wouldn't feel bitter any more." She pointed to the door. "Please go now."

She saw Lester look at the motionless form in the chair, and hesitate.

"You needn't be afraid," she said. "I am quite safe. He will never hurt me. Later in the week we shall go abroad for a long time."

And Lester went away without another word.

Fragrance of Opal

Continued from page 37

He shut the door and leaned heavily against it. "Old friend." So that privilege had not been taken from him! She's wonderful, to understand, he thought.

As he started back across the room, a wave of fragrance rose to his nostrils, a fragrance painfully reminiscent of Diane. Looking down he saw Sappho playing with a crystal tube, from the broken end of which an amber liquid flowed. His memory flashed back—he had seen something fall from Paul's right hand as he seized his coat. So that was the weapon which had defeated him! And suddenly he laughed, a bitter laughter, for it and Diane's cleverness had saved him, too, from madness and great shame.

On Sunday there was delivered to Mrs. Paul Spencer a box containing an opal in a chamois bag, a broken crystal flask, and a note. The note read:

"I cannot come for tea because I'm on my way to India to do penance for my sins and to look for the prince who gave you the super-subtle perfume, that I may replace what you lavished on my rug. Please accept the opal as promise of retribution. I contrived to buy it from the government quite legally. They're still in tears over your resignation, and desperately pondering the mystery of how you obtained the opal, and from whom. I fancied they were a bit suspicious of me."

"I've had to abandon my apartment. I had my rug cleaned and washed and aired, but to no avail. The Fragrance of Opal clung to the room and haunted me with the memory of your unkind taunt—'He's beaten now.' Under its influence I was developing an inferiority complex which did not sit well on the shoulders of an ex-smuggler."

"Hugh."

"P.S.: Perhaps I shall come for tea a year from Sunday."

"P.P.S.: I'm keeping Sappho, to whose fur enough of the fragrance clings to help me search for it."

Paul read the note after Diane. "So he's going away!" he said in surprise. "I thought he was so glad to have us back. Do you know," he confided as he picked up the chamois bag, "I sometimes feel sorry for Hugh. Outside of his feeling for things like this—" and he tossed the glowing opal in his palm—"I don't believe he's ever had a real emotion."

He leaned over and kissed his wife, who said merely, with a pensive little smile, "Poor Hugh."

Stains wash off...



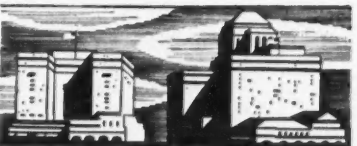
No Scrubbing ... No Scouring

JUST sprinkle Gillett's Pure Flake Lye. This powerful cleanser and disinfectant removes all stains...without scrubbing. Germs are killed...odors banished...trap and drain pipe freed from obstructions.

Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.

FREE BOOKLET: The Gillett's Lye Booklet gives full directions for using Gillett's Pure Flake Lye to clean toilet bowls, clear sink drains, and many house-cleaning tasks. Write to Standard Brands Limited, Fraser Avenue and Liberty Street, Toronto, Ontario.

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT



WE PRESCRIBE this tonic

THERE'S no snow on the boardwalk at Atlantic City! There could be no better prescription for winter than the sun, the sea, and Chalfonte-Haddon Hall.

Play squash, golf, gallop along the edge of the sea. Take a sun bath. Enjoy the meals of master-chefs. Relax in a deck chair over the ocean. For a new lease on life, try the Chalfonte-Haddon Hall prescription! Canadian exchange accepted at par for hotel accommodations and meals during this winter season. Write for information.

American and European Plans
**CHALFONTE-
HADDON HALL**
ATLANTIC CITY
Leeds and Lippincott Company

The Choice
of the Particular Hostess

**COLONIAL/
PLAYING Cards**
MAYFAIR SERIES
CANADIAN PLAYING CARD CO.,
LIMITED, MONTREAL

A Woman's Way

Continued from page 34

The girl looked shocked as Iris hurried down the hall not to be late at Mr. Gordon's office.

In addition to the copy conference it appeared that Mr. Gordon wished to talk of someone making a trip around their principal distribution centres to institute a closer co-operation in local advertising. Miss Thomas was unable to stand a hard trip of nearly two months and it was a question whether it should be Iris or Dunn to go to represent the department. In view of her greater experience and her readiness to start at once, Iris was chosen.

The copy discussion was a long wrangle. It was five o'clock when Miss Thomas stopped with Iris at her door.

"You were too bitter and snappish," Miss Thomas admonished. "You can't handle Mr. Gordon that way."

"Was I?"

"You certainly were. Don't you feel well?"

"I'm feeling fine."

Not even to Tommy could Iris tell what was the matter. Her feelings must be kept to herself. The typing department would spread the gossip, of course, but Iris must carry an Indian face about it. When Miss Thomas went on Iris stepped in quietly, closed the door and made one leap to her desk and snatched the telephone.

"Long Distance. Get me Long Distance. Long Distance."

After she had talked to her mother Iris was shaking all over. Mrs. Kenyon made Iris feel almost like a murderess, but Iris had taken her ground and she held to it, weeping and trying to make her mother see it and respect her stand for principle. When the agonizing conversation was finished at last, Iris went to her washstand in the closet in the corner of her office and bathed her face and loaded on a lot of makeup. Miss Thomas came in without knocking.

"What's this I hear about your baby being sick?"

"I haven't said anything about it," replied Iris bravely, but with a quaver she could not restrain.

"And you are thinking about going on this business trip while your child is dangerously ill, a little baby not two months old."

"I certainly am."

"You certainly are not."

"I am, I tell you. You know my principle on this. I've got to face this test. I won't give up. I'm going. It's like a so-so-soldier."

"Nonsense. You are not called on to do anything so heartless. Mr. Gordon would never allow it."

"Tommy, you are a woman, will you fail me?"

"I hope I'm a woman. I'm not a little monster."

"Don't call me a monster. Tommy, you know why I'm doing this. You know what this means to all wo-wo-womanhood."

"Don't cry." Miss Thomas thought rapidly. "I want to help you. I'd like to see you put this over. Look here, you little idiot. I'll tell you what I'll do. This trip around the agencies has waited so long it can wait a little longer. It can be put off for a week—two weeks. You go down to your baby. When he's well you just bring him up here so he can be near you. You can find that scientific place, then, that you talk of. When he's properly settled then you can go. I'll hold the trip for you. I'll manage it. Now you just fly home. Grab a bag and get on the first train. Leave everything to me."

"Oh, Tommy, you are an angel. I love you."

"Hurry up. Don't miss a train."

"Tommy, darling, I just worship you." Iris threw her arms around Miss Thomas' neck.

"Don't waste time, child."

Miss Thomas shook her head as Iris threw on her coat and raced down the hall.

BOB met Iris at the train when she came back five days later. She went down so gaunt and haggard he was afraid of her. She looked charming as she came back now, carrying Ken.

"It wouldn't possibly do to have him three hundred miles away with mother getting in a panic every time he had a stomach ache and scaring me to death. My own baby, kiss mamma. Feel his sweet little cheek, Bob. Isn't it like a rose petal?"

Iris was like a trapped animal in a cage when Bob left her. There she was, perfectly healthy and able and wild to be at work, and stuck there with nothing to do but tend the baby. When Bob got home Iris was walking the floor.

"I'm nearly insane," she exclaimed.

"Couldn't you get someone to stay with him and go to the office a little while tomorrow?" suggested Bob.

"No, no." She shook her hands in the air. "When I go there I must go to stay. It would make an awful impression if I ran in for an hour. I'm a business woman, not a part-time baby tender."

Iris stood it for one more day and then they decided to find a furnished apartment in a good location and get a trained nurse to care for Ken while they looked for the right home to rear him. Miss Thomas encouraged Iris to take the time to do the thing properly. They found a furnished apartment they could take for a month. It was rather costly, in Roger's Park on the lake. The janitor's wife was friendly and interested in Ken.

"This is a fine neighborhood for babies," she said. "They can play on the beach. There's good delicatessen stores and a big new movie house where you can go in the afternoon for half price and take the baby for nothing. You'll like it. Over across the tracks there are a lot of three room apartments for fifty a month."

Iris shuddered.

Her second return to duty was with less excitement but with more settled determination than her first reappearance. She was at her desk at eight-thirty in the morning. She had been absent two weeks lacking one day. Miss Thomas came in to see her.

"Are you here to stay now?"

"You bet."

"You still are determined about putting the child in a home to be reared?"

"Oh, absolutely, Tommy. Everything is fixed."

"Well, you are looking like your old self. Here's some good news. Since you have taken that apartment for a month, in order to give you plenty of time to make your arrangements it is settled that you are not to start on your trip around the agencies until four weeks from now."

"Whoopee! Oh, Tommy, you are a darling. There's nobody like you."

"Now, girl, keep steady. Here's another piece of news. When you get back from that trip, I'm leaving. Understand? The new advertising manager will be named and I want it to be you."

Iris nodded gravely.

"That's good, Iris. Now, Mr. Gordon wants to see you."

The big boss asked Iris an indifferent question or two and then suddenly: "You'll be ready to start on the first?"

"Yes, sir. And I want to thank you for putting it off that long."

"Don't mention it. You can return the favor by working harmoniously with Dunn."

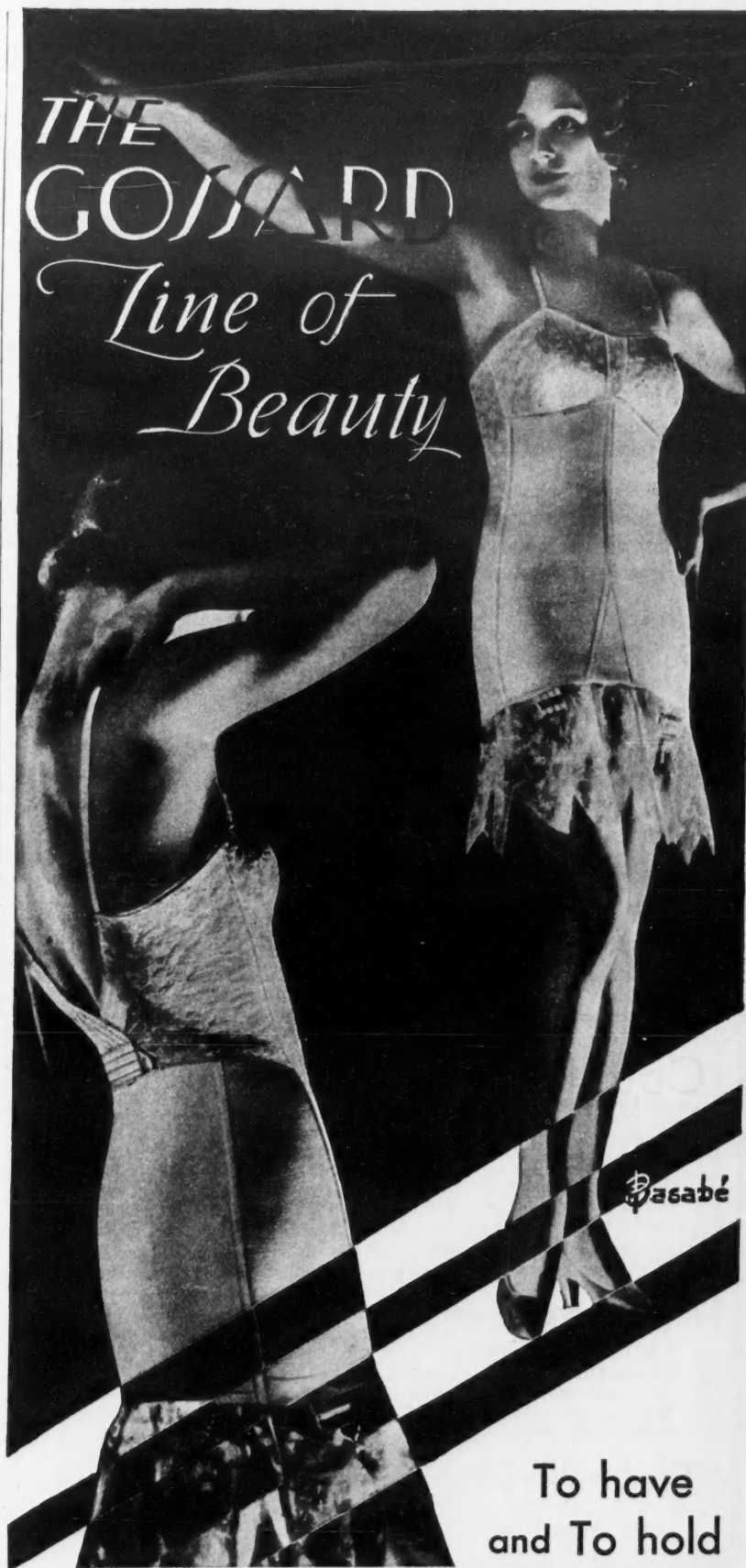
"I surely will, Mr. Gordon."

"Very good. Please help Dunn to understand every detail of this trip of yours and how you think the situation in each city should be handled. Also before you go I want him thoroughly to understand every detail of your copy plan."

"Yes, sir!" replied Iris a little breathlessly.

"You see," Mr. Gordon suddenly lighted up with a cordial smile. "There's nobody

THE GOSSARD Line of Beauty



To have
and To hold

Slender, feminine curves, is the first requisite... if you would be a glamorous fashionable. The one sure way to achieve the lines you desire is to wear Gossard's MisSimplicity. This ingenious design crosses waistline straps to pull flat the diaphragm and "tummy," raise the bust, and slim the waist! The photograph shows a MisSimplicity of peach-colored batiste, fine lace and hand-loomed elastic. Model 6661.

MisSimplicity

Patented Trade Mark. Registered 1931.

THE CANADIAN H. W. GOSSARD CO., LTD.,

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KNIT

This Beret and Scarf with Monarch Yarn

Just Send This Coupon for Free Instructions

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Remember... you will get the best results if you use Monarch Hand Knitting Yarns for all your home knitting. Seven brands... all in a range of new attractive colours... all at new low prices... known everywhere for their quality and economy.

Clip and mail this coupon today.

Monarch Knitting Co. Ltd.,
Dunsmuir, Ontario.

Kindly send me, *absolutely free*, complete knitting instructions for Beret and Scarf.

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It's So Easy to be STYLISH!



THE NEW MOD, with its subtle charm of draping, its feminine flares and ruffles and flounces, its alluringly molded lines—wouldn't you love to have a whole wardrobe of pretty clothes in these new styles?

You *can* have them. You can have two or three new dresses for what one would ordinarily cost you. By the wonderful method of the Woman's Institute you can learn to make clothes for yourself and your family for

a third or a half of store prices.

Mail the coupon and we will gladly tell you how easily you can learn Dressmaking and Millinery through the Woman's Institute methods, how to get work from others or open your own shop.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE (Canada) Limited
Dept. C-254 Montreal, Canada

Without cost or obligation, please send me complete information about your home-study course in the subject I have checked below:

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name

(Please state whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address

Directions for crocheting the scarf are given below.



A Smart Crocheted Ensemble

Instructions for crocheting the hat and bag will be sent free of charge to any reader on request

by ELSIE GALLOWAY

EACH piece of the hat, scarf and handbag ensemble shown, possesses some feature that is especially smart this season. The colors chosen, and the lengthwise stripes of the scarf are ideas from one of the leading Paris costumers. The little tricorn hat dips well over the right ear, and a little to the front, showing the hair on the left side, while the ornament and flap of the bag carry out the lengthwise design of the scarf. The scarf folds one end over the other at the throat, and the bag has a zipper fastening and inside pocket for a small purse. They are inexpensive and easily made, and will add style to the winter's costume, especially for sports wear.

The materials required are five ounce balls of brown fingering yarn, and one ball each of parchment and orange. Angora wool, or a silk-and-wool mixture may be used instead of the fingering yarn if desired. One seven-inch zipper fastener, one quarter of a yard of silk or sateen for lining and one quarter of a yard of buckram for the bag are required. The numbers vary so in different makes of bone crochet hooks that it is difficult to state sizes, but a medium size should be used for the hat and bag, and a size larger may be used for the scarf. No. 6 and 7 is about right.

The scarf measures fifty inches in length, eight and a half inches in width at end, and

four and a half inches in centre. A silk-and-wool yarn would make it somewhat smaller unless a longer foundation chain was made.

The Scarf

Using the parchment yarn, make a chain of 163 stitches.

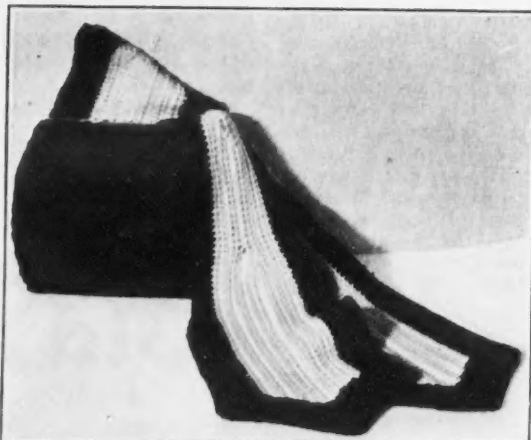
1st row—Work 1 half treble (h. tr.) in the 4th stitch (st) from hook, and each succeeding stitch of chain (ch). 160 h. tr. Turn. The half treble is begun the same as the treble, but instead of working off 2 loops twice, the yarn is drawn through the 3 loops all together.

2nd row—Chain 2, 1 double crochet (d.c.) in 2nd st. from hook, and in each h. tr. of 1st row, working in the front loop of stitch, and in 1 stitch of chain at end of row. (162 d.c.) Turn.

3rd row—Chain 3, 1 h. tr. in each d.c. of last row, working in the front loop of stitch only, 2 h. tr. in chain stitch at end of row. (164 h. tr.) Turn.

4th row—Chain 2, 1 d.c. in 2nd st. from hook and in each of 44 sts of last row, 1 sl. st. in each of next 2 sts. Turn.

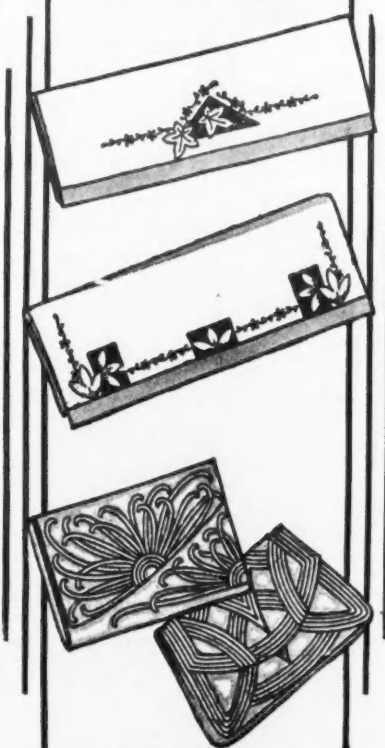
5th row—Slip stitch in 2nd st., 1 d.c. in next st., 1 short (sht) h. tr. in next st., 1 h. tr. in each remaining stitch to end of row working 2 h. tr. in the last stitch. (43 h. tr.). Turn. [Continued on page 48]



The bag is fastened by a zipper.

Lengthwise stripes are very new.

FOR EMBROIDERED SECURITY USE CLARK'S "Anchor" STRANDED COTTON



Colors that remain fresh and clear, thread that works into the fabric easily without knotting or pulling—these qualities give Clark's Anchor Stranded Cotton the right finish for your embroidered linens. It is excellent for monograms, quilting, cross stitching or where a durable cotton is needed, such as on towels, luncheon sets, pillow cases and children's frocks. It is remarkable how a touch of embroidery will add beauty and smart individuality to your linen. It is an art that is filled with fascinating discoveries.

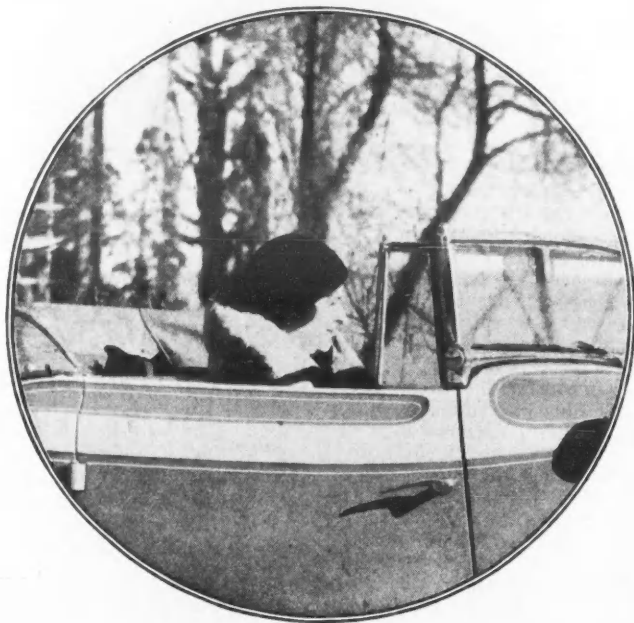
Clark's Anchor Stranded Cotton comes in the most delightful array of 121 shades that are absolutely fast and will stand years of hard wear. The threads are smooth and strong—easy to work with because they do not snag.

Designs illustrated: towels, Butterick Pattern No. 16146; quilted bags, Butterick Pattern No. 16147.

IN SPECIAL TANGLEPROOF SKEINS

CLARK'S "Anchor" STRANDED COTTON

MADE IN CANADA BY
THE CANADIAN SPOOL COTTON CO.,
MONTREAL
Makers of Coats' and Clark's Spool Cotton



THE NEW CARS

Brief glimpses at the new models now on display everywhere indicate that car values are remarkable this year

by S. B. JOHNSON

IT IS particularly interesting this year to visit the show-rooms and see the new models, as all the cars, with the exception of the Ford, have brought out their new models at about the same time. It is a sheer delight to see these new cars and note the rapid strides in motor efficiency and riding comfort. Many ideas which we can take for granted this year in the moderately priced cars, were unobtainable at any price two years ago. In addition owing to the decreased output last year, it has been possible to give more time and attention to the various models, with the result that the cars this year offer one astonishing values. And the public seem to be realizing it; everywhere I called, the salesmen reported that business was excellent—far, far better than last year.

General Motors of Canada are presenting a notable line of cars. I found the McLaughlin-Buick eights particularly fine, and featuring "Wizard Control," declared to be the greatest achievement since the self-starter. The salesman explained that this "Wizard Control" is a development of an automatic, power-operated clutch, with improved free wheeling, and a new silent, second synchromesh transmission.

I learned that new stream-lined bodies are available in the thirteen Chevrolet models this year, with a wheel base of 109 inches, giving them a longer, speedier and more powerful appearance. Chevrolet engine has a twenty per cent increase in power this year, and is proving a very popular buy everywhere.

General Motors are also showing a new Oldsmobile eight, as well as a larger and more powerful six, and for the first time, one can select any body style with the option of a six or an eight.

Pontiac engineers, working with Fisher designers have developed a fresh note in body designs, with particularly graceful lines and contours. I liked especially the front design of the new Pontiacs, for the

sharply V-shaped radiator is screened and protected by a new and sturdy built-in screen grille, with chrome-plated vertical bars that give a striking emphasis to its impressive depth.

THE Chrysler group of cars are featuring the automatic clutch and free wheeling, one of the most interesting developments in driving comfort of recent months.

The Plymouth and Dodge, two of the popular Chrysler group, have also used the graceful streamline effect with the curving windshield, and appear in both six and eights. The six has all the points of the eight, except, of course, that the latter has a greater power and a larger wheel base. These cars both have a double drop frame which means a lower set body than in the past, and smaller wheels with larger tires, which means great traction and more effective brake action. The new hydraulic brakes also give positive action and being self-equalizing give equal pressure.

Every Chrysler and De Soto is featuring the new "Floating Power," which means that nowhere is steel set on steel—every part is set in rubber. Packard is being presented as well as the regular new models, in a smaller car, which while it contains all the Packard features, and is Packard through and through, is cheaper in price.

Hudson-Essex is also featuring the free wheeling this year on the good-looking new models, and also their popular "startix," the automatic starter which starts the engine as soon as the key is turned. Many features which were extra last year, are standard equipment this year. Hudson-Essex cars have adopted the streamline effect, have a double muffler to silence the engine, thirty per cent larger brakes, and a raised instrument board which can be seen instantly without taking one's eyes off the road. One interesting innovation to me, was the zipper fasteners on the pockets. The cars also have both back and front seats adjustable.



Financial Independence for Women!

CHEQUES were mailed to many women in 1931 by this Company. These cheques were the proceeds of matured endowment policies—money saved through the yearly premiums, increased very considerably by dividends.

If they had died at any time while the policies were in force the principal sum, plus dividends payable, would have been paid immediately to their beneficiaries.

If you wish to know the annual deposit required for a Pension or Endowment Bond for yourself to start you on the road to independence, send the coupon below to our Head Office.

A few interesting examples:

A Furrier paid the first premium on policy No. 193,735, principal \$2,000, at age 43. At age 53 a cheque for \$2,000 plus dividends \$457.24, was mailed to her.

A Housewife age 27 paid the first annual premium on policy No. 119,293, principal \$2,000. At age 42 she received a Mutual Life cheque for \$2,000 plus \$592.23 dividends.

A Teacher at age 25 took out policy No. 84,447 for \$1,000. At age 45 she received a Mutual Life cheque for \$1,395.32—a substantial amount saved, plus the protection of her dependents for twenty years.

Let the Strength of the Mutual be your Protection!

THE
Mutual Life
Assurance Company
of Canada

Head Office: Waterloo, Ont.
Established 1869

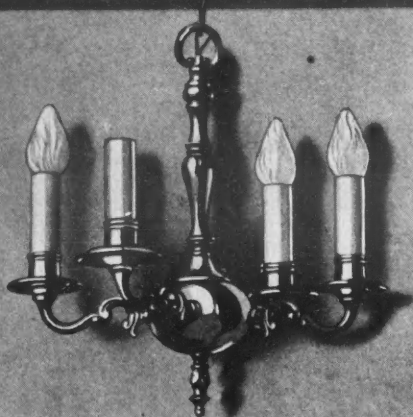
Please send me further particulars regarding a policy for myself.

Name.....

Address.....

Age..... CE





AN EMPTY SOCKET

An empty socket is an ugly thing, attracting attention and provoking comment. By having a carton of lamps always on hand, replacements can be made immediately and empty sockets avoided.

Be Prepared
Buy a Carton



LACO MAZDA LAMPS

Could YOUR Church Use Extra Funds?

Are you anxious to do greater charity work, erect new buildings, establish a mission, etc., and find your work handicapped through lack of funds?

Whatever the effort you have in mind, the money would undoubtedly be welcome. We have a plan which will help you raise the necessary funds for your work.

Why not organize the members of your society and put on a concerted drive among your church people for new and renewal subscriptions to The Chatelaine Magazine.

This popular Canadian magazine should be in every Canadian home. The sales work is interesting and the commission liberal. Your earnings can easily run into large amounts. We will send you full information. Write

The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited

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Cuticura

Your Best Assurance

of Continued Health for Skin and Scalp

SOAP

can visualize the situation as well as you. We think tremendously well of your copy innovation. You've rung the bell again, Miss Kenyon."

HER trip around the distributors was due to start on the twenty-eighth. They meant to take Ken to Brood's Mount some days before, but Iris couldn't find the time from her work, so it had to be done on the last day, Tuesday. When Iris came home Monday evening, there were the two packing cases in the hall with the baby's required outfit for the home. She and Bob were to start with Ken the first thing in the morning. Iris gave a hard, efficient inspection of everything and glanced at the baby. The nurse took a loving farewell of Ken. Bob was glooming in the living room as Iris came in.

"Iris," he broke out, "let's give this up."
"What?"

"I say," Bob growled, "that what should be done is for us to take a cheap apartment and for you to stop work and stay home and take care of our child. You are its mother."

"What!" Iris laughed sharply. "Why don't you do it? You are his father. I gave nearly a year absolutely out of my life to bringing him into the world and getting him started. It's your turn."

Bob said no more. For once he slept badly. He tossed and grumbled in the night and got up to look at Ken.

The drive to Brood's Mount in the forenoon was nightmarish. Iris held Ken closely. From the top of a rise, a little before noon, they could see the spires of the village of Brood's Mount.

The ghastly experience was gone through with in a sort of dream. Iris was bright and businesslike. Bob was cheerful and genial with the matron and head physician. Iris leaned heavily on Bob's arm for a second as they went out. Neither of them talked much on the way back. Bob left her at the factory at four o'clock to get her transportation and other last minute affairs.

Bob and Iris met for dinner at a hotel. Bob took her to the station.

It was the next afternoon, when Bob telephoned his office, that he got a message that had been taken for him from long distance. He was to go at once to Brood's Mount. Something had happened. Bob was to come there at once. Bob was scared. He tried to call the home but the connection was so delayed that he impatiently wouldn't wait. He jumped into his car and started for the place without delay.

At nine Bob hurried into the village hotel in Brood's Mount where they sent him from the home. Bob pulled the register around. There was her name, Iris Kenyon, 418. He strode to the elevator. She had been lying down. She clung to his shoulders after she let him in.

"Oh, Bob, Bob, can you forgive me?"

"Yes, dear. Yes."

"Bob, darling. Forgive me. Forgive me."

"Of course, sweetheart. You couldn't help it. You couldn't foresee it."

"They said we must both be here. They wouldn't let me do anything by myself."

"I'm only sorry I didn't get your message clearly, dear. I came as fast as I could."

"Oh, thank you, dear. Thank you. We'll go back there at once."

The matron was expecting them at the home.

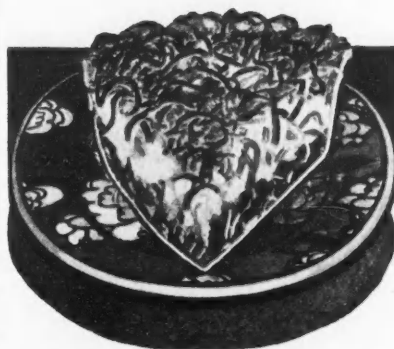
"This has happened before," she said. "I have seldom seen any case more pitiful, though, than this little mother, crying that she'd got to have her baby, that she couldn't live without him. Just sobbing for him. I advised her to get her husband here at once so that we could release the child. Everything is ready for you to take him."

BOB, Bob. You must finish your eggs. It's so hard to get you up. You're late now."

"A man like me with the load of the cares of a family has to have plenty of sleep and a good breakfast." Bob, with his second cup of coffee in his hand was reading the humorous column.

Concluded on page 48

YOUR HUSBAND'S Favourite DESSERT



IF you don't already make it with coconut, try adding this entrancing, tropical flavour to it. Most men love coconut—that's what restaurant chefs say.

Indeed, more women every day are finding how easy it is to make practically every cake or pie—even the simplest ones—unbelievably more appetizing with coconut.

Order coconut from your grocer today—but insist on Baker's. The Baker special process and Baker packing bring you the finest, tastiest coconut fresh at every season of the year.

Baker's Coconut is made from fresh coconuts in Canada. Sold in tins, packages and by the pound.

...

COCONUT CUSTARD PIE

- 3 eggs, slightly beaten
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
- 3 cups milk, scalded
- 1 cup Baker's Coconut, Southern Style

Line pie plate with pastry. Combine eggs, salt, and sugar; add milk gradually, then add coconut, and mix thoroughly. Pour into pie shell. Bake in hot oven (400°F.) 15 minutes, then decrease heat to moderate (350°F.) and bake 30 minutes longer.

(All measurements are level.)

...

BAKER'S COCONUT



Write for free recipe book to Consumer Service Dept., General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario.

A2-32M

DOMESTIC WORKSHOP

HAWES' FLOOR WAX

CLEANS AS WELL AS POLISHES
Paste or Liquid



BE SURE IT'S HAWES'

DOWSWELL ELECTRIC WASHER

PORCELAIN ENAMELED TUB
ECONOMICAL TO BUY AND OPERATE
BEAUTY PLUS EFFICIENCY



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10 YEARS IN ADVANCE

The New No Wringer EASY WASHER



Safer
Faster
Gentler
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EASY WASHING MACHINE CO. LIMITED
TORONTO CANADA

Labor-Saving Equipment

If you have discovered any new device which makes your work in the kitchen or home easier, why not pass the information along to other women?

The Domestic Workshop
a regular department for the ferreting out of new aids for the housewife will be glad to hear of it.

If there is any additional information you would like regarding any of the articles mentioned in these columns, we will be glad to tell you more about them on request.

A department which seeks out and investigates what is new and good in housekeeping helps

by VERA E. WELCH

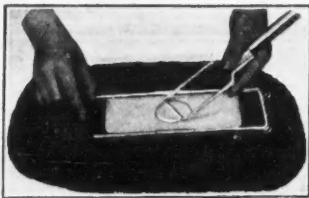
MOPS are a subject on which every woman can talk with the authority of experience. This one won't slide under low furniture—that one refuses to pick up more than a modicum of dust; one is clumsy, the other inefficient—and neither of them is easy to keep clean.

But I have been interested just lately in a mop which combines a number of new principles, and which my own experience has taught me is neither clumsy, inefficient, nor hard to keep clean. It is the Tarbox improved hood mop, and its first virtue, to my way of thinking, is that the hood is so easily removed and washed. The mechanism, as you can see from the illustration, is utterly simple. The hood is attached to the frame by three dome fasteners, which hold it securely when in use. When one wants to wash it, all that is necessary is to unsnap the fasteners, wash the Tarbox hood and snap it back on the frame to dry. When the hood eventually wears out, a new hood may be bought for the old frame.

It is a good looking tool, this mop, with burnished plates and polished handle. The broad plate presses the mop to the floor, so that it renews the polish when dusting. The handle is completely "double-jointed," for it can be used upright or flat, as the situation requires, so that the hood can reach any awkward corner, and underneath low furniture. The mop needs only a two-inch clearance to clean all the way under furniture.

With the hood mop frame there should be used two hoods—one of black yarn, chemically treated to pick up the dust from floors and woodwork; the other of white yarn, untreated, for dusting papered walls.

All the Tarbox dustless mops have this chemically treated feature. It produces just the slightest trace of atmospheric dampness on the fabric, which is sufficient to collect the dust and hold it until shaken out. No re-treatment is necessary, because washing only renews its efficiency and doesn't injure or remove the chemical.



Showing how simply the hood mop is slipped from its frame

MANY'S the time I've wondered why some enterprising person did not invent something that would utilize the heat of the hot water tank for drying odds and ends like stockings and towels. It would be such a handy way to dry things quickly in the winter time. And now I find that a Canadian firm is making a special Hot Water Tank Towel Dryer. It consists of a single, nickel-plated band which passes around the tank and may be adjusted to fit both thirty and forty gallon tanks. Five arms or rails extend from the band, and these again are entirely adjustable, and slide into the best position for drying the articles placed on them. They can be placed anywhere around the tank and moved in any desired position. It is an excellent idea I think, and should prove to be a blessing in many households.

THE PAN-WEEN FROCK

A Directory of Food Products and Their Place on the Menu

CANNED FISH

by M. FRANCES HUCKS

A FEW years ago, the inlander may have longingly envied the coast dweller his sea food meals and shore dinners; and even now, that same inlander will spend his vacations and week ends near the sea or at a favorite fishing stream to satisfy, not only the desire for sport and change but the appetite that now and again simply demands fish. But when the season forbids fishing trips and it becomes more difficult to obtain fresh fish, Canadian meals may get a "tang o' the sea" from the delicious canned products which the practical canner has placed on our grocer's shelves.

The most well-known and generally used variety of canned fish is undoubtedly salmon, and where is the housekeeper who does not consider this to be a staple article on her pantry shelf?

Tuna fish, white or light buff in color and delicate of flavor is slightly more expensive than salmon and makes a very tasty party salad or a main dish for the family meal when it may be mixed with vegetables or other materials to give interesting variety.

And have you used chicken hardie? Heated in milk and served steaming hot it is one of the most satisfying dishes we know for a winter night's supper.

Sardines, packed so uniformly in oil seem particularly suited to midnight supper service, when with crackers and cheese and possibly some pickles, they disappear in great quantities. They are a tasty addition to a salad, delicious in sandwiches and hors d'oeuvres and are sometimes heated and served on toast as a novel main dish at luncheon.

Herring may be obtained in tins also, and comes to us plain or in a tomato sauce. Pilchard is canned in quite large pieces, is dark in color and can be used in much the same way as salmon. Codfish and mackerel are also canned but not to the same extent as the other fish.

Shell fish enjoy year round popularity, due in no small measure to the excellence of the canned product. Lobster, shrimp and crab meat are delicacies that receive an enthusiastic welcome when they appear as salads, cocktails, sandwich fillings or creamed dishes. Clams and clam chowder are also ready for use, packed in tins.

Many fish combinations are possible and often the substitution of a different variety of fish than that called for in the recipe will produce a new and appetizing result.

Savory Salmon Loaf

- 1 Large can of salmon
- 1 Cupful of bread crumbs
- 1 Cupful of milk
- 2 Eggs
- 1 Tablespoonful of chopped pimento
- 1 Tablespoonful of melted butter or cooking fat
- 1 Teaspoonful of Worcester-shire sauce
- 1 Teaspoonful of lemon juice
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- Pepper

Flake the salmon and combine with the bread crumbs. Beat the eggs, add the milk and combine with the first mixture. Add the remaining ingredients blend thoroughly and bake in a greased loaf pan in a moderate oven (350 deg. Fahr.) for about forty-five minutes. Turn on to a hot platter and serve with a white sauce to which chopped parsley has been added. Eight servings.



Dining Car Special Sardines

Guaranteed the same high quality served on Canadian railways. Laboratory methods retain their full delicious freshness and vitamin value.

Connors Bros. Ltd.
BLACK'S HARBOUR, N. B.

FREE ANIMAL MOULDS



One individual mould given with each special carton of

McLAREN'S
Invincible
Jelly Powder

Children love BENSON'S GOLDEN SYRUP



Left-overs!

Send in the box top from a package of Para-Sani Waxed Paper. Write your dealer's name on it and we'll mail you — free — a 36-page booklet giving 100 ways to use "LEFTOVERS"

Appleford Paper Products Ltd.,
Dept. C, Hamilton, Ontario.

I enclose 25c for which please send me prepaid full sized (100 feet) carton of Para-Sani heavy waxed paper and a copy of your Booklet on LEFTOVERS.

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You've been looking for

FREE

... in exchange for 50 Oxo Cube Red Wrappers. Oxo Cubes provide that extra nourishment which your family needs ... they are prime, lean beef in concentrated form ... an economy in any home and a source of health to every family.

This offer applies to residents of Canada only, and expires on April 30, 1932.

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Start Saving Wrappers Now!

Send your Oxo Cube Red Wrappers to Oxo Limited, Dept. J.—1910 St. Antoine Street, Montreal, Que.

You save on tea when you
buy Red Rose. Use less.

RED ROSE

TEA

"is good tea"



Handsome tops of washable fabrikoid in modern designs or in green felt—chairs to match if you choose—many charming colors—a wide range of prices—special leg braces for steadiness—quickly set up and put away. In every way the best folding table made.

See the new improved Houd at your dealer's.

HOUD & CO., LIMITED
London - Ontario 34

HOUD

FOLDING TABLE SETS

A Woman's Way

Continued from page 46

"I know it, Bob, but you must look out for your job. Do hurry."

"Call up the office in about twenty minutes and tell them I had a headache or something last night and that I'll be a little late." Bob brushed Iris' cheek and patted Ken on the head. Iris began putting the dishes into the dinette nook sink. The apartment was small. She did the housework easily, but Ken wanted something every minute. Her work now was from six in the morning until she began to nod, a little before nine at night. Presently she would take Ken down to wheel him to the beach.

On the table in the little sitting room lay a folder of the week's programme from the neighborhood movie house. "Blazing Love," was the attraction for the day. Iris looked down at her shoe. It was cracked. There could be no new ones until the end of the month, if Bob had the money for her, then. Ken stood up in his crib, holding to the bars and watching her wisely. He was almost two years old now. She came over and dropped beside him and he slid his little fat arms around her neck.

"Mother's darling," she whispered. "Mother loves you better than her life. But, oh my own, grow up, grow up fast, so that mother can have another chance before she dies."

A Smart Crocheted Ensemble

Continued from page 44

6th row—Like 4th row except that you work 66 d.c., 1 sl. st. in the next stitch. Fasten and break yarn. Join again to 40th st. from where you left off and work 1 d.c. in each stitch to end of row and 1 d.c. in the chain at end of row. (63 d.c.). Turn.

7th row—Chain 3, 1 h. tr. in each of 42 sts., 1 sl. h. tr. 1 d.c., and 2 sl. sts. in next 4 sts. Turn.

8th row—1 slip stitch in 2nd st., 1 d.c. in each st. and in chain at end of row. (45 d.c.). Fasten and break off. Turn, and join orange yarn to 1st st. of row.

9th row—Chain 2, 1 h. tr. in each of next 42 sts., 1 sl. h. tr., 1 d.c., 2 sl. sts. in next 4 sts. Turn.

10th row—1 slip stitch in 2nd st., 1 d.c. in each of 42 sts., draw yarn through next stitch but do not work off, draw yarn through next stitch, then work the 3 loops off all together to decrease. Turn.

11th row—Chain 2, miss 1 st., 1 h. tr. in each of 59 sts., 1 sl. h. tr., 1 d.c., 1 sl. st. in next 3 sts. Fasten and break off. Pass over 37 sts., join to 38th st. and work 1 d.c. in next st., 1 sl. h. tr. in next st., 1 h. tr. in each of 64 sts. Do not work off 64th h. tr. but keeping the 3 loops on hook, throw yarn over hook again, and draw yarn through next stitch, and work off 2 loops, then 4 loops together to decrease. Turn.

12th row—Chain 1, miss 1 st., 1 d.c. in each of 42 sts., 2 sl. sts. in next 2 sts. Turn.

13th row—1 slip stitch in 2nd st., 1 d.c. in next st., 1 sl. h. tr. in next st. 1 h. tr., in each of 38 sts. Work in last 2 sts. to decrease same as at end of 11th row. Turn.

14th row—Chain 1, miss 1 st., 1 d.c. in each of 164 sts., then work in next 2 sts. to decrease same as at end of 10th row. Turn.

15th row—Chain 2, miss 1 st. 1 h. tr. in each of 161 sts., then work in next 2 sts. to decrease same as at end of 11th row. Turn.

16th row—Chain 1 miss 1 st., 1 d.c. in each of 160 sts., work last 2 sts. same as at end of 10th row. Break off.

17th row—Turn the work and join the brown yarn to 81st st. of last row. Chain 3, 1 h. tr. in each of 80 sts., 2 h. tr. with ch. 1 between them in next st. to increase, 11 h. tr. along end of orange stripe, 2 h. tr. with ch. 1 between them in parchment stitch at point, 11 h. tr. along end of parchment stripe, 2 h. tr. with ch. 1 between them in 1st st. of side, 1 h. tr. in each of 159 sts. then work end same as before, and up side to

[Continued on page 52]



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FOREVER

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FOR CONSTIPATION

CHATELAINE STYLES FOR THE IN-BETWEEN FROCK

Price 15 cents



No. 629—The long, gracious sweep of the skirt is most becoming to the full figure. Long or short sleeves are optional. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 628—Fitting snugly over the hips with deeply pointed yoke and pointed jabot collar—long or short sleeves are optional. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material

No. 647—This frock carries with it an air of sophistication. Satin or crêpe de Chine would suit it admirably. Long or short sleeves are optional. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Size 34 requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 659—Velvet is the natural material for the dignity of this effective frock—and velvet, of course, is very much in just now. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 648—Do you notice the provocative hint of a bustle at the back of this party frock? Taffeta would carry out the scheme very effectively. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Size 34 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material.



Price 15 cents

The Cooki

You've be

FI

... in
Red V
vide t!

O BRIGHTEN THE END OF WINTER



678



759



725

596

520

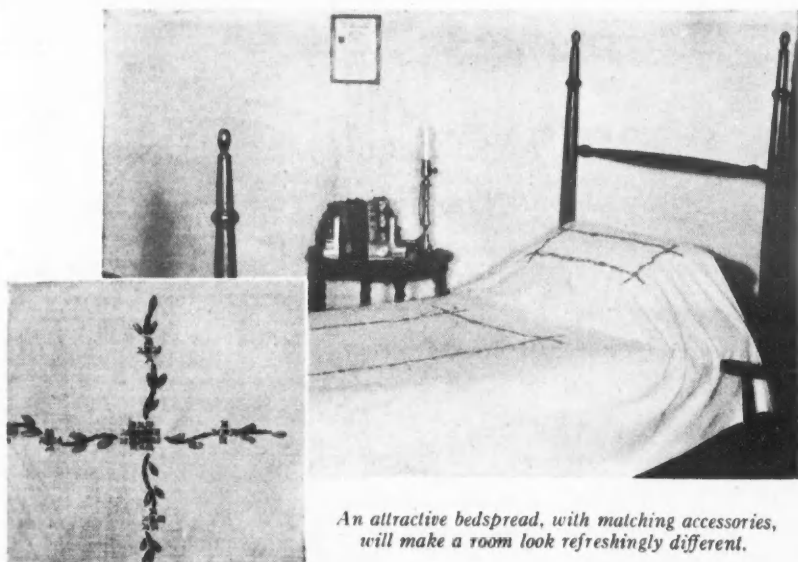
No. 725—This jaunty, semi-tailored coat displays many of the new features for spring. Most important are the shawl collar and the plainly cut sleeves. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 596—The one-sided rever is one of the smartest innovations in the tailored frock. Deep pointed cuffs echo the same note. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 39-inch contrasting material.

No. 520—Very becoming is the small jabot, softening the deep V-shaped neck of this frock. The pointed hip-yoke is interesting. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 27-inch contrasting material.



Price 15 cents



An attractive bedspread, with matching accessories, will make a room look refreshingly different.

Handwork from Our Studios

All the articles shown are simply and quickly completed
by MARIE LE CERF

THE design on the bedspread illustrated, and on the matching curtains, scarf and vanity set, was chosen for its simplicity and its adaptability to color schemes. It is made up of lazy daisy, outline and cross stitches. And—something that makes it particularly appealing—the sample spread shown was completed in one day.

As to color schemes, say for the boy's room, which is always a difficult one, worked in buff and brown wools, this looks very plain and manly. In green and lavender, green and yellow, mauve and purple, or light and dark shades of any favorite color, this spread would look really lovely for any

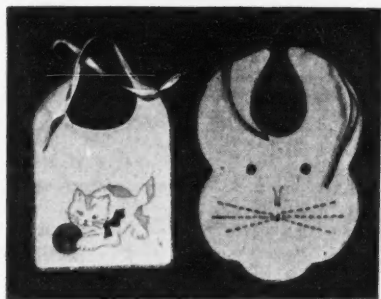
cents. Dresser scarf, size 18 x 40 inches, 45 cents; wools for working 30 cents. Three-piece vanity set, 35 cents; wools for working, 30 cents.

Here are two gay little bibs, No. C77 and C82. Pussy-cats are always beloved by baby, so we feel sure these bibs will please. Stamped on soft English jaspé, size 10 x 14 inches, they are priced at 10 cents each, 8 cents extra for cottons to work, and 10 cents for bias binding, if desired.

A colorful tea cosy No. C62, with which matching luncheon sets may be secured, if desired. The design is worked solid with rows and rows of simple chain stitch, making an exquisite and very finished looking bouquet. The cosy is full size and comes stamped on white, cream, yellow or green Irish linen—price 50 cents, cottons for working being 20 cents, and cosy form 55 cents. A 36-inch luncheon set with four serviettes in the same design comes stamped on white, cream, yellow or green Irish linen, for \$1.45; cottons for working, 30 cents. A 45-inch luncheon set with four napkins, is obtainable only in extra heavy weight white or cream Irish linen, priced at \$2.50; cottons for working, 30 cents.

Handkerchief sachet No. C80. This dainty little sachet is designed to match the nightdress or pyjama case shown in the October issue of *The Chatelaine*. It comes in the same colors—pink, blue, mauve or rose. In art silk taffeta, complete with 6-inch hoops, the price is 85 cents.

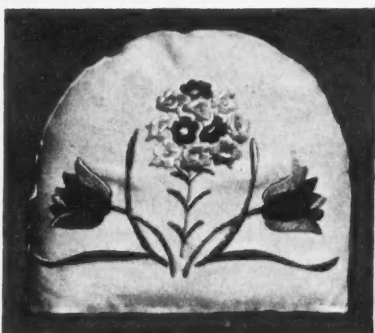
Please note—Articles from previous issues can always be supplied by Marie Le Cerf. All prices include postage. Please send remittance by postal note or money order, or if in cash, please send it by registered mail. If sending cheque, kindly add 15 cents, which is the amount charged by banks for exchange on all out-of-town cheques. Send orders to Miss Marie Le Cerf, *The Chatelaine*, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.



These kitten bibs are sure of baby's favor

room. Just tell us what color you wish to predominate and we will complete the color scheme for you.

The set comes stamped on heavy English jaspé, which hangs so gracefully and makes such a very artistic background. The prices are as follows: Bedspread, all ready hemmed, size 81 x 90 inches, \$2.25; wools for working, 72 cents. Draw-curtains, size 2 yards x 28 inches, per pair \$1.75; wools for working 36



The dainty little handkerchief sachet is designed to match the nightdress case shown previously. The tea cosy may be procured alone, or with matching luncheon set.



... nor need she
do so ...

A Dominion Life Pension Bond, paid for by small regular deposits during your earlier years of earning, will provide an assured monthly income, payable later, at any time you specify.

Think of the peace of mind you will enjoy when you know that your later years are provided for—extra funds for travel, clothes, little luxuries,—or a regular income for the actual necessities of life.

Dominion Life Pension Bonds are designed to meet the individual needs of any woman, married or single. Ask the Dominion Life representative in your neighborhood, or send the coupon below for details.

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Please send details of
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Sample sent free. Write to Resinol, Department 76, Baltimore, Md.

Chatelaine Patterns

may be purchased at these stores

Chatelaine Patterns may now be purchased in the stores listed below. If there is as yet no dealer in your neighborhood, we would be glad to have you give us the name and address of your favorite store, and, in the meantime, you may order Chatelaine Patterns direct from The Chatelaine Pattern Service, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. In ordering by mail, be careful to write the pattern number plainly and be sure to state the size required.

List of Chatelaine Pattern Dealers

ONTARIO		
Alliston	F. T. Hill & Co.	Oranville
Almonte	W. West	Orangeville
Amherstburg	Walker's Stores, Limited	Oshawa
Aurora	G. R. Ardell	Oshawa
Aylmer	Walker's Stores, Limited	Ottawa
Barrie	Walker's Stores, Limited	Murphy-Gamble, Limited
Bellefleur	Canadian Dept. Stores, Ltd.	Canadian Dept. Stores, Ltd.
Bowmanville	Walker's Stores, Limited	Owen Sound
Brampton	F. T. Hill & Co. Ltd.	Bunt's Limited
Brantford	Canadian Dept. Stores, Ltd.	Parkhill
Brockville	Leverette's Store	White & May Co.
Canby Place	Walker's Stores, Limited	Pembroke
Carleton Place	Walker's Stores, Limited	Canadian Dept. Stores, Ltd.
Chatham	Spencer Stone, Limited	Penetanguishene
Chesley	Walker's Stores, Limited	Phil. Charlebois
Collingwood	Walker's Stores, Limited	Peterborough
Cornwall	Walker's Stores, Limited	Richard Hall, Limited
Dresden	R. W. Tyrell	Canadian Dept. Stores, Ltd.
Dryden	H. J. Pronger	Pictou
Dundas	F. T. Hill & Co. Ltd.	Canadian Dept. Stores, Ltd.
Durham	The Variety Store	Pickering
Englehart	M. S. Ireland	M. S. Chapman
Fergus	S. G. Brothers	Port Arthur
Forest	Forest Farmer's Trading Co.	Canadian Dept. Stores, Ltd.
Galt	Walker's Stores, Limited	Port Elgin
Guelph	G. B. Ryan & Co., Ltd.	The Borth Store
Hamilton	The T. Eaton Co., Limited	Renfrew
MacFarlane's Dry Goods	London Dry Goods, Ltd.	Walker's Stores, Limited
N. Weevil	G. W. Robinson & Co.	Sarnia
1109 Main Street, E.	Thomas C. Watkins, Ltd.	Walker Brothers
The Right House		Sault Ste. Marie
Manover	Canadian Dept. Stores, Ltd.	Canadian Dept. Stores, Ltd.
Marv	Webb & Hendershot, Ltd.	Simcoe
Huntsville	Canadian Dept. Stores, Ltd.	Walker's Stores, Limited
Kincardine	Lampman's Dept. Store	Southampton
Kingsville	Pickards Dept. Stores	Walter J. Mohr
Kingston	John Laidlaw & Son, Ltd.	St. Catharines
170 Princess Street		Walker's Stores, Limited
Kirkland Lake	Mrs. J. A. MacDougall	Canadian Dept. Stores, Ltd.
Kitchener	Gould's Limited, Department	Stayner
Canadian Dept. Stores, Ltd.		F. T. Hill & Co. Ltd.
London	Cossey's Dry Goods	Stouffville
221 Dundas St.	R. J. Young & Co., Ltd.	W. H. Shaw Store
Paris Silk Shop	674 Dundas Street, E.	Strathroy
Lindsay	Canadian Dept. Stores, Ltd.	Walker's Stores, Limited
Markham	F. T. Hill & Co. Ltd.	St. Marys
Markham	H. S. Reive	The White & May Co.
Meaford	F. T. Hill & Co.	Stratford
Canadian Dept. Stores, Ltd.		Canadian Dept. Stores, Ltd.
Napanee	Canadian Dept. Stores, Ltd.	St. Thomas
Neustadt	H. J. Borth	J. H. Gould, Limited
Niagara Falls	Canadian Dept. Stores, Ltd.	Sudbury
Service Silk Shoppe	345 Queen St.	Canadian Dept. Stores, Ltd.
Newmarket	The Toronto Jobbing Co.	Thessalon
New Toronto	Kelly's Stores	Buchanan Bros.
804 Lake Shore Rd.		Tilbury
North Bay	Canadian Dept. Stores, Ltd.	Sawyer's Dry Goods
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		Walker's Stores, Limited
		Timmins
		Hollinger Stores, Ltd.
		Toronto
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		The T. Eaton Co., Limited
		Lorraine Silk Shoppe, 1090
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		Mrs. Richardson, Kingston
		Rd. at Bingham Ave.
		Miss I. A. Corner
		244 Carlton Street
		Sharpe's Fancy Goods, 653
		St. Clair W.
		Stitts Dry Goods
		976 Bathurst Street
		Smiths Dry Goods
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		Gardens Dry Goods
		1697 St. Clair W.
		Mrs. C. Chapman
		1912 Gerrard Street
		Mrs. M. Cotton, 697 Mt.
		Pleasant Rd.
		Crane's Dry Goods
		1038 Pape Avenue
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		675 Danforth Avenue
		Miss Mary Torrance
		2300 Bloor Street W.
		Horwoods Dry Goods
		Young's Dry Goods
		3425 Yonge St.
		Hollyhocks Dry Goods, 1534
		Yonge Street
		Shedden's Dry Goods Store
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		Tottenham
		Miss V. Milligan, Box 37
		Trenton
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		Dundas Street
		Uxbridge
		Jas. Alexander & Son
		Wallaceburg
		Stonehouse's, Limited
		Walkerville
		C. H. Smith
		Welland
		The Fashion Silk Shoppe
		Willowdale
		McCarthy's Dry Goods
		5541 Yonge St.

A Smart Crocheted Ensemble

Continued from page 48

beginning of row. Join to last stitch of the 3 chain. Turn.

18th row—Chain 1, 1 d.c. in each stitch down side, increase at corner by working 2 d.c. with ch. 1 between them in the ch. 1 of increasing of last row, taking up both loops on front of stitch to prevent too large a hole where increases are made. Take up only one loop of other stitches. (13 d.c. increase) twice, 27 d.c. up other side, 1 sl. st. in each of 2 sts. Turn.

19th row—1 slip stitch in 2nd st., 1 d.c. in next st., 1 sht. h. tr. in next st., 26 h. tr., increase as in 17th row (15 h. tr., increase), twice, 26 h. tr., 1 sht. h. tr., 1 d.c., 2 sl. sts. Turn.

20th row—1 slip stitch in 2nd st., 28 d.c., increase as in 18th row. (17 d.c. increase) twice, 163 d.c. along other side of scarf, increase (13 d.c. increase), twice, 27 d.c. up other side, 2 sl. sts. Turn.

21st row—1 slip stitch in 2nd st., 1 d.c. in next st., 1 sht. h. tr. in next st., 26 h. tr., increase (15 h. tr., increase), twice, 26 h. tr., 1 sht. h. tr., 1 d.c., 2 sl. sts. Turn.

22nd row—1 slip stitch in 2nd st., 28 d.c., increase (17 d.c. increase), twice, 1 d.c. in each st. to centre of scarf, join. Turn.

23rd row—Chain 3, 1 h. tr. in each stitch to corner, increase (19 h. tr. increase), twice, 1 h. tr. in each stitch of side (165 h. tr.), increase (19 h. tr. increase), twice, 1 h. tr. in each stitch to beginning of row. Join, fasten and break yarn.

Directions for crocheting the hat and bag which complete this jaunty sports set, will be sent free of charge to any reader on request.

Home Discoveries

When You Bake Cookies

This is how I save time in cookie-baking. Instead of placing the cookies or biscuits in the pan, invert the pan and place the cookies on the bottom. The cookies or biscuits are much more easily removed and also they are not as apt to burn.—Mrs. J. N. Collins, Paisley, Ont.

A Clever Skirt Hanger

To avoid either leaving my skirts folded in drawers and thereby creasing them, or the expense of buying skirt hangers, I have devised a very simple scheme. Take any coat hanger with a crossbar, one dozen wire clothespins and a bundle of tape. Cut off six pieces of tape, each twelve or more inches long, and tie a clothespin to each end. Tie each tape at the centre over the crossbar, three tapes at each end. It is then possible to hang six skirts, using two pins for each. This is not only most economical but a genuine space-saver in a small clothes closet.—E. F. P. Addenbrooke, Edmonton, Alta.

A Permanent Stove Enamel

For any having a fireplace, who find it impossible to keep the iron bars blackened, or those with stoves who find that the outside of the firebox will burn red, here is a splendid recipe which produces a beautiful polish which lasts over three months without requiring further attention. Obtain a cake of blacklead and its weight in bluestone (copper sulphate crystals); mix both to a cream with warm water and when cold apply with a soft brush and polish in the usual way. When the fire is alight and the grate or stove is thoroughly hot, the copper in the bluestone will cause the blacklead to adhere to the ironwork, and so form a permanent jet black enamel. Once a week rub the surface with a piece of soft paper. A still higher gloss may be obtained by adding a teaspoonful of turpentine when mixing the blacklead and bluestone.—G. R. E., Owen Sound, Ont.

TOO FAT AT 22

Lost 19 lbs.—And Backache

"I am 22 years of age, and I weighed 163 lbs. I had pains in the back and head, I didn't care about anything. When my friend told me to try Kruschen Salts, I would not at first—I was sick of taking stuff. But since I tried Kruschen Salts, six months ago, I have lost 19 lbs., and feel a different woman, so I am very thankful to Mrs. — who recommended Kruschen Salts."—Mrs. P.

The condition which caused this woman to put on weight was also the cause of her backache and headaches. The whole trouble was due to the internal organs failing to expel from the body, regularly and completely, the waste products of digestion.

The six salts of Kruschen assist the internal organs to perform their functions properly—to throw off each day the wastage and poisons that encumber the system. Then, little by little, that ugly fat goes—slowly, yes—but surely. The backache and headaches disappear. You feel wonderfully healthy, youthful and energetic—more so than ever before in your life.

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Fancy backed cards of exquisite
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Another household chore made easy

WOMEN don't scrub toilet bowls any more. There's a newer, nicer way to keep them brighter and whiter. A little Sani-Flush does the dreaded job in a few minutes!

Sprinkle a bit of this antiseptic, cleansing powder in the closet bowl (directions are on each can), then flush the toilet. Dirt and germs are swept away . . . the hidden trap that a brush can't reach is purified . . . odors go. And the plumbing remains uninjured.

At grocery, drug and hardware stores, 35c. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada. (Another use for Sani-Flush—cleaning automobile radiators. See directions on can.)



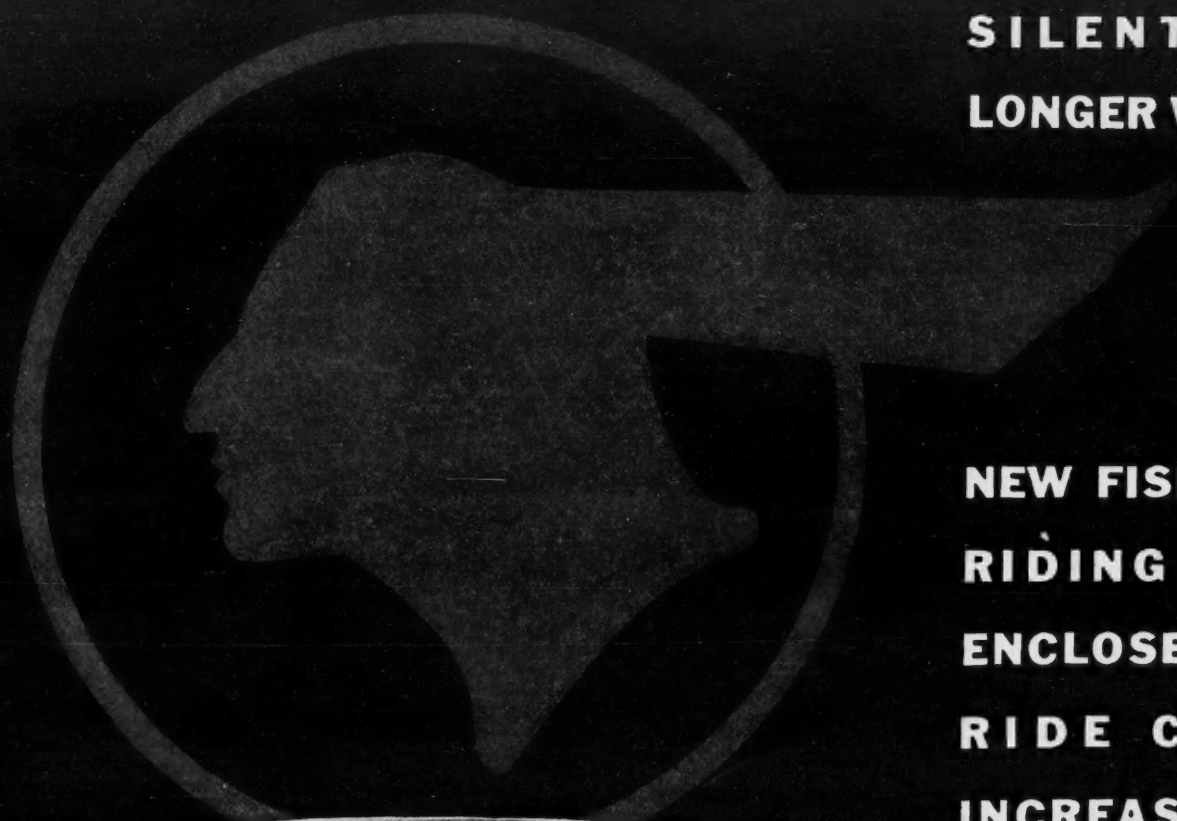
NEW PONTIAC SIX

PRODUCED

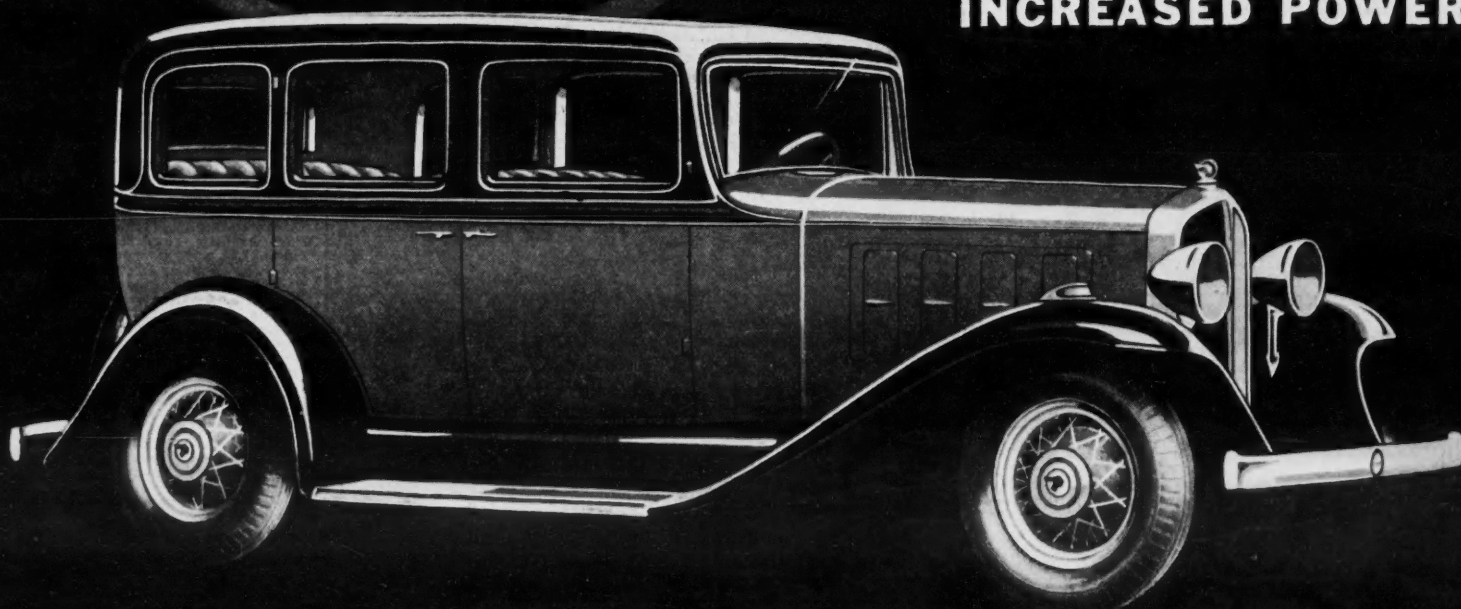


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FREE WHEELING
SILENT SECOND
LONGER WHEEL BASE



NEW FISHER BODIES
RIDING COMFORT
ENCLOSED SPRINGS
RIDE CONTROL
INCREASED POWER



CHIEF OF VALUES

Meals of the Month

Twenty-nine Menus for February

Compiled by M. Frances Hucks of The Chatelaine Institute staff.

1	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER	16	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
	Tomato Juice Toasted Oats Coffee	Cold Roast Pork Head Lettuce Hot Biscuits Maple Syrup Tea	Hamburg Balls Baked Potatoes Sliced Beets Apple Betty Coffee		Stewed Figs Shredded Wheat Bran Muffins Coffee	Celery Soup Cabbage and Peanut Salad Left-over Muffins Grapes Tea	Roast of Pork Browned Potatoes String Beans Rice Pudding with Raisins Coffee
2	Oranges French Toast Corn Syrup Coffee	Broiled Bacon Warm Potatoes Canned Peaches Plain Cake Tea	Baked Stuffed Heart* Mashed Potatoes Canned Spinach Blanc Mange with Jelly Coffee	17	Tomato Juice Scrambled Eggs Toasted Coffee	Cold Roast Pork Catsup Lettuce Sandwiches Floating Island Tea	Steak and Kidney Pie Mashed Parsnips Baked Apples with Red Jelly Spinach Tea
3	Stewed Prunes Puffed Wheat Toasted Coffee	Pork and Beans Celery Fruit Trifle (using Tuesday's cake) Tea	Stewed Chicken Boiled Potatoes Buttered Carrots Mince Pie Coffee	18	Sliced Bananas Cracked Wheat Bacon Coffee	Tomato Rarebit Canned Potatoes Date Bread Tea	Roast of Lamb Mashed Potatoes Caramel Custard Carrots Tea
4	Roman Meal with Dates Soft-cooked Eggs Toasted Coffee	Creamed Chicken and Carrots on Toast Jellied Prunes (cooked Wednesday a.m.) Tea	Spare-ribs Browned Potatoes Mashed Turnips Caramel Rice Coffee	19	Stewed Dried Peaches Bread and Milk Graham Gems Coffee	Vegetable Soup Crackers Toasted Gems (from breakfast) Jam Tea	Steamed Haddock Parsley Potatoes Orange Fruit Jelly Peas Tea
5	Grapefruit Cream of Wheat Brown Toast Coffee	Macaroni and Cheese Fruit Salad Cookies Tea	Codfish Cakes Mashed Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Lemon Soufflé Coffee	20	Cream of Wheat with Bran Toasted Coffee	Sliced Bologna Hashed-brown Potatoes Canned Pear and Cheese Salad Tea	Lamb Hash* Boiled Potatoes Lima Beans Suet Pudding with Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee
6	Sliced Bananas Grape-Nuts Bran Muffins Coffee	Cream of Onion Soup Saltines Fresh Gingerbread Hard Sauce Tea	Hot Baked Ham Riced Potatoes Cabbage Baked Apples Coffee	21	Orange Juice Corn Flakes Soft-cooked Eggs Toasted Coffee	Creamed Asparagus on Toast Banana Mousse Fancy Cakes Tea	Dressed Tenderloin Duchess Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Chocolate Pie Tea
7	Apricots Poached Eggs Jelly Coffee	Cold Sliced Ham Potato Salad Cheese Jam Hot Chocolate	Broiled Steak Creamed Potatoes Chilled Grape Tapioca Peas Coffee	22	Stewed Apricots Grape-Nuts Toasted Coffee	Cold Sliced Tenderloin Warm Potatoes Fruit Tarts Tea	Salmon Loaf Scalloped Potatoes Harvard Beets Apple Dumplings Lemon Sauce Tea
8	Cornmeal with Raisins Apple Butter Coffee	Canned Salmon French Fried Potatoes Stewed Apricots Tea	Oven-cooked Lamb Chops Scalloped Potatoes Custard Soufflé Coffee	23	Grapefruit Milk Toast Scones Coffee	Spanish Rice Lettuce with Dressing Canned Blackberries Tea	Roast of Beef Franconia Potatoes Creamed Celery Banana Short Cake Coffee
9	Prunes Corn Flakes Toasted Coffee	Creamed Ham and Peas Canned Raspberries Nut Bread Tea	Pot Roast of Beef Mashed Potatoes Canned Corn Chocolate Bread Pudding Coffee	24	Rolled Oats Toasted Coffee	Bacon Creamed Potatoes Waldorf Salad Tea	Cream of Carrot Soup Cold Tongue Baked Potatoes Lady Baltimore Cake Corn Tea
10	Orange Juice Oatmeal Porridge Toasted Coffee	Fried Oysters with Lemon Blanc Mange with Raspberry Sauce Tea	Tomato Soup Cold Sliced Beef Baked Potatoes Creamed Celery Raisin Cup Cakes Foamy Sauce Coffee	25	Sliced Oranges Sausages Apple Butter Toasted Coffee	Vegetable Soup Head Lettuce Cheese Pineapple Marmalade Crackers Tea	Meat Pie Diced Turnips Corn Meal Pudding Peas Tea
11	Stewed Apples All-Bran Plain Muffins Coffee	Shepherd's Pie Chili Sauce Fruit Cup Tea	Broiled Calves' Liver Creamed Potatoes Buttered Carrots Apple Pie Coffee	26	Prunes Buckwheat Cakes Maple Syrup Coffee	Creamed Eggs on Toast Celery Fruit-cup Cookies Tea	Fried Oysters Creamed Potatoes Canned Cherry Pudding Spinach Tea
12	Tomato Juice Pancakes Maple Syrup Coffee	Parsley Omelet Brown Toast Lemon Tarts Tea	(Vegetable Plate) Baked Stuffed Onions Harvard Beets Potato Puff Steamed Fruit Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee	27	Stewed Apples All-Bran Hot Biscuits Coffee	Chipped Beef Potato Salad Toasted Biscuits Peach Jam Hot Chocolate	Meat Loaf Boiled Potatoes Buttered Onions Raisin Pie Tea
13	Orange Halves Farina Toasted Coffee	Bean Soup Crackers Johnny Cake Tea	Mutton Stew Boiled Potatoes Diced Turnips Grape-Nut Ice Cream Coffee	28	Tomato Juice Wheatena Bacon Coffee	Cream of Corn Soup Croutons Celery Butterscotch Tarts Tea	Roast Chicken Mashed Potatoes Canned String Beans Orange Bavarian Cream Tea
14	Grapefruit Puffed Rice Bacon Coffee	Assorted Sandwiches Pickles Banana and Nut Salad Tea	Roast Duck Mashed Potatoes Canned Asparagus Lime Jelly with Pineapple* Macaroons Coffee	29	Farina with Chopped Dates Toasted Coffee	Chicken and Rice en casserole Sliced Bananas Jelly Roll Tea	Pork Chops Potato au Gratin Cabbage Apple Snow Custard Sauce Tea
15	Apples Red River Cereal Toasted Coffee	Cold Roast Duck Pan-fried Potatoes Vanilla Junket Cookies Tea	Swiss Steak Riced Potatoes Cottage Pudding Chocolate Sauce Diced Beets Tea				

Meals of the Month, as compiled by M. Frances Hucks, are a regular feature of The Chatelaine each month.

MRS. BROWN makes a discovery



"Guess I'll have to boil these towels"

When Mrs. Brown was married in 1921, she began washing the old-fashioned way. She chipped her soap and *rubbed*. Usually she boiled her white clothes too, and handled heavy, steaming water-soaked garments. Hard work for a woman who isn't as strong as a prize-fighter.



(Monday evening) *"Too tired to go out"*

Monday evenings always found her tired out. But rubbing and boiling were the only ways she knew to get clothes clean. At that time, she couldn't get the new Chipso that simply suds the dirt out of clothes in a hurry.



"These blouses look thin and faded"

In 1930 Mrs. Brown got a washing machine and began using a strong package soap. She didn't know why her nice things seemed to wear into holes so quickly until some months later she tried the same soap for dishes — then —



"Really I'm ashamed of my hands"

When Mrs. Brown began using her washing machine soap for dishes and saw what it did to her hands, she began to think. "If this soap hurts my hands like this," she said to herself, "it must be hard on my clothes." So she talked to her grocer and he told her about the new Chipso which washes with extra suds — *safely!*



"Clothes on the line by 10—with Chipso"

Mrs. Brown was amazed at the extra suds she got with the new Chipso . . . She was more than delighted at the way her clothes looked. Little Tommy Brown's play-soiled blouses came out as white as snow. And a gayly embroidered table runner that got into the family wash by mistake, looked like new!



(Later) *"And don't my hands look nice?"*

And when she used the new sudsy Chipso for dishes, her hands quickly began to look smoother and whiter. The reason, of course, is clear — Chipso's *extra suds*. Chipso doesn't have to be a *harsh* soap to do quick work — the extra suds "bubble away" the dirt. Look carefully at the picture below.

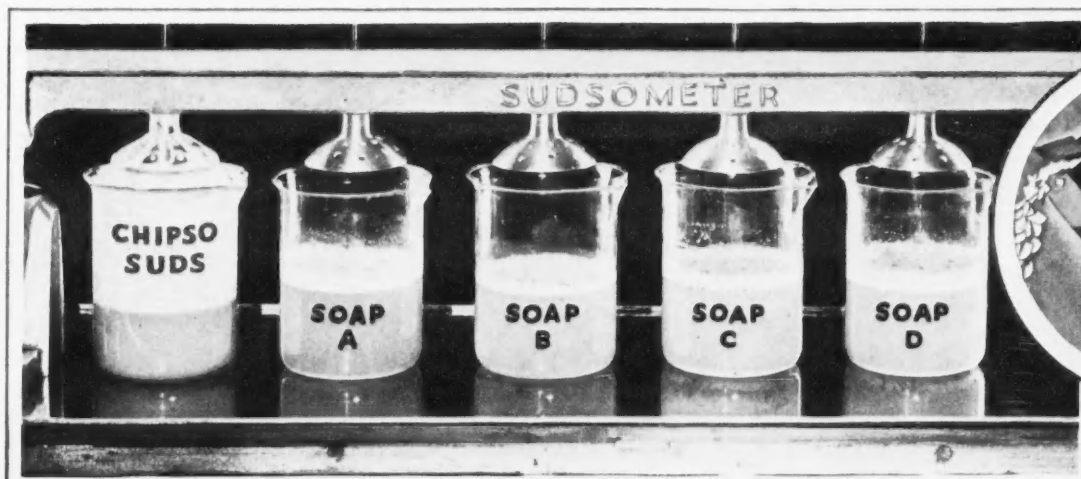
©1932, F. & G. Co.

Chipso suds save your clothes . .

An Interesting Test

Here are the extra Chipso suds that work so fast and so safely. To get this photograph, the same weight of Chipso and of the next four leading household soaps — both cake and package soaps were tested in a suds-testing machine. You can clearly see the amazing difference.

In your tub or washing machine, you can get extra help from these extra suds — and greater safety for all your clothes. You can get this help today — the new sudsy Chipso is at your grocer's now.



MADE IN CANADA



"NERVES?"

I can't afford them!"

"Shopping used to give me a headache, too. Now, I just take some Aspirin and keep going. The pain is gone before you know it, and you don't get tired when you haven't an ache or pain to nag you. Try it!"

That's sound advice. It's advice any doctor might give you. For doctors know how even the slightest pain can pull you down, and unnerve you. And they know what Aspirin is, and how it works, and how perfectly harmless it is. If the tablet bears the Bayer cross it is quite safe to take—as often as it can spare you any pain or even discomfort.

Any over-exertion is apt to bring pain in some form. Headache. Limbs that ache from sheer weariness. Joints sore from the beginnings of a cold. Systemic pain. The real remedy is rest. But immediate relief is yours for the taking. A few tablets of Aspirin in your purse is your sure protection from pain wherever you are or wherever you go.

Get the genuine tablets of guaranteed uniformity, with proven directions for headaches, colds, sore throat, neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, etc. Look for the name Aspirin on the box. To save money, buy the bottle of 100 tablets.



ASPIRIN

(MADE IN CANADA—TRADE-MARK REG.)

This month with Our Advertisers

SO HERE we are, pushed into one corner this month—and put there by the very advertisements to which we have dedicated this page. For a number of advertisements appeared on the scene at the last minute, and naturally this page of monthly explorations could not be proof against their claim. But as always happens, just because there is such little space, there seems an unusual amount to talk about! Turn the pages of this February issue yourself, and see how vital and arresting the advertisements are.



Among the new messages to *Chatelaine* readers this month, is a powerful photograph display for "Miss Simplicity" by the Gossard Co., Ltd., with its modernistic use of black and white in a conventional photograph. Dominion Life has used a popular catch phrase "No girl wants to work all her life" to drive home their message. Pepsodent Antiseptic, too, appears for the first time with a striking half page. I was interested to note the new Lypsil advertisement, for it utilizes a design of the girl's head, the Lypsil container, and the name, in such a way that it attracts direct attention to its half column space. Murine, this month has used a new column size for their advertisement most effectively—the heading will arrest every woman with two good eyes! Ovaltine, in order to explain their heading, have realized that the text is of more importance to a mother than illustration, and so give the most of their space to reading matter; for here is a subject every mother wants to be told about in detail.



Many women have told me that they are finding the new series that Old Dutch has been running, most attractive. I was particularly interested in the clever holder they are offering with their coupon this month—what a boon they will be in any bathroom! But this is only typical of the many conveniences and samples offered to modern chatelaines through the pages of this magazine. Turn this issue, and search them out—you'll be surprised at the variety of samples you can have for the asking.



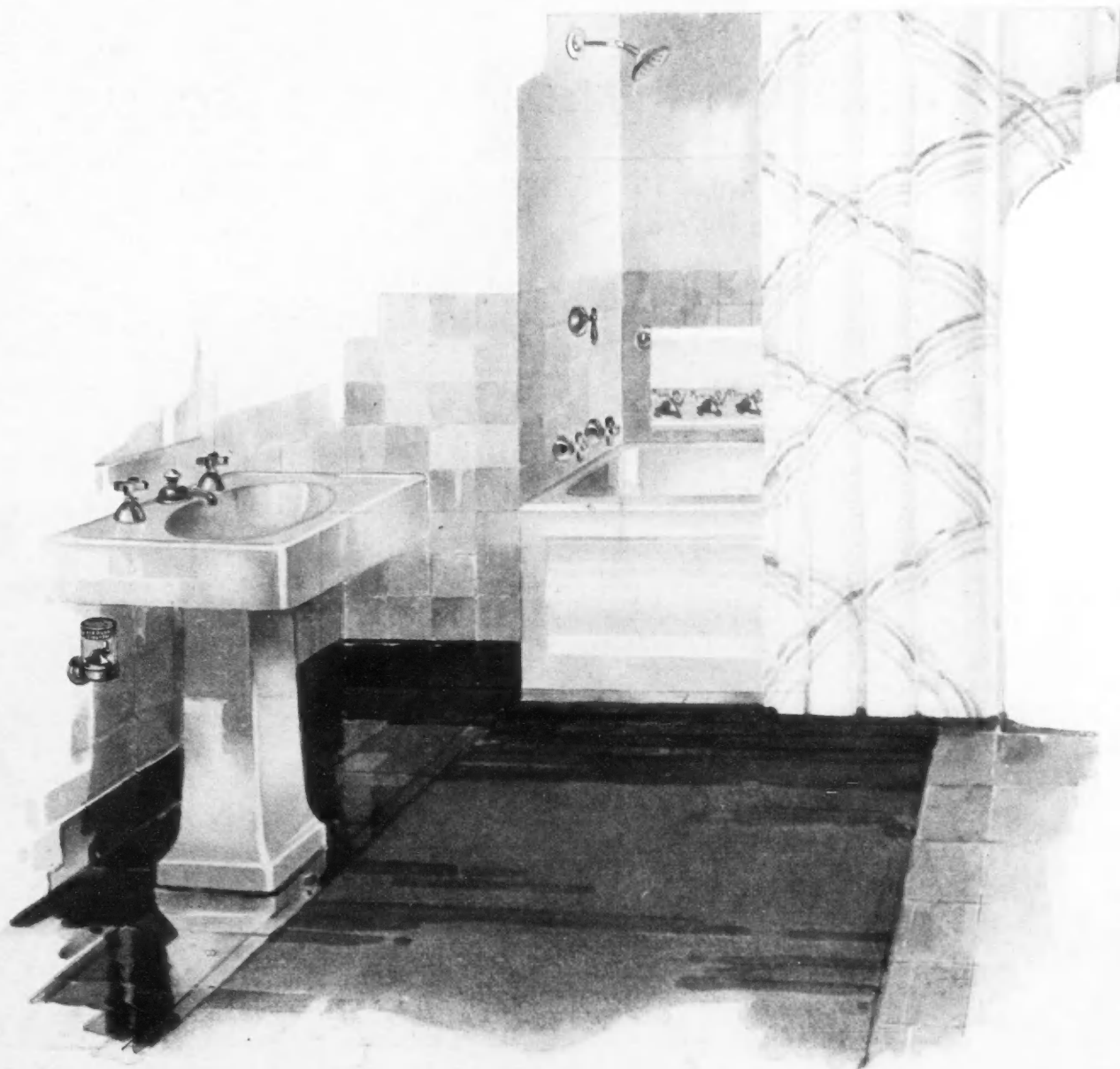
I cannot omit mention of the luscious food advertisements in this issue—they seem to get more tempting in their displays every month. Look at Magic Baking Powder's midwinter shortcake—what a thrill for the family! And the silhouette cake which Baker's Chocolate give you the culinary secret for; and the "Chef's Special" suggested by Kraft's Cheese to tickle the palate of your husband—and your luncheon guests as well! Through all the pages of your magazine, you'll find the food advertisements planned to give you new inspirations with your menu planning, and to assist you with every help and instruction in making a dish yourself, just as appetizing and delicious as those which are pictured in this issue.

By Mrs. Hops Sanders.

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Keeps lovely things lovely CLEANS QUICKER

Knowingly, no woman would mar the lovely things in her home. And yet, it's being done, simply because of unwise cleaning methods. If you're using Old Dutch Cleanser, there's no need to worry. Old Dutch doesn't scratch; never damages lovely surfaces. The washbowl, the tub, the beautiful tiles in your bathroom will retain all their original beauty and brilliance when you clean them regularly with Old Dutch.

That's the difference with Old Dutch . . . perfectly safe at all times. A natural cleanser, with flaky, flat-shaped particles free from harsh grit. Grit is the thing that scratches. By all means avoid scratchy cleaners.

You save time with Old Dutch Cleanser because it Cleans Quicker! Cleans more things, safely and thoroughly, than anything else . . . protects homes with Healthful Cleanliness . . . goes further and costs less to use . . . is always kind to the hands . . . and doesn't clog the drain.

Every day, more and more women, becoming acquainted with these facts, are adopting Old Dutch Cleanser exclusively.

Get better acquainted with this modern, perfect cleanser, and its many many uses. Keep it in the kitchen, bathroom and laundry in the attractive, new holders. Send for some today, using coupon. For each holder, send 10c and the windmill panel from an Old Dutch label.

Cudahy Soap Works, Dept. 80:
64 Macaulay Ave., Toronto, Ontario.

Please find enclosed cents and labels for
which send me Old Dutch Holders.
Colors: IVORY ☐ GREEN ☐ BLUE ☐

Name

Street

City Province



LISTEN to the Old Dutch Girl every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning over the Columbia Broadcasting System, Toronto Station CFRB; Montreal Station CKAC at 8:45 A.M. Eastern Standard Time.
MADE IN CANADA